



THE  
ELEGANT EIGHTIES

*Herma Clark*



Ex Libris

Carl S. Jung



Pepys



Charles Collins





LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

IN MEMORY OF  
STEWART S. HOWE  
JOURNALISM CLASS OF 1928

STEWART S. HOWE FOUNDATION

813

C5484e

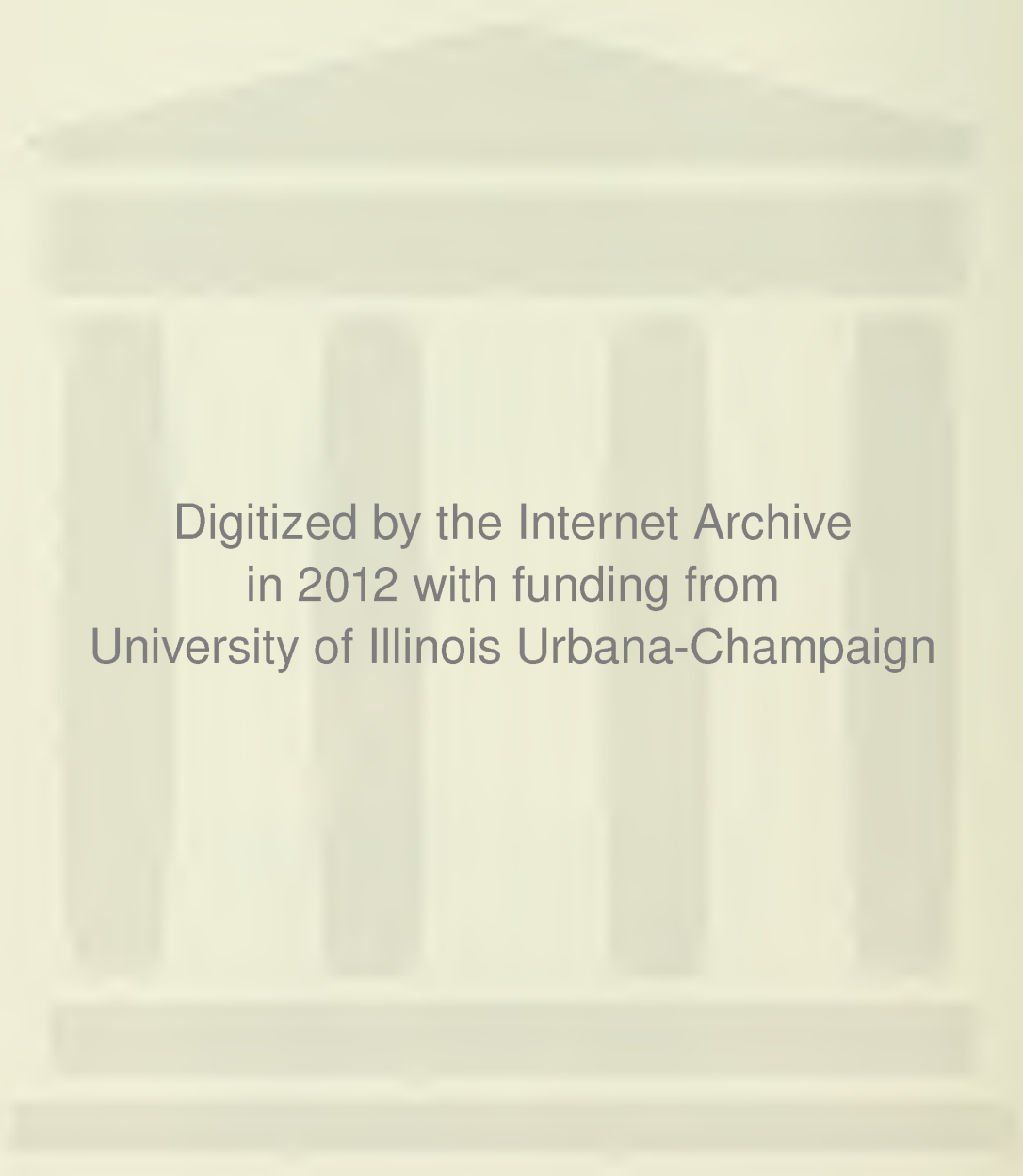
cop.2

I.H.S.









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign



*The Elegant Eighties*

Your friend.  
Hanna Clark.





THE  
**ELEGANT EIGHTIES**

WHEN CHICAGO WAS YOUNG

*By Herma Clark*



WITH A FOREWORD BY

*John T. McCutcheon*



A. C. MCCLURG & CO.

*Chicago, Illinois*

*Copyright 1941 by A. C. McClurg & Co.*

813  
C5484x  
cop 2

*Illinois Historical Survey*

*To the sweet memory of*  
**SARAH SEYMOUR BLAIR**  
*elect lady of the days*  
**WHEN CHICAGO WAS YOUNG**







IT WAS MY HAPPY FORTUNE to live in the household of Mrs. William Blair, early resident of Chicago, during the later years of her life.

As a young woman, hardly out of teen-age, intent on seeking fame and fortune in the nearest large city, I left the Illinois town in which I had grown up. A kind fate sent me the opportunity to act as secretary to Mr. William Blair, retired business man, who had been the first wholesale hardware dealer in the infant Chicago.

On his death, I remained with his widow, as her secretary, and in Mrs. Blair's beautiful home, first on Michigan Avenue near Harrison Street; later on Rush Street, at the corner of Huron Street, I met many of the people (though in the latter years of their lives) whose names appear in these letters.

Mrs. Blair was a beautiful woman, and as she drove down Michigan Avenue in her *vis-a-vis*, said by C. P. Kimball, of whom it was bought, to be a copy of a Vanderbilt open carriage, she was a type of great lady indeed. But it was not only her outward appearance, it was her inward and spiritual grace, which so deeply impressed me. It is not too much to say that, aside from my own family, she was the person who most influenced me.

When, some years after her death in 1923, I thought of trying

to record Chicago's social life of yesterday, as I had learned it from the lips of Mrs. Blair and her friends, I decided to put the story into the form of letters from a fictitious writer, Martha Freeman, (later Martha Freeman Esmond) who should have some of the experiences that Mrs. Blair had had and should meet some of the people she had met.

"Martha Freeman Esmond" is not Mrs. Blair, but she symbolizes the women of her time. The woman . . . only I should always use the word "lady" . . . of early Chicago, of the leisure class, was devoted to her church; a good housekeeper; a careful mother; not an agitator for woman suffrage, but secretly sympathetic to the cause. She read the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Harper's Weekly* and subscribed to *Godey's Lady's Book* for the fashions. Her best dresses were made by Weeks or Ghormley—men dressmakers—unless they came from Worth, in Paris. The more common gowns were made in a bedroom on the third floor of her brownstone house by a "little dressmaker," who came early and toiled all day over the miles and miles of pleatings and ruffles that were part of the gowns of those days.

She belonged to the Chicago Woman's Club (after 1876) and, if she were of the inner shrine of Chicago's social and intellectual circles, to the Fortnightly.

If there is much about church life in the little story, it is true to the period. If quotations abound, these, too, were plentiful in epistles of the time.

The letters in this book are those of the Eighties only, and perhaps a word of introduction about Martha Freeman Esmond's earlier days may not be amiss. In letters which the *Chicago Sunday Tribune* has printed, antedating the letters herewith offered, Martha is represented as coming with her parents to Chicago in 1854, her first home being in that fashionable quarter, Wabash Avenue, near

Madison Street. Her parents later move out to Van Buren Street, near Michigan Avenue. Martha meets and marries William Esmond, a newcomer to the city, reading law in her father's office, their first home being on Ontario Street. William Esmond . . . always called "Will" by his wife . . . volunteers for service in the Union Army in 1861, and is severely wounded in battle, so that he is invalided home. Lamed for life, he rebuilds his practice and the family is prosperous when the Fire of 1871 sweeps the city, destroying the Ontario Street house and all their belongings. Martha, Will and their small daughter, Martha Junior, are saved from the flames and once again the husband must begin the rebuilding of his fortune. But, with true Chicago spirit, he goes at this task, and by the Eighties, when these letters begin, they are living comfortably on Rush Street . . . then a handsome residence district. . . .

The letters in this volume, reprinted from the *Tribune*, tell the story of this decade. The predominant thought has been to recall the names of people who helped to build Chicago; to picture their social life, as well as to tell of the early toil which made Chicago great; to show that Chicago's reputation as a dreadfully wicked place was not entirely deserved, since there was the leaven of godly, upright, refined people represented by the Esmond family.

Many *Tribune* readers have asked for the publication of these letters in book form, and I cherish the hope that they may enjoy having this volume, whose value is so greatly enhanced by the Foreword contributed by the *Tribune's* beloved cartoonist, John T. McCutcheon.





# *Contents*

FOREWORD

xix

PROLOGUE

1

1880 The Perry H. Smiths' new house. The Foundlings' Home. Florence Nightingale in 1880. The new high bicycle. The "unicycle." A Browning class. George Eliot's marriage to Mr. Cross in London. Ada Badger's marriage to Robert L. Henry. The Reverend Dr. Herrick Johnson becomes pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. St. Julien, "King of the Turf." Beginning of manicuring in Chicago. G. F. Swift. Michael Reese Hospital. Juvenile rhymes of Macaulay. Election of Garfield to the Presidency. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman Smith give a party. Interior decoration. John B. Drake's twenty-fifth annual game dinner. Marriages in Chicago society: Addie Hibbard to Robert B. Gregory; Sarah Goodrich to Granger Farwell; Eliza Corwith to Ernest A. Hamill. 4

1881 Isaac N. Arnold on transportation in Illinois in 1841. Owen Lovejoy and the fugitive slave. Sarah Bernhardt in Chicago. Lake Forest Academy. "Wide Awake and Fast Asleep." Rush Medical College Commencement. L. Z. Leiter withdraws from firm of Field, Leiter and Company. A Mormon bishop shops for twelve wives. Isaac N. Camp's cottage organs. "Commodore Nutt" dies. E. H. Hadduck. Kate Shelley, heroine. The McCormick harvester in England. N. K. Fairbank at Lake Geneva. Lovely Mrs. B. F. Ray. A fountain for Drexel Boulevard. King Kalakua. Mrs. Henry Frank and Mrs. Henry Solomon. 31

1882 Sol Smith Russell in "Edgewood." Patti. The Blatchford's new organ. Young Burton Holmes at a Stoddard lecture. "Side panniers are so becoming." Oscar Wilde at Central Music Hall. Getting a trousseau. Poetical pillow-shams. The Everett Club. The Commercial Club. Marriage of Ruby McCormick and Edward T. Blair. Marriage of Josephine Hancock and Frank G. Logan. Martha Junior and Sandy Macleod are married. Death of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Young Fred Tuttle. Judge John D. Caton. The Musical Falks. At the Fergus home. 68

1883 Marriage of Annie Philpot and Edwin L. Lobdell. Art Exhibit at the Academy of Fine Arts. Bishop Ireland of St. Paul on "Temperance." Dr. Mary H. Thompson and the Women's and Children's Hospital. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. Joseph Jefferson as "Bob Acres." Jessie Bartlett Davis. Marriage of Annie Clarke and Hempstead Washburne. An evening with "Biff" Hall and Eugene Field. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. "Long John" Wentworth's portrait. 89

1884 Matthew Arnold at Central Music Hall. David Swing on "Socialism." "Chinese Gordon." Marriage of Anna Farwell and Reginald de Koven. The decorative craze. Wilbur F. Storey and his mansion. Mrs. Emanuel Mandel. Patrick J. Healy. 109

1885 Marriage of Emily Lyon and William P. Conger. Progressive euchre. Inauguration of Grover Cleveland. Old songs. Father Damen, D. F. Bremner and the Holy Family Church. The new Pullman apartment building. Kindergarten in Chicago. Fortunes from popular songs. Death of General Grant. Old time minstrels. Frances E. Willard. Mrs. J. K. Botsford and the Chicago Orphan Asylum. 128

1886 A "Mikado Ball" at Marshall Field's house. Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch. Breakfast menu of the Eighties. Mrs. James Brown Potter and "'Osler Joe." A house-warming, Mr. J. G. K. McClure presiding. Hyde Park. Dr. John Henry Barrows. Petroleum V. Nasby. Abby Farwell Ferry. Union League Club's new building. The Salvation Army. 152

1887 Chicago's "small talk." Real estate. James Russell Lowell in Chicago. Hamilton McCormick engaged. Death of Henry Ward Beecher. Joseph Kirkland. Helena Modjeska. William F. Poole, of the Newberry Library. President and Mrs. Cleveland visit Chicago. 174

1888 Giving a party. Mr. W. W. Carnes recites "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Lily Langtry. The Snell murder. Death of Emperor William I of Germany. Death of Louisa May Alcott. P. D. Armour. Woman's Rights. A new carriage for the Esmonds. The bustle. Washington Park races. C. F. Gunther's caramels. Moody Church. Society hours. 195

1889 The charity ball. Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball. "Cherubim and terrapin." Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria dies mysteriously. Mrs. William A. Pinkerton's reception. Mrs. G. C. Campbell's party. Charles J. Hull leaves a fortune to Helen Culver. Billy Emerson and "The Big Sunflower." Dan Emmett, author of "Dixie," peddles milk in Chicago for a living. Ira D. Sankey and "The Ninety-and-Nine." John Crerar's will. Opening of the Auditorium Theater. 224

EPILOGUE

255





# *Illustrations*

*Appearing between pages 26 and 27*

Fashions of 1885

Mrs. William Blair, about 1885

Frank O. Lowden

Mrs. Potter Palmer, about 1889

*Appearing between pages 42 and 43*

Mrs. Frank G. Logan (Josephine Hancock)

Andrew MacLeish

The first Mrs. Marshall Field (Nannie Scott)

Huntington and Llewellyn Henry

*Appearing between pages 106 and 107*

Correct manners of the Eighties

Mrs. Wirt Dexter, Mrs. John M. Clark and Mrs. Stuart Clark

Mrs. Edward T Blair (Ruby McCormick)

Edward T Blair and John V. Farwell

*Appearing between pages 122 and 123*

Mrs. Emanuel Mandel

The farm home of John Turner

Mrs. J. M. Farlin

Wedding of Ada Badger and Robert L. Henry

Wedding of General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren

Parlor in home of Mr. and Mrs. William Blair

*Appearing between pages 170 and 171*

Parlor in Mrs. Stiles Burton's home  
(Courtesy of Burton Holmes)  
Parlor in home of Frederick B. Tuttle  
Moses D. Wells with his daughters  
Mrs. Robert Sanderson McCormick (Katherine Medill)  
Mooney (coachman) and Mark (footman)

*Appearing between pages 186 and 187*

Arthur J. Caton and his four-in-hand coach  
Mrs. William J. Chalmers (Joan Pinkerton)  
Mrs. George M. Pullman, about 1880  
The J. J. Glessner house  
The brownstone mansion of George M. Pullman

*Appearing between pages 234 and 235*

General Alexander Caldwell McClurg  
Mrs. Arthur J. Caton, in 1887  
Archbishop John Ireland  
Florence Pullman (Mrs. Frank O. Lowden)

*Appearing between pages 250 and 251*

Phillip D. Armour  
Lucy McCormick (Mrs. Samuel R. Jewett)  
Edwin Booth, American tragedian  
Joseph Jefferson, American comedian



## Foreword

IT IS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK for me to be writing a foreword for Herma Clark's *Elegant Eighties*. I lived through them down in Indiana where they weren't quite as elegant as they were up here in Chicago. However, in looking back over some of Purdue's college publications of that period, I seem to have contributed something to the elegance myself!

My hair was banded and fell in a thick mat over my brow. I wore a cutaway coat of black cheviot with a wide braided border. A frat pin on my vest and a literary society cross on my lapel convince me I was not a slacker in the struggle for elegance. In my senior year, the men all wore, as class uniform, silk hats and Prince Albert coats. What more could one contribute to Victorian elegance? We even went to picnics thus attired and thought there was nothing peculiar about it. We learned to wear a silk hat as unconsciously as an Eton boy does!

My home life, also, was spent amid Victorian elegance; carved chairs and sofas, black horse-hair upholstery, bead-work portieres, marble-topped tables upon which reposed the Bible and the photograph album, pictures of Ma and Pa in oval frames on the walls, the darkened parlor reserved for state events, the what-not in the corner. Thus, surrounded by sea-shells from far-off places, and



stereoscopic views of Niagara Falls in winter-time, I flowed through that tranquil, peace-loving decade and, as '89 drew to a close, I came to Chicago with my sheepskin and all of seventeen dollars in cash.

I had been to Chicago once before, when the Art Class of Purdue came up to visit the Exposition Building on the lake front and to attend a performance of *Julius Caesar* by Booth and Barrett. My art life on this occasion was widened by the purchase of a glass-covered bunch of wax flowers, which I carried around wherever our party went. It was a present for my mother, and if she was acting when she expressed her delight, it was as good as anything Booth or Barrett could do.

Of Chicago in the Elegant Eighties, I really saw only two months. I was spell-bound by the long converging gas-lamps on Michigan Avenue, fading away to a vanishing point miles to the south. The silver dollars in the Palmer House Barber Shop were something people came miles to see. A ride in a grip-car was a thrilling adventure, especially in the winter, when you felt like a Viking up in the prow of his ship fighting the wintry seas. Cobblestones jolted you healthfully on your occasional rides in a hack. On pay-days you ate in Kinsley's, and at other times got what satisfaction you could out of reading about the wonderful game dinners in the old Grand Pacific Hotel. The Richelieu Hotel was a place you merely gazed at from the outside as when you passed the Chicago Club and other inaccessibles.

Prairie Avenue was the holy of holies of the social life of the city. The hegira to the north side had hardly begun. The last gasp of the Elegant Eighties was made super-brilliant by the opening, in December, '89, of the Auditorium, whose friendly splendor is remembered wistfully, when we go to the Civic Opera House. There Calve did her first *Carmen*; Jean and Edouard de Reske sang; Eames,

Nordica, Melba and Scotti made musical history; and later Farrar gave her first performance of *Butterfly* in Chicago.

Now I am getting beyond the eighties. Those were times over which the years have spread a glamour which I fear Chicago can never again equal.

But these chapters must be left to Herma Clark to tell. She is the voice of the Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties, doing in words what Gaar Williams did so faithfully and brilliantly in his drawings. Both have done a museum-piece of memory-building which deserves a high place in the history of those earlier and gayer days in Chicago.

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON





# *Prologue*

IN 1880, CHICAGO'S population was 503,185. Ten years later, the census revealed, the city had more than doubled its population. It had passed the million mark by over 99,000. The annexation in 1889 of suburbs such as Hyde Park, Lake View and the towns of Lake and Jefferson swelled the numbers within the city limits to this enormous figure. The world marveled that a swamp . . . not a mountain . . . had labored and brought forth not a mouse, but a huge metropolis.

To those who had seen it just after the Chicago Fire of 1871, the miracle appeared even greater. A blessing in disguise, said Deacon Bross, was that great fire. The disguise was perfect, muttered those who found the struggle too great and left the place for greener fields.

A panic in 1873 and a second disastrous fire in 1874 would have discouraged less rugged individuals than Chicago's pioneers, but most of these were of the hardy variety, like the "fire-weed" of the Michigan north woods, which appears in greatest luxuriance, after a forest fire.

By 1880, the fires of 1871 and 1874 were to the busy men and women of Chicago but "as a dream, when one awakeneth." Real estate was booming. Every day brought a new tale of a sale at high prices. Land on Grand Boulevard (South Parkway) was one of the buys, said real estate men, for everyone wanted to live on streets leading to the parks and Michigan Avenue was practically filled up.

Wabash Avenue, south of Twelfth Street, was still a respectable



residence street, but Michigan, Prairie and Calumet Avenues were favored by the socially elect. On Prairie Avenue lived George M. Pullman, P. D. Armour, W. W. Kimball, Marshall Field and his son, Marshall Field, Junior; W. G. Hibbard, Wirt Dexter, Dr. Lyman Ware, Samuel W. Allerton, Eugene S. Pike, the Keiths, the Otises, the Corwiths, the Buckinghams, the M. A. Meyers, the M. M. Rothschilds.

Calumet Avenue was almost equally popular, though today one wonders at the choice of that thoroughfare as a home, its proximity to the Illinois Central tracks being a great drawback. Coal smoke and cinders attacked the brownstone houses; soot forced its way through the tightest of windows of the mansions; noise of passing express and suburban trains drowned conversation.

Today Calumet Avenue in the blocks where once dwelt the most fashionable of Chicagoans . . . the Catons . . . is an abomination of desolation. Most of the great houses have been torn down, to save taxes. The site of the Caton houses (Judge John D. Caton and his son Arthur and his daughters, Mrs. Norman Williams and Charles E. Towne) is waste land, covered with weeds. Publishing houses have sprung up on Calumet Avenue near Twenty-second Street, R. R. Donnelley and Sons' Building being the most conspicuous.

Michigan Avenue was a handsome street in the Eighties, though it was showing signs of change. In the block north of Harrison Street were still standing the handsome and dignified homes of George C. Walker, Mrs. Stiles Burton and her daughter, Mrs. Ira Holmes, William Blair and J. H. Dunham. Farther south where now rises the Blackstone Hotel, T. B. Blackstone's comfortable house stood in ample grounds. Yet there was an uneasy feeling that this would some day be given up to a hotel district. South of Twelfth Street on Michigan Avenue, lived such well-known families as those of Richard T. Crane, and his son, Charles R. Crane; Mrs. Frederick Tuttle and her son, Frederick B. Tuttle; Albert Keep, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad; John J. Borland; Augustus N. Eddy; Elias Greenebaum; George H. Laflin; and William A. Giles.

The near North Side had always been an aristocratic district. Business was transacted south of the river, from earliest times, but

the prosperous merchants came to the north side to live, William B. Ogden having made it fashionable, when, in 1836, being in New York, he employed the services of J. M. Van Osdel, an architect he met there, to draw up plans for a house which next year, he erected in the block bounded by Rush, Ontario, Cass (now North Wabash Avenue) and Erie Streets. Members of the McCormick family, descendants of the three brothers, Cyrus Hall, Leander and William S., lived on Rush Street, and were so numerous the blocks between Ontario and Superior Streets were known as "McCormickville."

Potter Palmer began a trend to the Lake Shore, when he built a castle overlooking the lake, in 1885.

The West Side, in the Eighties, still had its aristocratic sections, though an exodus had taken place to the South Side after the Fire. Dr. Joseph P. Ross's home stood on Washington Boulevard. On Adams Street, the W. C. Pullmans, the David Bradleys, and the Donoghues were well-known residents. On Monroe Street lived many physicians, to be near the hospitals they served. Dr. I. N. Danforth was one of these, as was Dr. David W. Graham.

But Ashland Boulevard was the choice residence section of this side of the city. Here lived Thomas Chalmers and his son, William J. Chalmers; Judge C. C. Kohlsaas; George K. Owsley; W. P. Rend; William A. Pinkerton; and . . . to clinch its claim to aristocracy . . . at Jackson Boulevard, Mayor Carter H. Harrison, chief executive of the city for four terms, from 1879 to 1887, in succession. A fifth term he was to have, and then he was to be assassinated, at the close of the World's Fair in 1893. And the great house which he had bought from H. H. Honore, who had built it, was doomed to be torn down, as his children had no desire to live in a place which had such sad associations.

Stand at the corner of Prairie Avenue and Eighteenth Street, opposite the beautiful Glessner house, Chicago's only remaining example of the work of H. H. Richardson, architect, and you may hear, in fancy, the smart click of horses' hoofs, the creak of harness, the musical clink of silver chains, the roll of carriage wheels, as a ghostly parade of the fashionable world of the Elegant Eighties sets off for Washington Park and the races.



*Chicago, January 1, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

Happy New Year to you and many of them! We are not opening our house to callers this year, and it is pleasant to have a quiet day, for we have been gadding almost too much to suit me. Never have we had such a brilliant social season, says everyone. Will complains that I am hardly ever at home when he comes in at the end of the day, and that I am constantly dragging him out in the evening to some reception or other. But in spite of his grumbling, I think he is glad to go, for he is a social being. At any rate, I didn't have to nag him into attending the evening reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Perry H. Smith last week.

The Smiths' new house is at the corner of Pine and Huron Streets, just around the corner from us, and is what can be truly termed a "mansion." We had attended their recent house-warming, but were nothing loath to go again to see its splendor better.

The exterior is very striking, quite different from its neighbors. Martha Junior and her friends say it looks like a large cake, with one slice cut out. This is because it is entered by a semi-circular portico at the corner. On the night of the party, this portico was encircled with canvas and from this enclosure extended two tunnels of canvas, one of which led to Pine Street, and the other to Huron Street. Across the street was placed a calcium light, for the convenience of guests. It illuminated the corner brilliantly.



From the portico the entrance is into an octagonal hall, which is carried up to the top of the house, and is finished in carved dark wood of some kind. The floor is of beautiful marquetry. The most striking feature of this hall is a clock lately received by Mr. Smith from Paris. The case is onyx and almost three feet high, I should say, serving as a pedestal for the statue of a female figure (draped, I am glad to say) between four and five feet high. This strikingly beautiful statue is of silver bronze. One hand, held high, is grasping a spindle, the lower end of which, working in a wheel, forms what Will calls the "escapement" of the timepiece. It is quite a novelty.

The decorations were elaborate. Smilax was festooned in the doorway between the hall and the salon, and in the center of the doorway hung a large horse-shoe made of red and white carnations. The fireplace was filled in with foliage plants. I thought it would have been pleasant to see a fire in it, but many people put plants in their fireplaces now, because the steam heat makes the room comfortable without any further warmth.

One of the beautiful objects in the salon is a circular bronze table resting on a gilded base. The top of the table bears around its circumference fourteen paintings of floral designs in Sevres porcelain, of Madame de Maintenon, Madame Pompadour, Madame Sevigne, and other celebrated French women. The center of this remarkable table consists of Sevres porcelain, on which Bacchus is a chief figure. Will thinks Bacchus would have had a good time at the party last night, for Mr. Smith is said to have an arrangement in the butler's pantry . . . a faucet such as is used for hot or cold water, and from this, at parties, gushes champagne. I don't know whether this is talk, or not, but Will said someone told him it is true. Opposite the door leading into the salon is a bust of Proserpine, by Hiram Powers. The Smiths have the largest private collection of marbles in Chicago.

The bedrooms, which were used as dressing rooms last evening, are done in the latest style. I noticed that the one in which I removed my wraps, and others into which I glanced, as we passed the doors, were furnished with brass beds having canopies of crimson silk. On the third floor is a fine theater (not just a ball-room, for it



has all the appurtenances for private theatricals) and here the young people danced to their hearts' content, the orchestra being seated on the stage. Down-stairs there was another orchestra playing for those who did not care to dance, but promenaded and talked.

Of course, it was a great crush, for it was known that General Grant was to be presented at some time during the evening. He came late and stood with the host and hostess while we all filed past and were introduced. I don't suppose he really had any idea who we were, but our friends, the Henry Corwiths, originally from Galena, happened to be just in front of us in the line, and mentioned the fact that we had been with them on the train which went out to Galena last November to greet him on his return from his trip around the world.

I saw the Cecil Barneses, the Highs, the Henry Dibblees, Dr. and Mrs. Lyman Ware, Judge and Mrs. Hoyne, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Leander McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. William Grigsby McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Williams, Miss Anita McCormick, Moses Wentworth, the Badgers, the Julian Rumseys, Fred Keep, Cyrus H. McCormick, Jr., E. L. Ryerson, Warren Salisbury and many others, some of whom you have met, I know.

Mrs. Smith, the hostess, wore such a lovely gown of pale green satin covered with rich point lace. Her square corsage was filled in with lace and her diamonds were superb. Mrs. Dr. Henrotin looked lovely in an elegant toilette of wine-color velvet trimmed with salmon pink satin. Her long train was trimmed with heavy pearl fringe.

I must tell you that I was calling last week on Mrs. General Sheridan and she showed me the elegant menu card printed on satin, which every guest received at a dinner given by John B. Drake at the Grand Pacific Hotel when General and Mrs. Grant were in Chicago last November. It is faint pink, with the monogram of the Grand Pacific Hotel in black on the outside, and inside the words: "Complimentary to General and Mrs. Grant, By Mr. John B. Drake, Grand Pacific Hotel. Chicago, November 15th, 1879." The menu contains items for which the hotel is famous. It is a souvenir to prize.

And now, dear Julia, I must close and write some thank-you letters for Christmas gifts.

Ever with love, and New Year wishes, I am

*Your devoted*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 6, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

I want, first of all, to tell you the news of our Martha's engagement to "Sandy" Macleod. Of course you must have guessed that this would be forthcoming, for he is the only one of Martha's admirers I have written you about, but they haven't been willing to let me tell even you before this. Young people are secretive about their love affairs. The old, old story seems to be too sweet to be pricked with the point of a pen, or to be blown on by a breath in the telling. Martha, so frank and open about everyone else, is shy and colors when she mentions Sandy's name.

The wedding can't take place very soon, for Sandy must finish his Rush Medical course and become established in his profession before they marry. We are glad to keep our little daughter at home for a time.

Have I described Sandy to you? He is tall, over six feet, and has rosy cheeks and blue eyes. The only item in which I am disappointed is his hair, which is red! I have always detested my own brilliant locks so, I had hoped Martha would bring us a brunette son-in-law. Sandy says the people of the country town in which he lived before he came to Chicago called red-haired folk either a "burning shame," or a "sizzling coal of intellect" and he had his share of teasing, but I am glad to say that it hasn't unduly oppressed him. I think he rather rejoices in his nickname of "Reddy." Very good-looking he is, with such a bright smile he makes friends at once . . . a great asset for a doctor.

It pleases me to see Sandy's devotion to Martha. Like modern young people, in general, they pride themselves on being good companions, yet Sandy can't help showing a certain chivalry toward

Martha that pleases me. I think he would like to spread his cloak over every puddle for her to walk on. ("No," says my young daughter, reading the above over my shoulder, "he'd be more likely to remove the puddle.")

Will and I have been calling over on the West Side to-day and ran in to see Dr. George E. Shipman's large family of babies. This good man is really a tonic for one's faith, for he established a home for abandoned infants, with only \$177 as capital. I have always revered Dr. Shipman . . . a man with a keen mind and a great soul. Today I heard from his own lips the story of the Foundlings' Home and Will and I both listened as if it had been a fairy tale.

"About fifteen years ago," said Dr. Shipman, "when I was a very busy general practitioner, I was called out one bitterly cold night, to see a child which had been left on a dock. I tried to save its life, but this was impossible because the little bit of humanity had been left completely naked on the snow-covered planks, and the puny life had been frozen out beyond recall. I found on investigation that the coroner was holding inquests on children who had died from exposure, at the rate of more than one a day. This was in the Sixties, mind you, when our population was much smaller than it is today.

"Infanticide was appallingly common in the city and scarcely a morning passed that the daily papers did not record the finding of a deserted infant on somebody's door-step. The officials who handled this phase of crime told me, moreover, that the coroner's cases were but a percentage of the infanticides and that probably seventy-five per cent of the victims were never recovered from the river or the lake where they had been thrown. It was estimated that one thousand babies were sacrificed in Chicago annually.

"I talked with many friends about it, and they all thought it was a shame and ought to be attended to at once . . . but by someone else! I talked it over with my wife and finally came the thought: 'Why shouldn't I do it myself?'

"Under existing circumstances, it seemed impossible, for I had a large family of children, my home had just been destroyed by fire, and I had recently recovered from a long illness which had been a great drain on my resources . . . a poor time to take on new respon-



sibilities. But in January, 1871, it was made evident to me that the time for procrastination was passed and the final decision must be made."

Thus he went on to tell us how he first took a little house on Green Street and by and by was enabled to build the present brick building on Wood Street. It has been entirely a work of faith. Dr. Shipman has never permitted any solicitation of funds, but people who know of his work send money and supplies.

The Hibbard family have always been liberal in gifts to the Foundlings' Home, and Dr. Shipman said that Carter H. Harrison, now our Mayor, sent him, some time ago, the largest sum ever contributed by anyone. It was his entire salary for the year as County Commissioner . . . six hundred and fifty dollars.

"The Lord must have put it into his heart to do this," said Dr. Shipman simply, "for our needs were so great just then and I didn't know where the money for the little ones was coming from."

The Foundlings' Home has saved thousands of babies. Many families have adopted these waifs and have given them homes, education, affection. Very touching it is to hear this man of God tell of the answers he has received to his prayers in time of need.

"Quite frequently," he said today, "it has happened that in the morning there would be an empty treasury and lack of almost all necessary supplies, when presto! comes a draft from the Sandwich Islands, Australia, England, or even Russia, or some old friend or new sympathizer drops in and relieves the pressing need. The work has never been interrupted for a day, and I feel that while faith is a living force it never will be interrupted."

I think I know where Saint Peter will put this saint when he appears at the Heavenly Gate. He will have a seat near the Saviour, Who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

An article I was reading this evening told of the long illness of Florence Nightingale. She rarely leaves her room, but is still doing much for her country by sanitary reforms she has recommended and carried through for the British Army, particularly in India. It seems to be the passion of her life to make India a safe place to live in.

She has always been a heroine of mine and I read everything I



can find about her. I was young when she did her great work in the Crimea and I longed to go and nurse soldiers, as she had done.

I always loved Longfellow's poem about her. Do you remember that it was in the very first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* . . . 1857 . . . and that everyone was quoting it? I can say many stanzas of "Santa Filomena" yet:

*Lo, in that house of misery,  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom  
And glide from room to room.*

*And slow, as in some dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.*

It seems strange that America didn't take up sooner the training of nurses which she inaugurated . . . that it was 1873 before a trained nurse was graduated in the United States. Will says that the Civil War, which caused strained relations between our country and England, probably delayed it, but even so, I think we have been lamentably slow in taking our part in this noble work.

I saw our friend Mrs. William Blair to-day, and she asked me to send you this photograph of two Yale graduates, Edward Blair and John V. Farwell, Jr., for which you had asked. She and Mrs. Farwell appreciated so much your kindness to them when they visited your New York home last year. College boys do enjoy home cooking, after college fare.

But this letter is too long. I must close.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 15, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

I was awakened from an afternoon nap a few minutes ago by a noise in front of our Rush Street house. Voices of the

hoi polloi shouted something like: "See de fellah on de wagon-wheel, wit a pie-tin on the back!"

Looking out, I discovered that one of Martha Junior's admirers was approaching on a bicycle. I have seen bicycles before, of course, but never at close range, so I was quite fascinated, as this young man brought his wheel to a halt, descended gracefully, and, charging the youthful crowd not to hurt his treasured machine, rang our bell. Pride and anxiety were mingled on his countenance.

He had come to ask Martha to accompany him to a picnic. Poor youth! He hadn't heard that Martha is engaged to Sandy Macleod and never goes anywhere without him. I heard much discussion in the hall, for the young gentleman is a rather persistent person. But finally Martha succeeded in declining the invitation and the bicycler went off dejectedly, while Martha came up-stairs, bearing a book that the would-be swain had left for Will.

I have been turning over its pages and find it quite interesting. It is called *The American Bicycler* . . . rather an odd subject for a book, but the author has made it readable. He calls man "the animal that rides." I have heard the human being denominated "the animal that laughs," but this is a new definition for the race.

The writer says that the bicycle is now about ten years old, and that there are now about five hundred riders in America. He thinks it one of the great vehicles of the age and predicts that there will be many more riders in a few years.

I have to smile at the naive young man who loaned Will the book, for he evidently thought to propitiate him by the offering. Unfortunately, my husband is frightfully prejudiced against this new mode of locomotion. It irks him to see young fellows flying about the country, frightening horses, having accidents themselves and contributing to other accidents.

"You'd think," he says, "that these young sportsmen might be content with a nice driving-horse and light buggy, but no" (with as near a sneer as he is capable of) "they must go tearing around on this devilish device called the bicycle, so they can make twelve or fifteen miles an hour. What I want to know is, what do they do with the few hours they save?"

Then he shakes his head, calling them speed-crazy, pleasure-loving and harsh names. If we had a boy of our own, I presume he would not feel quite so opposed to it.

"They ought to be presented with the vehicle *my* father gave *me*," he goes on, "and they'd find out that life is real, life is earnest. I operated a *unicycle*." (A wheelbarrow, of course.)

O, well. I don't feel quite so troubled about this new fad. I'm glad young people don't have to work hard as they did in my father's generation.

I am trying to read Browning this summer, preparatory to joining a Browning Class at the Chicago Woman's Club in the fall, but I find his poetry difficult to understand. It sometimes seems as if he willfully made his meaning vague, but Mrs. Wirt Dexter, who knows him personally, says it is just his way of writing . . . that there is a meaning in it and there is all the more pleasure in finding it, when it isn't too easy to understand.

Recently I saw an extract from a letter he wrote to a friend, in which he said: "I can have little doubt that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been glad to communicate with, but I have never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I have never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over, not a crowd, but a few I value more."

I intend to struggle on, hoping for a little more ease in comprehending his meaning, as time goes on.

Soaring, as I am in a rarefied literary atmosphere, let me mention the marriage of George Eliot to Mr. Cross, which took place some weeks ago. Weren't you surprised to read of that? Her devotion to her lover, Mr. Lewes, seemed so deep and eternal, one would have thought she could not have brought herself to marry. It is a disappointment to my romantic soul. I feel "let down." Here she is, a woman of sixty, honored as the greatest female novelist in the world, marrying a prosaic man of thirty-eight, a banker . . . nice, I suppose . . . but not remarkable in any way. He is said to be hand-



some, but not literary, just an excellent business man. He has had charge of her affairs.

It was surprising, too, that she consented to be married in a church . . . the most fashionable church in London, St. George's of Hanover Square. Will says it all goes to show that in the breast of every woman there is a yearning for conformity. Defy the world as she may, there is a comfort in having her "marriage lines." This is true, I presume, yet it is a strange spectacle . . . the high priestess of modernity and independent thought kneeling before a clergyman and promising to live with Mr. Cross, businessman, "after God's holy ordinance," when she has flouted that holy ordinance for years. But I do love her books, anyway! *Adam Bede* is my favorite of her novels.

Speaking of weddings, we attended a lovely affair in June at Grace Episcopal Church, when lovely Ada Badger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Badger, was married to Robert L. Henry, prominent lumber dealer of Chicago. The church was handsomely decorated with floral designs. Over the entrance to the chancel was a gorgeous arch of red and white flowers, in the center of which hung a wedding bell.

The audience was a fashionable one, and as the procession moved down the aisle, I thought I had seldom seen prettier girls than those composing the bridal party. The ushers and groomsmen, too, were the best-known men of the city, among them Fred Tuttle and George Meeker. Lovely Carrie Hilton, one of the most beautiful girls I know, was one of the bridesmaids.

The bride wore a superb gown . . . pearl white brocaded satin, the court train covered with lace. Lace formed the overskirt and there was lace drapery over her head, from which drooped the fleecy folds of the bridal veil.

Dr. Clinton Locke performed the ceremony, and when it was over, we drove to the Badger home, on Prairie Avenue, near Twentieth Street, where we had delicious refreshments and inspected the unusually beautiful gifts.

I have been reading a new book, which I want to send to you. It is written by General Lew Wallace, and is called *Ben-Hur*, a



story of the time of Christ. The Jew's victory over a Roman in a chariot race is a most stirring part of the book.

I must close and set forth to call on Mrs. Herrick Johnson, wife of the new pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Every one is delighted that this great church is to have so gifted a minister. He comes from Auburn, New York, and is about forty-eight years old.

A pleasant story about him came to my ears the other day, a story which is evidence of his tact, humor and gentleness. As a young minister, he was attending his first General Assembly (the annual gathering of Presbyterians) and in his capacity of delegate made a motion which one of the older delegates thought quite radical. Rising in his place, this older man lectured young Mr. Johnson for his rashness.

Mr. Johnson (not Doctor Johnson then) took the reproof in good part, recognizing perhaps that his motion had not been quite wise, and in his acceptance of the correction, quoted a Scripture verse which completely disarmed his opponent. In his fine voice and with a whimsical smile on his handsome face, he said: "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." The whole Assembly broke into applause at the gentle and clever manner in which he had received the reproof of an older clergyman, and from that time on, he has been one of the popular clergymen of the denomination. Truly, a soft answer turns away wrath.

And now, my dear, I must not write more.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, September 3, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

Martha and Sandy have gone out to the theatre, and Will and I are sitting in the library, I with my writing materials, Will deep in the last number of *Turf, Field and Farm*, one of his favorite papers. He saw Maud S. in Rochester, and is reading with relish a long article about her, from which he gives me excerpts

occasionally. He thinks there never was such a beautiful mare. There is an article, too, on St. Julien, "King of the Turf," but he says St. Julien can't come up to Maud S.

I recall that you told me at Newport that it was rumored Mr. Vanderbilt had offered \$50,000 for St. Julien, but Will has just been reading that the horse can't be bought for less than \$75,000. That seems to me entirely too much to pay for any horse, when one considers the possibility of accident or death.

Martha, who has been trying her hand at cooking today, baked a cake which her father calls "Maud S." because it goes so fast.

I must tell you what an odd sight I came upon this afternoon up in Martha's room. Two of her friends had called on her, and the three of them were sitting vigorously polishing their fingernails! You know, all the girls at Newport were doing this, and Martha bought in New York a polisher, rather a cheap one, of India rubber, with a knob on one side and a surface of chamois on the other. Martha thought she would be the first to bring the fashion of polishing the nails to benighted Chicago, but these other girls had been in the East for the summer, too, and I suppose the other resorts had fallen victims to the mania.

Well, I certainly won't discourage the girls, for it helps generally for them to take pride in their hands; yet I do think a good deal of time is wasted in the fuss.

One of the other girls had a beautiful polisher—of ivory, with a device for fastening in fresh strips of chamois skin; but the cheaper ones haven't this feature. I was touched this afternoon when I found the cook, just before she went out for her "afternoon," busily polishing her nails with a tool made of kindling wood, on which she had tacked some old chamois skin which Martha had discarded. Women of every station do love to be beautiful, don't they? Well, I think it's something to be encouraged.

To help in getting a high gloss on her nails, Martha bought in New York a sort of paste—a composition of rotten stone, oil and rouge—which is of great assistance, she thinks, in attaining her object. She daubs the stuff on her nails, and assiduous friction makes them shine like jewels. I tell the girls they would never work so

hard polishing silverware for their mothers. They rubbed for an hour, I do believe, as they sat chatting together.

I notice that this increased attention to their nails has brought a change to their shape—the shape of the nails, not of the girls! The girls now seem to try to get a long, narrow effect, and they cut the nails very carefully to get a perfect point. I was amused to see how often Martha and her callers straightened out their fingers to show their handiwork. But, after all, we are young only once. I didn't polish my nails when I was trying to be beautiful for Will, but I frizzed my hair, and did it up in a dreadful waterfall. And I pinched my waist terribly. And I wore high heels and paper-soled shoes. I try to remember my own follies when I am disposed to criticize the frivolities of the young people of today.

Will and I regretted that we had to leave the East a few days before we planned to. I think Martha didn't mind, for she was eager to get back where Sandy is. Will's telegram from the western cattleman was so important I wouldn't have had him delay, of course, for anything. This client is a person of great consequence, with a ranch in Wyoming and "cattle upon a thousand hills," and a delightful man besides. He wanted to see Mr. G. F. Swift, one of our important packers, and they have spent, Will says, an illuminating afternoon out at the stockyards. Will is more than ever impressed, he declares, by the magnitude of this great industry.

Mr. Swift, a Massachusetts man, has been a leader in preparing dressed meats for the eastern market, and devised the plan of sending them in refrigerator cars. Will says he hadn't known how successful the idea had become, but thinks all the other packers are now following his example. It is much more economical than shipping the cattle alive.

Another thing all the packers are now doing, Will says, is utilizing the products formerly classed as waste, so that they are a source of revenue. I confess I never thought of anything but meat coming from the stockyards, but now glue and many other products are made. Of course, it means more money for the packers, but, better than that, it means profit for the cattle raisers and farmers, too.

Will was surprised, he said, at Mr. Swift's appearance. He had



never met him, and had supposed, from tales he had heard of his wonderful energy, that he would find him a regular "driver"—a hustling, shouting man. Instead, Will says, he is quiet and poised and his face is that of a scholar. Very unusual, isn't it? Will is rather critical of business men, so I know Mr. Swift must be a quite notable individual to draw forth such praise.

I wonder if the key to this seeming anomaly isn't to be found in Mr. Swift's devotion to his religion. He is much attached to his church—the Methodist. He told Will today that he and his wife were charter members of the Winter Street Methodist Church, and I know they have been liberal in their gifts to missionary enterprises and all sorts of good works.

It is splendid to see people of large wealth taking their responsibilities so seriously. They have a fine family, some of them now grown. I noticed in today's paper that the eldest son, Louis Swift, is to be married this week to Miss Ada May Butler, and that they are to live in a handsome house on Emerald Avenue.

\* \* \*

Just now the door-bell rang and Mr. Henry Frank, a client of Will's, called to talk with him about legal matters connected with the new Jewish hospital. He showed us the plans of the building. Sandy Macleod says Chicago should be very grateful for this new institution.

The architect is Mr. Cochrane, who built the Cook County Hospital, regarded as one of the finest in the country. The Jewish people had a small hospital of forty beds on LaSalle Avenue but it had hardly got into operation when it was destroyed by the fire of 1871. Since then they have got along the best way they could, but they have been trying to accumulate a little fund, Mr. Frank says, and had a small amount toward a new building.

About a year ago, Michael Reese, a San Francisco millionaire, died, leaving \$50,000 to his nephews, Joseph and Henry Frank, to be distributed in Chicago or elsewhere, for charitable purposes. Of this the Frank brothers have given \$30,000 for the building of the new hospital, only asking that it be named Michael Reese. Then



Mrs. Rosenfeld and Jacob Rosenberg, two other legatees, decided to give \$50,000 of the \$200,000 entrusted to them for charity, and this will maintain the new institution. Sandy thinks the construction is very fine, and looks forward to the time when he will be a practicing physician and can walk its floors.

I have just bought Will a new edition of *Macaulay*, which I hope we shall read together this winter. Will and I both enjoy *Macaulay*. I found such an interesting account of his life yesterday and enjoyed the story of his youthful days. He showed very early his faculty for rhyming and amused his family by exercising this gift. One of these juvenile rhymes was quoted. It referred to a country squire of the neighborhood who had a weakness for the society of the higher order of clergy and always detained anyone with whom he talked by holding on to a coat button. Macaulay put him into doggerel thus:

*His grace Archbishop Manners Sutton  
Could not keep on a single button.  
As for Rt. Rev. John of Chester,  
His waistcoats open at the breast are.  
Our friend has filled a mighty trunk  
With trophies torn from Dr. Monk.  
And he has really tattered foully  
The vestments of Archbishop Howley.  
No button could I late discern on  
The garments of Archbishop Vernon.  
And never had his fingers mercy  
Upon the garb of Bishop Percy.  
The buttons fly from Bishop Ryder,  
Like corks that spring from bottled cider.*

I wish you could have seen Martha tonight in her new jersey—I suppose you are familiar with this fashion in dress named from the “Jersey Lily.” It is rather a trying mode, and one really should have a perfect figure to look right in it, but Martha was sweet as she came into the library, and Sandy looked as if he thought her good enough to eat. Martha has quite a talent for dress, and has had an underwaist made to wear under the jersey—over the corset—so there isn’t a wrinkle in it.

Some of the jerseys button down the front, but Martha's slips over the head with no buttons or hooks of any kind. It needs a great deal of help to set it just right on the figure. One has to keep pulling it down over the bustle.

Martha has a new brocaded velvet basque—to match her cashmere skirt. With it goes a plush hat of prune color with a sweeping plume.

*With love, your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 11, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

The hurrahing is over and now I shall have time for the many things I have neglected while I gave too much time to Will in the evenings discussing politics. We are such a dyed-in-the-wool Republican family that we are rejoicing at the election of Garfield. Will has professed never to fear for the result, but I think he was worried until the returns were all in.

All I read about our newly elected president pleases me. He is said to be one of the greatest students among our public men. Without the advantage of wealth, or the prestige of family connection, he has been retained in Congress for seventeen years. The plain people feel that he is one of them, as he came up from among them. You know that, as a boy, he drove a horse on the tow-path of a canal.

I like his having been a teacher in the little college at Hiram, Ohio, and his having preached to his brethren of the Campbellite faith. Will, who has read many of his speeches in Congress, says they show thought and an excellent command of the English language. The fact of his being a graduate of Williams College is a guarantee of cultivation.

You must hear about a delightful reception we attended at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman Smith last week. As everyone loves her and her husband, too, there was a great crush. In receiving her guests, Mrs. Smith wore a handsome gown of dark

silk, with a fichu of Breton lace fastened at the throat by a bunch of bright flowers. Mrs. Dr. Isham wore a rich seal-brown brocaded satin; Mrs. Dr. Gunn an elegant visiting costume of royal purple velvet and satin; Mrs. Henry B. Mason was in bright blue; Miss Elizabeth Skinner in myrtle green. It was interesting to observe the wide variety of colors and materials in the beginning of the season.

Mrs. Smith's dining-room has been newly decorated, so I was anxious to see it. The oak buffet is of Eastlake design and above it is a frescoed motto, or, rather, grace:

*Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat wha want it;  
But we hae meat and we can eat  
And sae the Lord be thankit.*

Everything is Eastlake in design nowadays. Some furniture of this type is pleasing, but I can't say I like all of it. Much of it seems to me entirely too fussy, and I shall cling to my walnut furniture, I think. Eastlake's book, *Hints on Household Taste*, which Sandy and Martha are reading, in preparation for furnishing their home . . . when they shall have one . . . has some interesting ideas, if properly worked out, but what I have seen in Chicago homes doesn't look like his designs. He pleads for a return to good old honest workmanship, but all I see is machine carving.

The up-stairs rooms of the Smith home were open for our inspection, after we had taken off our wraps, and we availed ourselves of the chance to look about, for Mrs. Smith is highly original and always has some new idea in decoration. Mottoes are all the rage here and fire-places, pillow-shams and doorways in this home "lisped in numbers," favorite verses gracing many rooms. For instance, in the doctor's study, a lambrequin hanging at the window enjoined the beholder: "Trust in all or not at all." Pillow-shams on the large bed in the guest-room boasted designs of water-lilies . . . the one on the left-hand sham being of closed buds, and the motto beneath reading: "Sweet lilies close their leaves at night"; while its companion responded antiphonally, beneath open flowers: "And open with the morning light." On a wall protector, or



"splasher," back of the bowl and pitcher, were the words embroidered in Kensington stitch: "Clean hands and a pure heart."

We had a nice chat with Dr. Smith, who told us something of his young life in the East. He was studying medicine at Harvard, when his course was interrupted by a murder which horrified all New England. You recall that one of the professors, a Dr. Webster, was found guilty of murder and was hanged for it. This broke up the class temporarily. I had really forgotten about that tragedy.

Dr. Smith continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania, and after finishing his course, came out to Chicago, arriving in 1853. A truly beloved physician, he has contributed much to medical knowledge, for he has served on the staffs of the Cook County, the Presbyterian and the Women's and Children's Hospitals. Both Dr. and Mrs. Smith are much sought after socially. He has been president of the Chicago Literary Society and she is a member of the Fortnightly, that most fashionable club.

I hope you will not be wearied with so long a letter, but I do want to mention the game dinner given by Mr. John B. Drake at the Grand Pacific Hotel last evening. This is one of Chicago's unique events. No such viands are found elsewhere, and then old Chicago families are bidden, so we have an evening of friendly gossip. The dinner last evening was the twenty-fifth, so it was of even more interest than usual.

The number present was the largest ever to assemble and Mr. Drake, reminiscing for us, said the guests had kept in exact ratio with Chicago's growth. The first dinner was given at the old Tremont House in 1855 and seventy-five men partook of it. The population of the city was then 75,000. Last night five hundred persons sat down to the annual game dinner, and as Chicago's population is now 500,000, the proportion was the same . . . one guest for every thousand of the population.

"Long John" Wentworth, who has missed few of these events, says that when the golden game dinner is served it will be eaten by fifteen hundred guests, for Chicago will by that time be a city of a million and a half.

The *pièce de résistance* of the feast, serving for decoration, as



well as an item on the menu, was a magnificent deer, which stood at the entrance to the dining-room. It was cooked with hide and horns on. Near by was a raccoon, crouched on a mossy bank. A sand-hill crane, a nest of prairie chickens and other game pieces attracted much attention. One large piece showed "The Happy Family" . . . a group of birds and animals arranged just as they might have appeared in life, standing about in a grove.

From a game standpoint, the bill of fare was probably the most elaborate that any company in the world was ever invited to discuss, says Will. He suggests that I send you a menu, but I had already pasted it in my scrap-book, so I'll just copy the main items. Isn't it remarkable that all this game could have been assembled here?

### MENU

Blue Points in Shell. Game Soup. Venison Broth.

Loin of Buffalo. Saddle of black-tail Deer. Red Deer. Saddle of Black Bear. Saddle of Antelope. Loin of Moose. Coon. Woodchuck. Opossum. Red Squirrel. Black Squirrel. Jack Rabbit. English Hare. Mountain Bison. Gray Squirrel. Striped Squirrel. American Rabbit.

### FOREST BIRDS

Wild Turkey. Cedar Hen. Spruce Grouse. Pheasant. Partridge. Prairie Chicken. Quail. Blackbirds. Virginia Partridge. Red-winged Starling. Pin-tail Grouse. Ruffed Grouse. Carolina Dove.

### MARSH BIRDS

Jack Snipe. Sand Snipe. Yellow-leg Plover. Golden Plover. Wilson Snipe. Least Sandpiper. Rice Birds. Reed Birds. Rail. Curlew. Sandhill Crane.

### WATER FOWL

Wild Goose. Canada Goose. Laughing Goose. Canvasback Duck. Black and Mallard Ducks. Coot. Brant. Red-necked Grebe. Long-tail Duck. Green-winged Teal. Blue-bill Widgeon. Ring-necked Duck. Red-head Duck. Gadwald Duck.

Pin-tail Duck. Cormorant. Shoveler Duck. Scoop Duck.  
Ruffle-headed Duck. Butter-ball Duck. Dusky Duck. Gray  
Duck. Arctic Goose.

\* \* \*

Then there was stewed terrapin, green turtle steak, and frogs' legs fried in crumbs. Do you wonder that we are a stricken city today? I warrant there were inattentive listeners in many pews this morning.

Johnny Hand, our music-master, indispensable at such gatherings, was there with his famous orchestra and played his sweetest music. The dinner was finished about 9 o'clock and dancing followed. A brilliant scene it was when the younger people floated off (Did I say "floated," after *that* dinner? Let me substitute the word "moved.") in the waltz, to the strains of "The Blue Danube."

While they danced, we older folk visited together and I did have such a good time, for all our friends were there. Near the center of the room at the host's table sat Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Washburne, Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Isham, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill and Judge Tree. Mr. Medill is the editor of the *Tribune*, you know, and Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. McCormick are his daughters.

And now, enough of such a material subject. I say goodnight, with much love.

*Your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 29, 1880*

DEAR JULIA:

I am waiting up for Will, who has gone to the annual dinner of the Chicago Bar Association, and I am improving the time by writing letters. You are first on the list. It is always easy to write you, for you seem like one of the family. What old-time friends we are! Since 1852! May our friendship last until one of us flits to a heavenly home, and may it be resumed on the other shore!

Now, to return from an excursion into the realm where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, to Chicago where there is a great deal of both. I want to tell you about the Hibbard-Gregory wedding, an event of a little more than a week ago. The wedding was one of the most magnificent I have attended. You should have seen Wabash Avenue a few minutes before the appointed hour—five thirty o'clock. It was filled with carriages for blocks, surrounding Grace Church. Floral decorations were lovely, and I was touched to see among these decorations some white blossoms placed at the memorial window dedicated to the two little Hibbard children who died early.

The bridal procession was picturesque. The ushers came first, then the parents of the bride, then her younger sisters; last of all the bride herself, her sister Nelly walking with her. After Dr. Locke had performed the ceremony, the procession re-formed with the bride and groom leading the way, and Nelly walking with the best man, W. R. Stirling.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests went to the Hibbard home on Prairie avenue, where calcium lights illuminated the entrance and made a brilliant scene. The light shone also on the Gothic cottage across the street, which is to be the home of the Gregorys. Generous Mr. Hibbard recently purchased and fitted up this charming house for them. The young couple certainly are beginning life under most favorable auspices.

The Hibbard home was decorated lavishly for the occasion. As we approached to greet Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard we saw above them the most unique device you can imagine. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of their own wedding and the dates 1855-1880, were outlined in white carnations, while between these was a nest about eighteen inches in diameter composed of pure white flowers. On the upper edge of the nest rested two white doves, guarding six young birds within. A little to the right, over the bridal couple, hung a great white bell made of flowers.

So many people had sent floral pieces—horse-shoes, stars and baskets—the house looked like a flower shop. In this bower the lovely toilettes of the ladies showed off well. The bride wore a rich



white brocaded satin, with long train. In her hand she carried a fan made entirely of flowers—orange blossoms and white roses, with an edge of smilax.

Nelly Hibbard wore a white silk tissue dress, with a long train. Alice and Lillie wore short dresses of white India mull. Mrs. Hibbard's own gown was an elegant embossed velvet of deep maroon shade. Mrs. Marshall Field had on a navy blue satin, with a basque corsage of turquoise blue velvet. Her hat was unusual—made of golden grapes with bronze leaves.

Another society wedding of the week we enjoyed attending was that of Sarah Goodrich, daughter of J. G. Goodrich, who married Granger Farwell, son of Judge W. W. Farwell. This Farwell family is not related, or at least not closely related, to the J. V. and C. B. Farwells, but they are friends, so that people often think of Frank and Granger Farwell as cousins. The bridegroom having been a member of the chosen ten who live in the Cloister at Yale College, had secured six of the ten young men who made up that company to come on for the wedding, which made it very gay for Chicago girls.

The ceremony was performed in the Goodrich home, 1309 Michigan avenue, Dr. Goodwin being the clergyman.

Sarah looked too lovely in her bridal finery—white brocaded satin with much pearl passementerie trimming. This is another fine couple.

December 31: I didn't finish my letter and now will record another wedding and send it off. It isn't often that one is invited to three weddings in quick succession, weddings in which all three brides are so lovely and beloved, the grooms so fine in character and so altogether desirable. You met Mr. and Mrs. Henry Corwith when you were here. You recall that theirs was that handsome house on Michigan avenue where a number of Galena people were calling when we were there. So you will be interested to hear of their daughter Eliza's marriage to Ernest A. Hamill.

I don't believe I should have braved the weather if it had been anyone else's wedding, but I didn't want to miss this, and Martha was so anxious to go. It was seventeen degrees below zero, so I



hear. The coachmen were suffering on the boxes of the carriages and I hated to ask Michael to go out, but kind old soul that he is, he came in to say that he "had hisself fixed up snug and tight, and was all ready to get the team up." He has not so great a regard for style as some of the English coachmen, who can never relax their dignity, and he had all sorts of wrappings under his fur coat, while his head was tied up till he looked as if he were a case of hydrocephalus. With a soapstone at his feet he didn't suffer, I am glad to think.

One young matron, Mrs. Will Armour (Bertha Cobb) told me she walked the two blocks to the First Presbyterian Church, where the ceremony was performed, and the cold brought the tears to her eyes. They froze there, so she had to have the attention of an oculist later. The bridal party's bouquets were black from frost when they returned to the house for the reception.

Eliza (or Peggy, as her friends call her) looked beautiful in her white satin gown, trimmed with duchesse lace, and her first bridesmaid, Isabelle Corwith, her sister, was charming in white mull, with a short veil. Don't you think white mull is lovely for the maids? I am already thinking of Martha's plans, and taking notes at all the weddings.

Nothing could have been lovelier than this wedding—the bride so sweet and dignified; the groom so fine looking. Every detail was perfect.

Will is waiting to take this letter out, so I will say adieu.

Best wishes for the new year!

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND



Fashions of 1885  
The overskirt and bustle still persisted



Mrs. William Blair, about 1885  
Note the fitted Basque and the "side-panniers"





Frank O. Lowden, who later became Governor of Illinois



Mrs. Potter Palmer, about 1889

## FOOTNOTES 1880

The Perry H. Smith mansion has yielded to the march of business and on the site where it once stood a large office-building now rises.

Pine Street is the old name for North Michigan Avenue.

The Foundlings' Home at 15 South Wood Street still continues its beneficent work, though good Dr. Shipman, whom Will and Martha visited in 1880, has long since been gathered to his fathers. Infanticide is not so common as in the Sixties, when Dr. Shipman estimated that annually one thousand babies, mostly illegitimate, were made away with, or left on door-steps. The unwed mother today is better able to face the world, and, if unable to care for her child herself, can bring it to one of the many institutions which will help her.

Gustavus F. Swift died in 1903, at the age of sixty-three. His children have inherited the liberal disposition of their parents. At Northwestern University, Annie May Swift Hall recalls the name. The University of Chicago also has received large gifts from members of this family.

Mrs. Robert B. Gregory is still (1940) living in the Gothic cottage to which she went as a bride. She is the author of *A Great Grand-mother Remembers*.



## ASIDE

IN THE MELODRAMA, so popular in the Eighties, there were many asides. The villain, grasping the hand of the honest farmer, would, after greeting him warmly, turn slightly toward the audience and, in a voice which reverberated through the Opera House, but which was of course inaudible to the honest farmer, would utter words marked aside in the script: "Little does the old man suspect that I am about to foreclose the mortgage on the farm and elope with his beautiful daughter."

The aside gave the audience information which the dramatist could not easily put into the script.

Thus the writer, seeing that Martha Freeman Esmond's letters omit many aspects of the Eighties, is employing the device of the playwright of that period. The reader shall hear, in asides, of foibles, fashions, and oddities which Martha has neglected in her correspondence with "Dear Julia."

\* \* \*

IT WAS A PLEASANT PERIOD in which to have lived . . . the Eighties. Even if your house had no "cupola" on it, you might have one, some day. Hope sprang eternal in the breast, in that era. It was the age of confidence. Had not Horatio Alger's young heroes ascended the ladder by dint of industry, honesty and frugality? So might any American boy.

As for the weaker sex (Yes, they called us that once!) a girl looked forward to marriage, as a matter of course. She might chance to pick the man who would become president. Women had done that. Or, she might become a great singer, like Clara Louise Kellogg or Emma S. Thursby. Or, she might write books for girls, like Louisa May Alcott.

Oh, the world was full of chances for success. You couldn't help getting on, if you tried with all your might. All the copy-books said that, in different ways.

Wasn't housekeeping hard for the women of the family, you may ask. Yes, if you lived in a suburb or in a country town, you had no plumbing. Bedrooms were equipped with a bowl and pitcher on a wash-stand, back of which was tacked a "splasher," to protect the wall-paper. In outline embroidery of red cotton, this splasher exhorted the occupant of the room: "Splash! Splash!" or suggested morally: "Clean hands and a pure heart!" for mottoes adorned every object where they could conceivably be placed.

No electricity for illumination! Edison, it is true, had announced early in 1880, that he could now bring light into the house, but few private homes could afford this, since it required a dynamo in the basement.

As to heating...there were people who had furnaces, to be sure, but these were only for the well-to-do. Ordinary folks used base-burners. But don't be too sorry for the people of the Eighties, on that score. Even today, I feel a cosy sensation, as I recall the base-burner in our own little house in a down-state town. Elegant indeed was this tall quadruped, with its nickel trimmings and a knight in armor, who stood on top. The men of the household fed this base-burner every morning and night, emptying a whole pail of hard coal down into its capacious maw.

On cold mornings, we children dressed by it, bringing down our wool frocks and shoes and stockings, and watching as we dressed, the way the blue flames licked the sullen black mineral. At first, it seemed as if it would never yield any heat, but by the time breakfast was over . . . and a good hearty breakfast it was, too, with bacon and eggs and oatmeal and potatoes . . . the coal had begun to glow and cast a rosy light over the nickel trimmings, so that the effect was incredibly opulent. And when the nickel-plated tea-kettle on the iron lid at the back, just in front of the stove-pipe, began to purr melodiously, there was an indescribable sense of warmth and comfort in the room.

It was the kind of room Dickens, who loved coziness and

warmth, with steaming kettles giving promise of good cheer, would have enjoyed.

But with no vacuum-cleaner to lighten the labor, wasn't the sweeping of a room a hard task?

Yes. The broom, to be effective, must be heavy, and wielding such an implement produced aching backs. But it was part of the day's work and women accepted it as their lot.

Looking back on the Eighties, woman's life seems hard indeed. How did housewives ever get their work done . . . those who kept no "hired girl?" And how did those who "kept a girl" manage to retain her, with the long hours and hard labor required?

Perhaps the explanation is that no telephone bell distracted the worker; no club duties clamored for attention; no precinct captain suggested the ringing of a few door-bells before election.

Yes. In spite of everything, it was a pleasant era in which to have lived.





*Chicago, January 11, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

I have just returned from Springfield, Illinois, where I went with Will, who was attending the annual meeting of the Illinois Bar Association.

It was a pleasant jaunt. I always enjoy being in that historic city, so closely associated with our beloved Lincoln. In the same car with us was Isaac N. Arnold, who was to give a paper on the subject of the Illinois Bar of forty years ago . . . the cases he recalled, the lawyers he had known. During the course of our trip, Mr. Arnold allowed me to read his paper and I found it most interesting. He has an easy, pleasant style and in the address gave a wonderfully vivid picture of the Forties in Illinois.

Looking back at those times, they seem picturesque, but I wonder how the lawyers endured the physical discomforts of the practice of their profession. Mr. Arnold said it was his custom, as it was that of most Chicago lawyers of the day, to go to Springfield, twice each year, to attend court, held in June and December. I copied what he wrote about those journeys. Does it seem possible that traveling conditions were so primitive only forty years ago? He writes:

"We made our trips in Frink and Walker coaches, and I have known the December trip to take five days and nights, dragging wearily through the mud and sleet. There was an amount of wear-

ness and discomfort about it sufficient to exhaust the patience of the most amiable. I think I have noticed that some of my impulsive brethren of the Chicago bar have become less profane since the rail cars have been substituted for stage coaches. But the June journey was as agreeable as the December trip was repulsive. A four-in-hand, with splendid horses, the best of Troy coaches, good company, the exhilaration of great speed over an elastic road, much of it covered with turf; often crushing under our wheels the most beautiful wild flowers; every grove fragrant with blossoms, framed in the richest green; our roads not fenced into narrow lanes, but with freedom to choose our route.

"Here and there was a picturesque log cabin, covered with vines; the boys and girls on their way to the log cabin schools, and the lusty farmer digging his fortune out of the rich earth. Everything fresh and new, full of young life and enthusiasm. The June trips to Springfield, would, I think, compare favorably even with those we make today in a Pullman car.

"But there were exceptions to these enjoyments. Sometimes a torrent of rain would so swell the streams that the log bridges and the banks would be entirely submerged, and a stream whose bed a few hours before had been nearly dry would become a raging torrent. Fording at such times was never agreeable. Sometimes it was even dangerous."

The most dramatic part of Mr. Arnold's story of these days was his description of Owen Lovejoy's trial in 1842 before Judge John D. Caton on the charge of harboring a fugitive slave girl named Nance and abetting her escape. James H. Collins, a well-known lawyer of the day, conducted the defense, and Owen Lovejoy himself made a masterly argument, said Mr. Arnold. They extorted a verdict of not guilty from a hostile jury.

I have heard so much from father and Will about these cases . . . the ones involving fugitive slaves . . . that I feel a peculiar interest in them. They aren't dry as dust law questions, but are like dramas on the stage to me. Mr. Arnold said it was doubtful if Mr. Lovejoy would have been acquitted, however, even with his own and his lawyer's efforts, but for the accidental disclosure on

the witness stand by the slave's alleged owner of a fact until then unknown by the defense. The owner said he was taking the slave girl, Nance, from Kentucky to Missouri, *through Illinois*. He was ignorant that by voluntarily bringing his chattel from a slave state to a free state he had freed her.

The moment the slave owner mentioned this fact on the stand Lovejoy and Collins saw the importance of the statement, and Mr. Arnold said that Lovejoy quoted with tremendous effect the lines of Cowper, now so familiar:

*Slaves cannot breathe in England. If their lungs  
Receive our air—that moment they are free.*

"And," said Lovejoy, "If this is the glory of England, is it not equally true of Illinois, her soil consecrated to freedom by the ordinance of 1787 and her own constitution?" But enough of the past.

We are all on tiptoe about the performances of Sarah Bernhardt, just about to begin. There has been a great deal of discussion, pro and con . . . especially CON . . . about the matter of social recognition for Mlle. Bernhardt. One hostess went so far as to say that anyone who would go to see Sarah Bernhardt play would not be a fit guest at her (the hostess') dinner table. At least I have heard that this was said.

I was quite pleased by an interview given by one of our Chicago ministers (whose name is not given) to a Chicago newspaper. The reporter tried hard to get the minister to condemn the actress for her *accident d'amour*, as it is said she terms her unfathered child. The minister wisely refused to be drawn into an argument, saying Mlle. Bernhardt must stand or fall to her own conscience and her own God. He said society must not only be just, but be charitable to an actress as to a banker or a minister.

The minister ended the interview with the words: "We are, as a rule, such poor incapable creatures, our talents and our deeds so small, that we can afford to give some admiration to extraordinary people who blaze along into our tame lives, although they may bring with them some grave errors." I wish I knew who said it. Perhaps David Swing or Dr. Thomas, though this is only a guess.



I am rather glad not to be invited to meet her, because . . . why do you think? Because my French is so bad!

Her thinness makes good newspaper copy here as elsewhere, and the favorite line of the reporters in telling of her arrival is: "An empty cab drove up to the door and Sarah Bernhardt got out."

*January 18*—I will add a little to my letter before sending it off.

We have spent a pleasant Sunday in Lake Forest at the hospitable home of the D. R. Holts. We attended the Presbyterian Church, as everyone in Lake Forest does. It seemed like old days to be in a village where at the sound of the church bell everyone turned his or her footsteps toward the sanctuary.

In the afternoon we went over to call at the Lake Forest Academy, where some Chicago boys we know are studying. Among these boys is young Lyman Blair, Jr., a dear fellow, whose parents are friends of ours. Selma had baked some ginger cookies the day before we left, and I took a large box out, knowing cookies are always welcome when one is at school. Lyman showed us about the place and we were much interested in all its appointments.

The academy had a disastrous fire last year, but the board of trustees bestirred itself, and now in place of the building that burned, they have three new ones. It is a delightful spot for a school, certainly. Lake Forest is a quiet, retired village with a fine moral and spiritual tone pervading it, and its ravines and trees make it one of our most beautiful suburbs.

Besides its beauty, the fact that it is peopled by men and women who have common interests makes it pleasant. It seems like a family circle. I had to smile when a neighbor brought in a letter from one of her daughters away at school. Letters are passed about from one family to another, since everyone is interested in the boy or girl who has gone. Imagine that being done in New York or Chicago! Or a new recipe for escalloped oysters being proffered! Or Bridget's ice cream being brought over to the person next door! Well, it's just delightful, and I wish we could live out here, but it is impossible for Will.

A great many of our best Chicago families send their boys to the academy, which was founded by well-known Presbyterians,

Dr. Robert W. Patterson, the dear old first pastor of the Second Church being the moving spirit in establishing it. Dr. Harvey Curtis, minister of the First Church, and Dr. Charles H. Quinlan (the latter an M.D.) were his ardent supporters. I remember that the Pattersons' son, Robert W. Jr., was an academy student in the Sixties, during the Civil War.

I was thinking today, as I walked down the academy steps, of the thrill I had as I watched Col. Ellsworth drilling the students there in 1860, for they formed an Ellsworth Guards company at that time. How little we thought then that that already famous young man who organized the Chicago Zouaves would be the first to fall in the Civil War! Chicago will never forget Elmer Ellsworth.

Since I wrote you last I have attended not only a performance of Bernhardt's, but an exhibit of her works of art. The social ban on the actress did not extend to a pronouncement on the question as to whether it would be considered proper to view her paintings, and I confess I was curious to see these. I was flattered, too, at receiving a card for the view at O'Brien's, and though I feared I might be embarrassed if I met the artist personally, in case I had to reply to her in French, I went anyway.

"The naughty Sarah," as our newspapers call her, was the observed of all observers, you may well believe. Will, who went with me, says we all acted as if she had been an interesting but highly dangerous wild beast, from the way we looked at her. We stood almost in rows, four or five deep, he insists, watching the play of her features and her every movement with mingled curiosity and fear! But Will is so ridiculous, and loves to tease.

I was glad to see Bernhardt at close range. She isn't so thin or so weird looking as the newspapers would have us believe. She is tall and graceful, and while she is not a beauty (if we mean by beauty perfect regularity of features) she has an attractive face . . . a face which would excite attention anywhere.

She is decidedly Frenchy in her every movement and act . . . all emotion and animation. A few people went up and were presented to her, and I saw her chatting with these people with apparent interest and pleasure. Mr. Charles Henrotin interpreted for her.

She was quietly but tastefully dressed in a combination suit of dark blue satin and velvet. The skirt was short, with three rows of kilt plaitings of the satin. The polonaise was of velvet of the same shade drawn back sufficiently to cause diagonal folds across the front. It was finished at the back with a large bow of velvet and satin. The neck of the dress, I noticed, was very high, finished with a crepe lisse ruching. A cascade of ecru lace fell down the front, and a bunch of tearose buds was fastened at the left side of her throat.

Her long wrinkled gloves (her specialty, you know) were of ecru undressed kid. With this costume she wore a blue satin and plush poke bonnet, from beneath which the ends of her frizzed red-gold hair escaped all around. When she left the room for her hotel I noticed her wrap, which was a long loose coat of dark blue, trimmed with broad gray fur bands.

The most worth-while of her paintings, I suppose, is "The Young Girl and Death," with which, of course, you are familiar.

\* \* \*

*Later:* Did you read that funny rhyme called "Out of Style," written by Margaret Vandergrift in this month's *St. Nicholas*? It begins:

*An old and respectable ostrich  
Was seized with a wish to work cross-stitch.  
"I could cover my eggs  
And ridiculous legs  
With rugs and with mats," said the ostrich.*

The last verse is:

*"There is something still older than cross-stitch  
(And you ought to have seen the fine frost which  
She put in her manner)  
It is worthy a banner,  
It is courtesy, ma'am," said the ostrich.*

I have a great liking for limericks, and this appealed to me



strongly. My mental powers are but feeble, I realize, but you know the best and worst of me and still are my friend.

*Your devoted,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, February 20, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

It has been a long time since I wrote you, but you have had letters from Will and Martha Junior, who have replied to most of my correspondence since Mother's death, for I have been too sad to write.

Dismantling the Michigan Avenue house, which she has left for her heavenly mansion, has occupied much time, too, and every hour there brings a heartache, as I look over Mother's personal belongings. Many articles I don't want to keep; can't bear to destroy; dread to give into unappreciative hands. A wax fruit-piece under a glass dome, for instance. What *would* you do with that? No one uses wax pieces any more.

"Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," the two companion pictures that hung in Mother's room, I want to bring over to our Rush Street house. They are out-of-date, to be sure, and probably look homely enough to other people, but I can't bear to give them away, remembering how she loved them. "The Soldier's Dream" and "The Angel's Whisper," rather interesting old color prints in their oval frames, are also too dear from early association to be given away. But I am sending the Rogers Group, "Council of War," to Will's cousin down-state. The parlor furniture is to go to a friend in the country.

What painful work is sorting over the belongings of one very dear to you who has just gone to another world! I feel so alone, in spite of Will and Martha, who have been good and helpful. Because I was an only child, I have no one of my generation with whom to compare notes on early memories of my mother, or to ask about people I knew in days before I met Will. I am constantly wishing I had a brother or sister and could ask: "Do you remember how

sweet Mother looked when she wore this dress? It was on my fourteenth birthday." Or: "Do you think Cousin Eliza, back in Pennsylvania, would like this shawl?"

Then comes the haunting fear that I didn't do all for her that I might have done. Did you feel so, after your father's death?

I don't quite know what to do about Martha Junior's mourning clothes. Will rebels against having her wear black for any length of time. He was brought up in Philadelphia, where mourning was carried to the *nth* degree, and it repels him. He remembers that they used to close the front blinds and keep the parlor dark for a year after a death in the family. The piano was locked, so that no one would be tempted to touch the keys. Crepe veils of the most voluminous pattern were worn by all the female relatives. Will says it cast a pall over his young life which he doesn't want Martha to experience. Martha wore, from choice, a black gown, at Mother's funeral, and has worn black ever since, but I am wondering if we may not let her wear colors in her spring wardrobe. Of course I don't want to make her use black in her trousseau, which will come up for consideration soon.

Yesterday was an important day in Sandy's life, for he received his degree from Rush Medical College. It is the first time I have been anywhere except to church since Mother's going, but I couldn't say no when Sandy and Martha urged it, so I went with Will. Many hundreds of friends of the young doctors, many girls who are engaged to the graduates, were present to see the new disciples of Galen receive their honors. The exercises were held in Central Music Hall. We were proud of Sandy, as he went forward to get the diploma for which he had worked so hard.

It pleased us, too, that our fine dentist, Dr. W. W. Allport, received one of the two honorary degrees which it is the custom of Rush to give each year. Dr. Adams, Dean of the College, told Dr. Allport, in a complimentary speech, that the faculty was deeply sensible that it is largely due to him (Dr. Allport) that dentistry has been exalted from a mechanical trade to a medical science.

We saw many of the older men of the medical profession there. Many of the younger men, too. Dr. L. L. McArthur and Dr. David

W. Graham, both young men of whom we are fond, came over to speak to us and to congratulate Sandy. Among Sandy's friends in his field was an interesting medical student he introduced . . . Frank Billings, about to be graduated from Northwestern Medical School. Sandy says he grudges the other great college of this section such a man, for he thinks Frank Billings will make his mark. He is a great student and is to be an interne in Cook County Hospital, a post much coveted by young medics.

Dr. William T. Belfield is another doctor for whom Sandy feels great enthusiasm. A thorough, scientific student is this young man. Chicago is really becoming a medical center.

Other friends we met there were Dr. Moses Gunn, Dr. Isaac N. Danforth, Dr. James Nevins Hyde (Bishop Cheney's brother-in-law) and Dr. John E. Owens. All had known Mother and were so kind and sympathetic it was a comfort to speak with them.

We have been quite surprised with the news announced in January, that L. Z. Leiter has withdrawn from the firm of Field, Leiter and Company. One can hardly think of that great firm without Mr. Leiter, but he has so much money already he doesn't need to make more and I should think he would be glad to be out of the hurly-burly of business.

I hear it said that Mrs. Leiter has been urging her husband to retire, that they may live abroad. Her ambition, say these gossips, is a titled marriage for one or all of her daughters. Others say personal differences have developed between the two members of the firm who have so long pulled admirably together and that this has caused Mr. Leiter to step out. It is remarkable that two men of such energy and driving force should have got along so amicably together for years, as they have.

Mr. Field is much the greater merchant, Will thinks, yet each has his special gift. Mr. Field's is for expansion; Mr. Leiter's for administration. He (Mr. Leiter) started life in Chicago as a book-keeper, and was an exceptionally good one, so his grasp of details is not to be wondered at. He has had, I believe, a one-third interest in the firm and is said to be retiring with a million and a half dollars from this source.



Besides this tidy sum, he owns a great deal of real estate, the most important piece being the south-east corner of State and Madison Streets. It is a large lot . . . 180 feet on State Street and 150 feet on Madison Street . . . and is in the heart of the retail district, so it is very valuable. Will estimates his real estate to be worth over two millions.

Mr. Leiter came here from Maryland about the time Mr. Field arrived from Massachusetts, the latter entering the employ of Cooley, Wadsworth and Company, while Mr. Leiter took a position as bookkeeper for A. G. Downs and Company, a pioneer dry-goods house. A little later Mr. Leiter went to Cooley, Wadsworth and Company, that firm soon afterward taking the name Cooley, Farwell and Company. In January, 1864, it became Farwell, Field and Company, Mr. Leiter being the "Company." Within a year Mr. Field and Mr. Leiter withdrew from the firm and bought the dry-goods business of Potter Palmer, then located on Lake Street, Mr. Palmer remaining as a special partner and the name of the new firm being Field, Palmer and Leiter. When Mr. Palmer's partnership expired, the firm name became Field, Leiter and Company. The "Company" now is composed of Henry Willing (who, you know, married a Miss Skinner) H. N. Higinbotham, L. G. Woodhouse, and Henry and Joseph Field, brothers of the senior member of the firm.

Somehow a great store becomes such a part of one's life, one likes it to remain the same, but I suppose we must expect such changes in a large city. I remember when T. B. Carter, A. G. Downs, and Bowen, Whitman and Winslow were the leading dry-goods houses here. Now all are out of business.

Mrs. George Bowen told me the other day a funny story of the time when her husband was in the dry-goods business.

He brought home for dinner a high official of the Mormon Church, husband of twelve spouses left behind in Salt Lake City. She did her best to be agreeable, though she could not enjoy dining with the bishop, remembering all the wives he possessed. The bishop was a hearty soul, with a genial manner, although he was not seeking converts. He remained in town several days, selecting

what became a very large order from the Bowen store. The several carloads could be transported by rail only as far as Marshalltown, Iowa, which was then the Western rail terminal. From that point, ox-teams and covered freight wagons conveyed the goods to the Zion Co-operative stores at Salt Lake City.

Besides the purchases made at the Bowen store, the bishop ordered millinery from Fisk or Gage, where he found headgear which pleased him. He had excellent taste in bonnets, said Mrs. Bowen, laughing.

Approving a stylish model, he said to the astonished clerk: "Make the order twelve, all alike, and mark it personal." He also ordered from Lyon and Healy pianos for the household. His musical ear was satisfied only with the most elaborate tests, after which he selected the finest instrument and made use of the formula applied to the bonnet order: "Make it twelve!"

Other members of the Bowen firm were reluctant to accept the Salt Lake account, and it was indeed a long way across the desert to sell so large a bill on credit, so Mr. George Bowen gave it his personal O.K. and the goods went forward as billed. Those were Indian days, but the trains escaped injury and when they were delivered at Salt Lake City, a certified cheque came, part of the way by pony express, to the Bowen desk. From that time on, the Salt Lake account was one of the best and one of the largest on the books of that firm.

Mrs. Bowen said she had often thought what an odd sight it must have been when the bishop led forth his family on Sunday, each wife clothed precisely like the others!

Speaking of matters musical, I am reminded to tell you that Martha and I have been shopping today for a cottage organ for a young cousin of Will's down-state. Seeking the judgment of Isaac N. Camp, one of the best dealers in these instruments here, we found a very good organ, in light oak . . . newer than the black walnut which I have seen most. Will expects to buy her a piano, if she gets on well with the organ.

Mr. Camp, a friend of Will's, is one of our most cultivated business men, a graduate of the University of Vermont. I like Mrs.

Camp, too, very much. By the way, she asked me if I had any knowledge of Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's School for Girls in New York City, where she thinks of sending her young daughter Charlotte in a year or two. I told her I thought I had heard you mention it, and would inquire what you thought of it. Would you mind letting me know about this, and I will pass on your recommendation to Mrs. Camp.

And now, with my best love, and appreciation of your three letters, answered by Will or Martha, I am

*Ever yours devotedly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, June 1, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

I have been reading of the death of "Commodore Nutt" . . . Barnum's "Thirty thousand dollar Nutt" as they used to call him . . . and it has brought back recollections of Barnum's dwarfs. It seems too bad that the Commodore should have died at so early an age . . . he was only thirty-seven, the papers say. I had really forgotten that he was a "sport," as the botanists call a freakish growth in plants, I believe. The article I read says his father was a big, six-foot farmer, weighing 270 pounds, while his mother was a woman of average size. How did it happen that he was so tiny? Will says he was a "sport" in more senses than a scientific one, for he has been a hard drinker for some time.

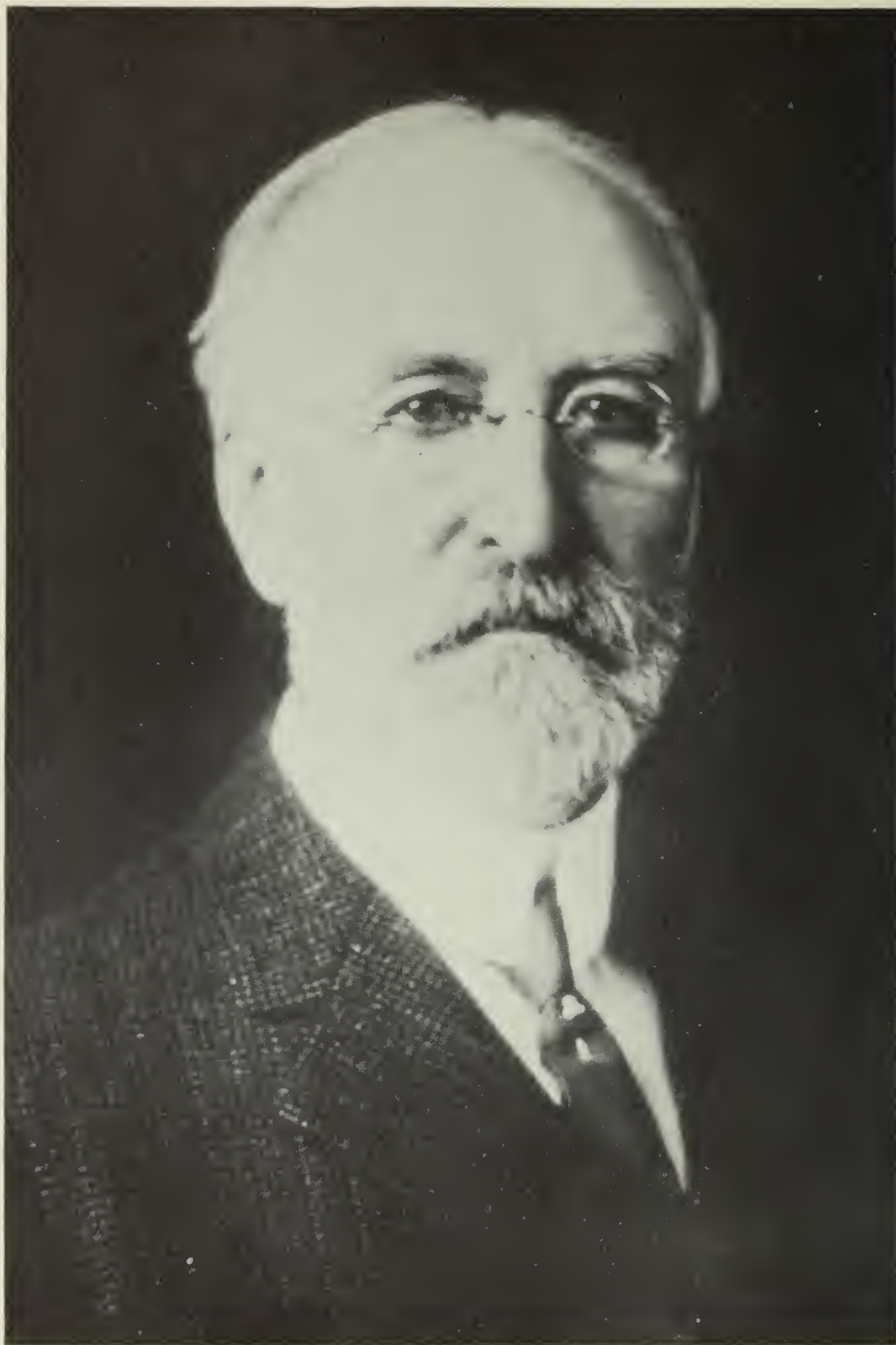
I haven't seen the Commodore for years, but Will and a friend saw him in Terre Haute, Indiana, three or four years ago. They told a funny story about a trick he played there, which I will pass on to you, though I don't know whether you will find it laughable. We are very strict temperance people in our family, you know. Will never touches liquor and I just hate "drunk" stories, but I really did laugh over this one about "Commodore Nutt."

After he left Barnum's, he went into the show business as a Lilliputian opera singer. He was a really excellent character actor, and could sing and dance very well, Will says. With him, at this





Mrs. Frank G. Logan (Josephine Hancock) a prominent figure in the art world of Chicago, who founded the society of *Sanity In Art*



Andrew MacLeish, prominent Chicago merchant,  
active in civic and religious matters



The first Mrs. Marshall Field (Nannie Scott) with her two children,  
Marshall Junior and Ethel (later Lady Beatty)





Huntington and Llewellyn Henry, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry,  
in Lord Fauntleroy attire

time was another actor, named Col. Goshen, a tall man who played the Giant in the Commodore's *Jack, the Giant Killer*. The play was a good one, and the house at Terre Haute was sold out in advance. The manager, who had heard tales of Nutt's conviviality mentioned to the giant his fear that the little actor might be drunk and incompetent when the show opened. The giant replied: "I'll attend to that," and picking up the dwarf in his arms, he carried him upstairs and locked him in his room.

What was the surprise that evening when he (the giant) opened the door of the Commodore's room to find him as drunk as a lord and wholly incapable of playing his part in the show! How had it happened? The giant had had the key of the room in his pocket all day, yet here was the little fellow, cocking his eye up at his tall friend and singing the song which was a favorite when he sang it on the stage:

*I'm Timothy Tottle,  
I'm fond of my bottle.*

Out of patience as the giant was at finding the show ruined, Will said, he couldn't help laughing at the way in which the dwarf outwitted him. You see, he had slipped some money under the door of his room to a bellboy on the outside and got him to bring him some liquor and a clay pipe. The bellboy put the stem of the pipe through the keyhole and the Commodore stood on his toes and got all the whiskey he wanted without having the door unlocked.

We were recalling this evening the tragedy of the little fellow's life, the marriage of Tom Thumb to Lavinia Warren, the diminutive lady they both loved. He felt terribly hurt when Tom Thumb managed to get Lavinia down to Barnum's home in Bridgeport and with Barnum's aid, obtained her promise to marry him. Of course you remember all about the Tom Thumb wedding in Grace Church in New York, with the rector performing the ceremony and people in high life interested spectators. President and Mrs. Lincoln sent them a wedding gift, I remember.

And the poor little Commodore had to act as groomsman, when he had hoped for a different assignment in the cast. I call that the

act of a man of a noble heart, even though that heart was built on a small pattern. It must have taken backbone for him to have gone abroad with the newly married couple, but it was too good a contract to give up, and they all had a successful trip around the world.

*June 4*—How the days go by! I began this letter . . . let me see, two or three days ago, and it has lain in my desk unfinished. I'll add a little and try to make it worth the three cents it costs to send it.

Judge Grant Goodrich has just been calling on Will on a Chicago Bar Association matter, and the men have been talking of pioneer days. We had all attended the funeral of E. H. Hadduck, and it brought home to us how many of the people who were "old settlers" when we came to Chicago are gone. Mr. Hadduck was the father of Mrs. John de Koven (grandfather of Martha's dear young friend, Lulu de Koven). We were always fond of Mr. Hadduck. He seemed a part and parcel of the city, and was such a fine business man. Will respected and relied greatly on his advice and will miss him very much.

Mr. Hadduck, originally from Ohio, came to Chicago in 1835 in charge of \$200,000 which he brought in a prairie wagon from Detroit, this money to be used in paying off some obligations of the government to the Indians. When he reached the city (I have often heard him tell this) he saw so many possibilities he immediately returned to Ohio, married and came back. He had lived here ever since.

The Hadducks, newly married, had to take refuge in Fort Dearborn for a time, and Mrs. Hadduck was telling me only the other day how hard it was to live in the same room with fifty other people, and how fearful she was that she might meet an Indian, as she went down to the river for a pail of water. How did the early residents of Chicago ever live through all the hardships they encountered?

Mr. Hadduck was always an interesting and picturesque figure to me, as he passed on the street in his black broadcloth suit, high collar, and old-fashioned black stock, with a large diamond solitaire in his shirt front. Young Martha, when she played with Lulu as a



child, used to come home in wide-eyed wonder to tell me what funny articles Mr. Haddock carried in his high hat . . . valuable papers of all kinds, and often the *Chicago Tribune*!

Judge Goodrich said this afternoon that when he (the judge) came here in 1834, Mr. Haddock was keeping a small hotel, the Mansion House, just opposite the Tremont House. He did well in that business and with his surplus cash bought real estate. Then with Mr. Haines, he bought a mill and they prospered in that undertaking, too. He had a rare talent for foreseeing what would be the ultimate value of anything . . . securities or real estate . . . and he never held on to anything after a good price had been reached, but sold at once. Such uncanny foresight and judgment seems in-born doesn't it?

Will says many people called Mr. Haddock narrow and illiberal, but he thinks that is not at all a just estimate of him. He was generous toward projects in which he was interested, and he was especially kind, I have heard, to his half-sisters and brothers, who were the children of his father's first wife . . . a sister of Daniel Webster.

I will not write more this afternoon.

*Much love from your old friend,*  
MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 20, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

Did New York feel the terrible storm of last week? I think it was worse in the West. What a heroic deed that was of Kate Shelley's out near Boone, Iowa! I am such a coward myself about storms I think I appreciate her daring more than a really courageous spirit could.

For one thing I can't bear to look down from a great height, and so her act of crawling along the ties of a high bridge, with the raging waters far below her, fills me with awe. Then, I'm afraid of machinery and keep at a safe distance from an engine in motion. Think of that fifteen-year-old girl making her way over the bridge,

fearing any moment she might be crushed by an oncoming engine! It makes me shudder. Emerson's lines are true:

*So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,  
The youth replies, I can!*

God surely must have supported her on that perilous journey on her way to the telegraph office. Small wonder she fainted after she had told her story to the telegraph operator. I hope some people of large means will help her to an education or provide in some way for her future.

Calling on Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick this afternoon, I shared her pleasure in a cable message which had come to her telling of the gold medal given to one of the machines manufactured by her husband's company . . . a sheaf-binding harvester (I believe they call it) in Derby, England. The Royal Agricultural Society of England held a contest in which machines manufactured by companies all over the world were competing for the prize. Mrs. McCormick was much pleased because the machine her husband's company entered had won the first prize in spite of a heavy handicap. It had been shipped on the ill-fated "Britannic," which sank off the coast of Ireland. There was no time to send for another from America, so the machine was recovered from the wrecked "Britannic" after having been under water for a week. It was badly rusted from the action of the sea, but it was cleaned and oiled up, put into the contest, and then walked away with the gold medal. Hurrah for America!

*August 1*—We spent a few days at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, last week and were pleased to be invited aboard the "Arrow," George Sturges' new yacht. It was built for him by J. Parker Smith, who calls it the "Maud S." of yachts, and the boat does go like the wind. Lake Geneva is a pretty summer resort where many of our friends spend the hot months. One of the most nautical of these Chicagoans

is N. K. Fairbank, and his enthusiasm over the new addition to the Lake Geneva flotilla was infectious. I enjoyed watching him as he and Edward E. Ayer compared their timepieces.

Mr. Fairbank stepped out on the prow, his right hand clasping the flagstaff, and his left holding fast to his new Mackinaw straw hat, as the breeze threatened to blow it away, and "hurrahed" lustily. "Hurrah," echoed Mr. Ayer in answer, "She's doing her mile in three minutes." Al Sturges, son of the owner, tried to be calm and dignified, but his eyes were dancing. How a moving boat does thrill one! Its motion is poetry.

Other craft came alongside to shout congratulations, and as we negotiated a point that juts out into the water I thought I had never seen a prettier sight . . . the blue lake, the white sails in the foreground, and the beautiful summer places of the Cranes, the Fairbanks, the Leiters and the Sturgeses in the background, surrounded by greenery and flower-decked lawns.

Will says he wouldn't want to own a summer home as the upkeep is so great, but it looks attractive to me. However, when Martha is married, we shall have little motive for owning a home of any size.

I must tell you, Julia, that the German baron, Franz von Althelm, who was so attentive to Martha on the steamer going over to Europe, has turned up here. I wish he would betake himself to other parts, but though he talks of the sights he wants to see in the West, he stays on in Chicago. We invited him to dinner when he presented his card last week. We felt we could hardly do less. Fatal error! He is here all the time now.

Sandy looks glum when he sees the "hoch-geboren Herr" sitting on the front steps or leaning over the piano while Martha sings. She allowed him to squire her to a party last week when Sandy couldn't go because of his work. It was a mistake, I think, but she has missed many of the picnics and parties where the young people have had fun this summer, because she wouldn't go without Sandy.

Oh, dear! How hard it is to know what to say to young people in such a case! Martha and Sandy must manage their own love affair, but I wish I could send this foreigner packing. Will dislikes



him intensely and glowers whenever he appears. A cloud seems to hang over Rush Street. What would YOU do, Julia?

*Your troubled friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, September 1, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

Will and I have just returned from a drive to the South Side, where we called on the B. F. Rays of Groveland Avenue. I don't know a more beautiful young matron than Mrs. Ray, and I often wish we lived nearer the Ray family, for I should like to see more of her. I used to see the family often when I lived with mother on the South Side, after father's death, but it is a long way to drive and we don't accomplish it often.

Mrs. Ray is a second wife and not a great deal older than her eldest step-child, but she is so sweet she has won a place in their hearts quite different from that of the ordinary stepmother. She was, before her marriage, Miss Julia Matteson, whose father built the Matteson house, one of our fashionable hotels, at the corner of Randolph and Dearborn Streets. He died very early, at the age of thirty-six, but had accumulated a great deal of property, which he left to his children, all under age.

Julia was a ward of Silas B. Cobb, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, and he managed her affairs with such prudence that the property has increased in value. She spent a good deal of time abroad before her marriage, and was presented at the French court. I always think she resembles the beautiful Eugenie, before whom she made her bow. Her manners have much grace and charm and I shall not soon forget how beautiful she looked in her wedding gown, which came from Worth. She was married at the Cobb residence.

B. F. Ray, her husband, is a man of more than ordinary ability and has a college education which has been denied to many of our pioneers. He was telling us today that when he first saw Chicago in 1847 he merely passed through it on his way to Galena. He had been graduated from Washington and Jefferson College and shortly

afterward determined to seek his fortune in the West. Galena was the largest town in Illinois at that time.

How many pioneers have told me the same story . . . of passing through Chicago, because it was so unattractive in those early days! In Galena Mr. Ray established a wholesale dry goods business with a Mr. Packard, but in 1858 he came to Chicago, recognizing by that time that this city offered more of a future for business. Here he formed a partnership with Charles Trego in almost, if not quite, the first incorporated grain commission business in Chicago. There was no Board of Trade building here then. Trading was done on the curb, as they called it.

Later Mr. Ray was associated with the old dry goods house of Farwell, Field and Leiter, becoming a partner in the J. V. Farwell Company when Marshall Field and L. Z. Leiter withdrew to enter the retail business for themselves. I am always so interested to learn how these well-known and successful business men happened to do what they have done here. In some cases, I think, success was accidental. In other cases it seems that they really directed their feet toward a definite goal. Marshall Field certainly had before him, all the time, in his young days, a great ambition, although he could hardly have conceived of so great a success as has been his.

I was glad to see young Ida Ray, whom I had always loved (Mr. Ray's daughter by his first marriage) and it did me good to find what a fine girl she has grown to be. She is a graduate of Monticello Seminary, so I have a special interest in her. I am always proud of the Monticello girls.

You told me in a recent letter about having a call from one of the Philadelphia Drexels, so I thought you'd be interested to hear of the beautiful fountain A. J. Drexel and his brother are giving to Chicago. We saw the plans today. The place selected for the memorial is 51st Street, in a wide space turning west in Drexel Boulevard. The fountain will be so set that it is visible from Cottage Grove Avenue, too, and will look toward Washington Park.

Will says this gift illustrates what may come from a chance remark. George H. Rozet, of Chicago, is a brother-in-law of A. J. Drexel, and lately in writing to Mr. Drexel mentioned the beauty

of the wide avenue that bears the name of the Philadelphia family, saying that a visit here might incline him to give some object to adorn the street. It wasn't long after this that Mr. Drexel and George W. Childs visited Chicago and the fountain was determined on. It is a memorial to Joseph Drexel, father of the donors.

*September 3*—I want to finish this letter and send it out but dread to tell you some news, which however, you will have to know, as the general public must soon be told. Martha has broken her engagement to Sandy. I am heartbroken, and I think she is, too, but she will make no concession, and when I suggest intimating to Sandy that she will see him, she flames out that she doesn't care to see him again ever. She doesn't explain but says she will not be dictated to, and that if he is tyrannical now, he will not be less so when they are married.

Of course it is the result of the baron's visit here, and I can hardly bear the sight of him, though he is so deferential to Will and me. Will is just crushed by the turn of affairs. He is devoted to Sandy, and thinks he has a great future as a physician. I can't tell just what happened, but the baron was so constant in his attendance I think Sandy got out of patience and told Martha she would have to give him his walking papers.

The quarrel occurred, I do know, on a day when Sandy was over-tired and perhaps he wasn't reasonable. Martha exploded and told him (this is what I deduce, for she won't talk about it) that she wouldn't submit to his commands, but must be the judge of her own conduct. Sandy walked off and hasn't been here since.

The baron left last night for the West. Two telegrams and a box of flowers have come this morning. Martha tells me he has asked her to marry him and that she has told him she would consider it. Oh, Julia, it seems to me I cannot have my little girl go to live among an alien people! However well meaning the family may be, they cannot understand her and it will mean a life of misery for her.

I have been on my knees all evening asking the Lord to bring Sandy back, for he is her true mate, I know, in spite of her present



anger at him. Will says he will not allow her to marry the baron, but I tell him that Martha is old enough to choose for herself, and can legally do what she wishes. Times aren't what they were a generation ago, when fathers told their daughters whom they must marry. Of course Will really wouldn't forbid the marriage.

How did you like the baron when you saw him aboard ship? My recollection is that you thought him arrogant, selfish and over fond of the ladies. But I didn't take that shipboard flirtation seriously and never supposed it would be necessary to inquire into his character. Please let me know what your impression was. I shall try to be reasonable, and not make Martha unhappy if she decides to marry him, as I fear she will, but with all my heart I hope she will change her mind.

*With love, your devoted friend,*  
MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, September 20, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

What a sad, sad day this is for our country! It recalls to my mind that other day when we went with the sorrowing throngs to gaze on the face of Lincoln as his body lay in state in the old courthouse. I shall never forget that. Our buildings are putting on mourning for our dead President today. His death could have been expected, I suppose, but I had really been thinking that after battling so long for life, he would win. He must have had a strong constitution to have lived so long.

President Garfield's life is a real example to the young people of the nation, and this tragic ending of it will impress the lesson indelibly. The native force of his character showed early, when he managed by work on the farm and the canal nearby to pay for his education at the preparatory school. He must have loved learning to have pursued it under difficulties, for his father died when he was only two years old, and the family was very poor. Then he worked to finish his education at Williams College. I like to recall all this.

He has served his country well and will be remembered as one of the most honored of our Presidents, though he was not spared to carry out his high purposes. Mrs. Garfield, too, has been admirable in her wifely devotion and simplicity of life.

I feel sorry for Vice President Arthur, now that he is assuming the duties of President. What you wrote of his high standing in New York was pleasant to read. It is good to know that he is esteemed by Democrats as well as Republicans. In Washington, Will says, he has been regarded as a nonentity . . . at least the newspapers have given that impression, but the office of Vice President is a hard one to fill acceptably. The country itself seems to put no high estimate on it . . . gives the incumbent no duties to perform, so it's small wonder he is made to feel he is rather "small potatoes." It must be difficult to "magnify that office."

In the midst of the nation's bereavement it seems as if one should not voice personal troubles, but, having told you of Martha's broken engagement, I must write the rest of the story, even though it is mortifying to tell it. You replied to my inquiry as to your opinion of the baron by saying decidedly that you would not want anyone you loved to marry him, and you told of his ogling the stewardess on board ship, even though he was devoted to Martha, or seemed so. I think, Julia, you have judged his character aright.

Yesterday the baron returned from the West. We had been expecting him, for he had written and telegraphed, but his call . . . well, I'll begin at the beginning, and "tell ALL" as they say in novels.

This autumn we gave our faithful Anna, the "second girl" in our establishment, a vacation. She has been with us for ten years, and we thought she should have a month's holiday, so Will and I gave her money for a trip down to her old home in Illinois, and during her absence engaged a French girl, highly recommended, to take her place. The fateful afternoon of the baron's return Michael drove Martha and me downtown on some errands.

When we came in we did not ring, as I had my latch key. I seldom use it, as Anna is usually on hand to open the door, but I thought Julie (the French girl) was upstairs and I didn't want

her to have the trouble of running down two flights. I am telling you this, so you will better understand what happened later, for you see she did not know we were in the house. This fact caused all the ensuing embarrassment.

On entering we went at once to our rooms, and I took up some mending, while Martha changed her dress, in anticipation of her aristocratic caller's arrival.

The front doorbell does not ring upstairs, so I don't always hear callers until they are announced. I had been seated at my work about fifteen minutes, I think, when I heard a noise in the downstairs hall, which attracted my attention. So I went out and looked over the banisters. It was like a scene in a play. Martha stood on the third step from the top, her dark eyes wide, her hands clasped to her breast. Down below at the hall door, I saw the baron with the pretty Julie in his arms. She had told him we were not in, and the baron had felt there was time for a little love-making. Frozen with horror, for Martha's sake, and yet rejoicing because I knew it would be the end of the love affair, I waited to see what Martha would do.

It was only a moment, though it seemed a century, before the baron looked up and saw that Martha had been a witness to his folly. As for Julie, she turned and slipped downstairs through the back hall. The baron tried to dismiss the matter lightly with a "Now, my dearest young lady, you don't think for a moment that what you saw is to be taken seriously." And as Martha didn't answer, he went on, "Why, you would not want me to be like your American men, who do not know how to make love. It takes practice, *liebes mädchen*."

Martha walked to the door and opened it with a good deal of dignity. "I think I prefer the love of an American to yours, Herr Baron," she said coolly. "It may interest you to know that I am to marry a Chicago man, and that the door of this house is closed to you forever."

The baron clicked his heels together in a final farewell, and in a moment, had bowed himself out of our lives, as I sincerely hope. Indeed, I am sure of it, for Martha is so sick over the whole thing



she will never want to see him again. She came running up to my room and we had a long talk.

She won't hear of my summoning Sandy, not because she thinks he would refuse to return, but she says she isn't worthy of him. She realizes what she has lost, and says it is all her fault that there was any quarrel in the first place, and now she isn't going to ask him to come back, when she has so injured him. I tell her she is morbid, but she holds to her point.

*September 21*—It has been a hard day here. Martha looks pale and wan. Last night about midnight I heard a sound up in her room on the third floor and went up to see if she were ill. As I tiptoed along the hall, so as not to wake the household, I heard her voice, and saw her sitting by the window in the moonlight.

"Dear Lord," she was praying, "please bring my Sandy back to me. He is the best man in the world, and I can't marry anyone else. If you will forgive me, Lord, I will be the best wife in the world to him. Tell him, for I can't, how much I want him, and how I love him."

I stole away downstairs, knowing she would find more comfort by herself, but I determined to write Sandy, telling him he would find a warm welcome here. I shall do this tomorrow, but I am waiting just now to hear from a neighbor, who is searching for Michael. Michael has disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up. He went on an errand for me—taking a note to the West Side, for I heard of a Swedish maid who could come to us for the remaining week of Anna's vacation. Julie had packed her bag and literally taken French leave.

*September 23*—I wrote you a few days ago about our troubled household when Michael had disappeared and Martha was in the slough of despond because the baron's attentions had driven Sandy away, while the baron himself had proved so unworthy. Now you must hear the sequel to the story. Michael's tale is soon told. He had delivered my letter to the Swedish family and had received verbal assurance that Hilda would come to us next morning. On his way home he had stopped for a bit of gossip at a blacksmith

shop where he has our horses shod, the blacksmith being a fellow countryman from Tipperary. He stayed longer than he meant to and it was dark when he set out for Rush Street.

He says he doesn't remember anything except that as he was passing a dark alley someone stepped out and hit him over the head with what he calls a "shillaley" defining it to me as "a sort of blackjack, ma'am, or the like." When a passerby found him his pockets were turned inside out and his small store of silver was gone, together with his watch. The man who found him turned in a call for the police (the Police, as Michael says) and he was taken at once to the Cook County Hospital, as there was nothing to identify him. There he lay unconscious for twenty-four hours.

Michael's own description of his condition during the period, is that "he lay spacheless, callin' all the time for wather, wather!" While he was lying there, Sandy passed through the ward, and though Michael was not on his list of patients, something about him made him turn to look at the patient, and a word in the delirious voice arrested him. A doctor on the surgical staff explained: "That poor fellow is coming on all right, but yesterday we thought he wouldn't pull through."

In response to Sandy's inquiry, the doctor told him that there was nothing to identify the patient, but that he would be able to talk by the next day. Just then Michael called out: "Don't you dare to touch Miss Martha, you big spalpeen," and Sandy turning back, saw who it was.

Sandy at once notified Will, and he and I went over in a cab as quickly as possible. Michael was beginning to realize where and who he was, and cried when we came in. Sandy came in a moment and we fell on his neck. It was hard to tell which of the four of us was the happiest. I took pains to tell Sandy that Martha would be at Michael's bedside the next afternoon at two o'clock with some blanc mange and jelly, and I felt reasonably sure that Sandy himself would not be far from the scene.

But I'll let Martha Junior tell you about it in a postscript and will just add a few more lines about a beautiful wedding I attended yesterday. You remember the Isaac N. Arnolds, don't you? Mr.

Arnold is one of our most distinguished attorneys and was a friend of Lincoln's. He wrote a very good biography of Lincoln. He's very much of a gentleman. The marriage we attended was that of Miss Florence Arnold, their third daughter, to Frederick Greeley.

St. James's Church was crowded with fashionables from Pine Street on the North Side and from Prairie and Calumet Avenues on the South Side, and from Ashland Avenue and Washington Boulevard on the West Side. The ushers, six in number, wore Prince Albert coats, lavender or buff trousers, and canary colored ties and gloves. The men I knew among the ushers, were S. H. Kerfoot, Jr., Henry DeWolfe, and Ray Harmon. The bridesmaids were lovely-looking in their white muslin gowns and white Leghorn hats. Two of the maids wore pale blue plumes on their hats, two wore cream color, and two wore pale pink. All wore white satin sashes, very broad. The maids were Alice Arnold, Louise de Koven, Miss Rumsey, Harriet Jones, and Miss Cornell of New York.

There were so many old friends there, and they inquired for you. Judge and Mrs. Lambert Tree—at whose house on Cass Street, between Ohio and Ontario Streets, you remember, we dined when you were here—were among these. And there were the Henry B. Masons, Judge Skinner and the Skinner girls, the Ryersons, the Hon. and Mrs. Charles B. Farwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Lathrop and ever so many others.

Well, I promised to let Martha finish this, so I'll leave a little room for her message.

*Your devoted and relieved friend,*  
MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

#### FROM MARTHA JUNIOR

DEAR AUNT JULIA:

Mother asks me to finish her letter, telling you about my great happiness. I know you didn't like the baron and I appreciate now how right you were about his character. I suppose I should never have believed it if I hadn't seen with my



own eyes how despicable he was. I don't want to mention his name again, and I hope I shall never see him.

And I want to tell you that Sandy and I are to be married in the spring, and you must certainly come out to the wedding. When I went over to the Cook County Hospital, bearing some blanc mange and wine jelly for poor old Michael, I found Sandy standing by the cot where our wounded hero reposed. Michael never did have any affection for the bar—I mean for the person whose name I won't write again—for he has always regarded him as an interloper and a "furriner." The fact that Michael himself was born in Tipperary does not constitute him such, he feels. He adores Sandy and began telling me all "th' Doc here" had done for him (and me eating his words all the time) until Sandy was fairly writhing, for he hates gush.

When Michael ended with: "What I'll always say is that even if Doc here did have the misfortune to be a Scotchman, he's as good as anny Irishman that iver walked the ould sod," we both burst out laughing and the ice melted. I had felt shy before that, not knowing how I was to tell my Sandy that I had been a horrid, silly person and that I hoped he'd forgive me. But you know when you laugh with anyone, you break down all the walls. Sandy and I knew right then that we didn't have to explain or apologize, but could start right back on the pleasant path in which we had been walking before our miserable misunderstanding. Sandy was able to get off a little early and we came home together and he stayed for supper in the old comfortable way.

We are so happy—so very happy! I guess one needs to be in purgatory, Aunt Julia, to appreciate paradise.

With ever so much love,

*Your adopted niece,*

MARTHA ESMOND

*Chicago, October 6, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

We are well and happy here, Sandy and Martha Junior even more in love than before their unhappy interlude.

These are golden autumn days, and life seems infinitely desirable. Would that it could always be so sweet!

I have just come up to my room to write, after a pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. John B. Drake, who were driving north and stopped for a few minutes. They always have something of interest to talk about, for they are in constant contact with travelers from all over the world. Everyone worth knowing stays at the Grand Pacific Hotel, known everywhere, just as the Tremont House was, in its palmy days. The fame of both is due to John B. Drake, a born hotel man, if there ever was one.

This afternoon Mr. Drake was telling us of the short visit to Chicago of Kalakua I, King of the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Drake says the royal visitor looks little, if any, older than when he was here in 1874. He spent several days here then, but his visit this time has been reckoned in hours, for he left this noon, with his secretary, C. H. Judd. They have been in Lexington, Kentucky, buying some fine horses. We were full of curiosity, of course, about this potentate from the Pacific, and Mr. Drake described him as a good-looking, stylishly-dressed man of dusky complexion and genial manners. He was full of sympathy for the Garfield family and of horror at the assassination of our president.

He speaks English fluently and answered questions about his country, saying that they need settlers there. The land appears to be very fertile and if cultivated would bring forth bountiful crops, but there aren't enough workers, he says, to bring it into a state of cultivation. I should think the Sandwich Islands would attract settlers . . . a land where the soil is so fertile and the climate so equable.

This has been a busy day, for I have spent the morning at the Chicago Woman's Club, where I heard an interesting paper on religion given by Mrs. Henry Solomon. This is the first time such a subject has been presented at the club and we were all much interested, for it was so well done. As usual, after a Woman's Club meeting, I came away filled with amazement at the stupidity of the men of America who are still denying women the right to vote. Think of the women of that organization not being recognized as

able to cast a ballot intelligently! They have been in the vanguard of philanthropic, educational and cultural affairs in Chicago!

After leaving the club meeting, Mrs. Solomon and I stopped by invitation at the home of her sister, Mrs. Charles Haas, where we met at a "Kaffee-Klatsch" a group of fine women, among them Mrs. Charles Liebenstein, Mrs. Henry Adler and Mrs. Martin Barbe. Mrs. Solomon is the one I see oftenest and I prize her friendship greatly. She is much younger than I, but so mature she seems to fit in anywhere.

She is the youngest member ever taken in by the Club, for she was barely eighteen when she was admitted, with her sister, Mrs. Henry Frank. However, it is not surprising that she should have been so heartily welcomed, for her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Greenebaum, have the organizing spirit. Mr. Greenebaum has founded a society called Zion Literary Society, in which such promising young people as Levy Mayer, Jacob Newman and Joseph Schaffner are leading spirits. Will was lately invited to speak on a legal subject before these young Jewish men and was much impressed by their earnestness.

Mrs. Sarah Greenebaum, mother of Mrs. Solomon, is hardly less public-spirited than her husband and has organized a sewing society which has done much good. With such unselfish parents, my lovely young friend could hardly be other than the remarkable person she is. But I forget that you met her when you were last here and so don't need to have her qualities set out before you. She was the girl, you know, who played that duet with her sister, Mrs. Frank, at the musicale given by her uncle, Henry Greenebaum. You thought them both very talented. Not being musical myself, I don't trust my own judgment in the matter, but Martha thinks she is unusual in her technique. The Michael Greenebaum home on West Adams Street has always been a social and cultural center for the Jewish settlers in Chicago.

Mrs. Solomon was wearing a lovely gown today, a basque of plain cloth above a figured silk skirt. The waist was cut very plain, with a row of small buttons fastening it down the front, while a shoulder bow relieved its severity. A white linen collar finished it



at the neck-line and about this was knotted another ribbon. Her hair was arranged prettily, the back part being parted off from the front and defined with a band of silver. Her bangs were worn in soft ringlets . . . some people call these "spit-curls," odious word!

A Springfield, Illinois, friend writes me that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln expects to go to Canada to consult a physician. She went abroad for her health last summer, but returned no better than when she left. The assassination of President Garfield has had a bad effect on her mind, says my informant, and when people speak to her, as they often do, about her son Robert's becoming a candidate for the presidency, she begs them not to mention such a thing, as she feels he would be in danger of his life. My friend writes that Mrs. Lincoln seems glad to see callers, when they visit her at the Ninian Edwards home, where she now is staying, and that she goes out for occasional walks or drives in a closed carriage on good days, but she is quite depressed in spirit . . . a depression which never seems to lift.

With love from all at the Rush Street house, I am

*Your devoted friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 20, 1881*

DEAR JULIA:

You have probably read in the New York papers of the death of Mrs. Edwin Booth, wife of the great actor. We attended her funeral here at St. Paul's Universalist Church, our dear Dr. Ryder officiating. We had known her as Mary McVicker, the Chicago actress, and felt much sympathy for her family in their sorrow.

It was a sad sight to see the great tragedian, his large, dark, melancholy eyes looking straight before him as he walked down the aisle, his daughter, Edwina, on his arm. She is a child of his first marriage and is the greatest comfort to him, I hear.

Mary McVicker's name was really Runnion, but her mother having married Mr. McVicker after Mr. Runnion's death, the child

took her stepfather's name. She was reared in the atmosphere of the theater and early showed talent, for I remember seeing her as Little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She had a good musical education, too, and sang in concert with Sig. Brignoli at the age of nine. She acted with Booth in McVicker's theater in the late sixties, playing Ophelia to his Hamlet. Indeed, she played all the leading female parts in his Shakespeare plays.

Her first appearance in New York, you may remember, was on the opening of Booth's theater, when she played Juliet to his Romeo. After that season she retired from the stage, and she and Mr. Booth were married in 1869. They had one child, a baby son, who only lived a few hours. She was but thirty-two at her death.

We have never felt she was a great actress, but I do think she had gifts, and could have been more successful if she had been willing to play comedy parts. She hadn't the face, the presence, the personal charm, for success in the tragedy parts she loved. It is too bad when one's ambition runs counter to one's abilities, but how often this is the case!

We learned today some of the details of the long illness she had, which makes us tremendously sorry for Edwin Booth and his daughter. She had been mentally disturbed for some time, and her family has watched over her devotedly. We heard from Chicago friends that she was quite ill, more than a year ago, when she sailed with her husband on his trip to England, as he began the theatrical engagement which has brought him new laurels. She had the attention of the best physicians there, but was no better when she returned to America. Some time ago her malady took such a form that she did not want to see her husband, but his loving care for her never ceased, they say.

As I watched his face during the funeral exercises (for one couldn't look elsewhere with that unforgettable countenance in view) I thought of William Winter's farewell poem, written for the tragedian, and read at a breakfast given in his honor at Delmonico's just before his departure for England in 1880. I cut that out of the paper to keep in my scrap book, and I thought of the stanza describing his personal appearance as I sat looking at his

Hamlet-like face, while the Chickering quartette (John McWade, Charles Knorr, Mr. Clark and Mr. Noble) sang so exquisitely.

This is Winter's description of Booth:

*But, best of all, will softly rise  
His form of manly grace,  
The noble brow, the honest eyes,  
The sweetly patient face;  
The loving heart, the stately mind,  
That, conquering every ill,  
Through seas of trouble cast behind,  
Was grandly steadfast still.*

"Seas of trouble" surely have been his portion. The death of his idolized first wife, mother of his daughter Edwina; the sad illness of his second wife, Mary McVicker Booth; the terrible crime of his brother, J. Wilkes Booth; the treachery of trusted employes and friends . . . well, it does seem as if there were really such a thing as being born under a tragic star. I am glad to remember that when he returned to the stage . . . months after the assassination of President Lincoln by Wilkes Booth . . . going on at the rising of the curtain with some fear that the audience, in whose mind the horrible deed was still fresh, might not receive him kindly, he found that the public welcomed him warmly, distinguishing between the great actor and his insane brother. No breath of suspicion ever attached to Edwin Booth, of course.

We have been twice this week at the home of our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Chandler, 182 Rush Street. They opened their lovely house first for a gathering of the newborn Chicago Art Club, and we saw several fine paintings by members of the club, these works being shown on the second floor of the large mansion, which is full of the owners' art treasures. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler are accumulating many beautiful pieces in their home, which lends itself well to such a collection. Another evening their home was thrown open for a benefit for the Women's and Children's Hospital.

Another fine reception we attended last week was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh at 1803 Michigan Avenue.



This was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, the former being Mr. MacVeagh's brother, who has been Attorney General of the United States, a distinguished man, and like our own Mr. MacVeagh, a distinguished-looking man. All the prominent people of the city were present, of course. Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh came from Ottawa, Illinois, and is a leader in society here. I should call her one of the most intellectual women of Chicago.

Mrs. O. W. Potter has been having a series of receptions at a rather unusual hour of the day, but I think it will set the style here. Are you doing this in New York—having your receptions from twelve, noon, to three in the afternoon? It takes the place of luncheon, and then one is free afterward to go calling, and get home in time to dress for dinner. Two or three others have taken up the idea, but one hostess confided to me that she found that her guests, for the most part, had eaten at home before coming to the reception, so that the luncheon part of the fiesta was not so successful. However, when the new plan gets really launched, I think it will prove popular. I like it better myself, than giving up the best part of the afternoon to a reception, for my visiting list is long and I need the time to get my calls made.

I must close and get to work on my Christmas list. I have bought a few articles, but my shopping has been rather desultory.

*Your devoted old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

## FOOTNOTES 1881

The old home of Owen Lovejoy, Abolitionist, still stands on the outskirts of the town of Princeton, Illinois.

John Rogers (1829-1904) was famous in the Sixties and Seventies for his groups depicting homely subjects. His first success came when he exhibited "The Checker Players" at a charity fair in Chicago during the Civil War.

Kate Shelley became one of America's heroines when she crawled on hands and knees across a bridge, in a frightful storm, to get word to the station at Moingona, Iowa, that a bridge was out and the passenger train due from the West must be signaled to stop.

Kate Shelley was born in Ireland, September 25, 1865, coming to America with her parents when she was an infant. She accomplished her heroic feat when she was fifteen years old. The state of Iowa presented her with a medal; a drinking fountain in Dubuque was named in her honor; and she was given a life pass on the Northwestern Railroad, in whose service she died, in 1912.

She is buried in the Sacred Heart cemetery near Boone, Iowa, a simple headstone marking her last resting place.

Mrs. Henry Solomon, well-known resident of Chicago, has had a large part in religious and civic affairs in Chicago and the entire United States, having organized the Jewish Women's Congress during the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 and later the National Council of Jewish Women.

What we now know as the Territory of Hawaii was in 1880 called the Sandwich Islands.

## ASIDE

FASHIONS OF THE EIGHTIES were singularly ugly, to modern eyes, the bustle being, literally, an outstanding feature of woman's costume.

It will scarcely be believed by the reader, but the bustle continued in fashion for eighteen consecutive years, beginning in 1872 and reaching its most imposing proportions in the mid-Eighties.

Pulchritude and protuberance were synonymous. A lady must be all curves if she would be called beautiful. The compiler of that popular work, *Hill's Album of Biography and Art* (Yes, it was the same Hill who brought forth that other monumental volume, *Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms*) showed in woodcuts on Page 359 how a lady could make herself look a lot better by observing the principle of curved lines.

"Fig. 23" pictured a female to shun. As Mr. Hill commented below the illustration: "Lady's hair and dress mostly in straight line." But see the difference in "Fig. 24," alongside the first picture. "Fig. 24" showed the same lady after she had assisted nature to some extent. She had donned a bustle, hip-pads, bust-forms. She had applied bandoline to her front hair, making interesting waves all along her forehead and down to her ear.

The term, "Sex appeal" had not made its appearance in the Eighties, but it is evident that Mr. Hill would have used it, if it had been known to him.

Bustles were often a part of the dress, whalebone being slipped into casings in the underskirt, the two ends of the bone tied, so as to cause the back of the skirt to stand out in a hump.

Some women possessed only one bustle, which they used with all their gowns. Such a bustle was made of coiled springs or of horse-hair and was tied around the waist.

Poor or careless people made shift with newspapers tied on a string. But this was risky. Men liked to tell the story of the girl who



used her mother's religious weekly for a bustle. The string on which it depended gave way and the newspaper bustle fell to the sidewalk, right on Main Street, disclosing the name of the publication, which was *The Christian at Work*.

The mode of the bustle lasted till 1890, when Worth, fashionable Paris dressmaker, announced that he would make no more bustled gowns. The bustle collapsed, on this blow, never again to be revived successfully.

Heavy and warm was woman's dress, in the Eighties, for waist and skirt were lined with stout muslin. The waist . . . or basque, as it was most often called . . . was composed of many sections, which the dressmaker fitted together like parts of a jig-saw puzzle. Much basting was necessary, for each section had its own lining. When these were sewed together they comprised a form-fitting receptacle for the female figure. A high compliment to a modiste's skill was paid, when the customer was said to look "as if she had been poured into her gown." Each seam was boned with whalebone, covered with ribbon or cloth.

Sleeves were tight and a fashionable dressmaker of my acquaintance always carried with her a long button-hook for use in fastening her sleeves around the lower part of her arm, for they were buttoned almost to the elbow, to permit that member's entrance. When buttoned in this manner, the sleeve was "skin-tight," a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Fastening the wrinkleless basque in front were innumerable fancy buttons covered with velvet. The standing collar, lined with canvas or buckram, was edged with white ruching, usually of *crêpe lisse* or net. The collar was secured by a cameo brooch.

Evening gowns, worn only by city folks and much deplored by the virtuous, especially in the rural districts, came up high in the back, but were cut square in front. If you feared the criticism of the good, you filled in this front space with white tulle.

Much worn in the Eighties was the "Jersey," a woven garment named for Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, English beauty and favorite of the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII.

Passementerie was applied to many gowns, adding to their

weight, for this trimming was made of beads and braid. Patient and skillful were the hands that did this work.

Many petticoats must be worn beneath the gown, if it was to stand out properly. Miss Janie Thompson, of Chicago, who made fashionable gowns in this decade, tells me some of her stylish customers wore five or six, feeling that no fewer would give the proper "set" to the outer skirt.

A devoted and solvent husband often presented his wife with a "circular" . . . of Ottoman silk, lined with squirrel fur . . . in which she invariably had her cabinet photograph taken, holding the garment open a little, to show the lining.

If her hair was abundant, she might, at the same sitting, take it down and be photographed with back to the camera, to show that what she had was all her own and she could sit on it.

Bangs, another fashion set by Lily Langtry, were popular, and if a girl had a good profile, she usually wore her hair in a "bun," at the back of the neck, like that of the famous beauty.

Bonnets, rather than hats, were worn. Ribbons tied these under the chin, the tie coming at the side.

High shoes completed the costume, these being buttoned at the side.

Men wore high-buttoned shoes, tight trousers, sack coats, Ascot ties, which were almost as large as a waist-coat; and high-crowned Derby hats. Fashionable beach or resort wear for men included "blazers," which came in with lawn-tennis; white flannel trousers, and a silk sash, worn instead of a leather belt.



Chicago, January 8, 1882

DEAR JULIA:

Happy New Year! Here we are in 1882. What has it in store for us? We did not "receive" this year. The custom seems to be falling into disuse, though I saw in the paper a list of ladies who did desire callers. They were not, I should say, the most fashionable households, however. I think most of us were glad to give it up, though I recall when it was a gala day—January First.

We went last night to see *Edgewood Folks* with Sol Smith Russell in the leading role. What a gentle, delightful comedian he is! Will met him in the smoking room of the Grand Pacific Hotel this afternoon and found him charming in conversation.

No wonder *Edgewood Folks* is popular, for it is full of clean fun and Mr. Russell plays his part so well. I was interested to hear that his wife is the daughter of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Sandy and Martha went the same evening to see *Hazel Kirke*, Steele Mackaye's great drama. They have seen it before but like it so much they wanted to see it again.

Another evening we attended the first concert of Patti and her troupe. The great feature of the evening, of course, was the prima donna's own singing, but we were interested in Nicolini. We were disappointed in his voice. It is powerful, but I recalled what my Aunt Emmeline, who had no liking for opera, used to say



of some singers she didn't enjoy: "Yelling, that's what I call it." Once or twice he sang badly off key, too.

Haverley's Theater isn't very well adapted to showing off dressy toilettes, and I didn't wear an evening gown. I don't believe many other ladies did, but I saw many handsome bonnets. Dear old Deacon Bross sat near us and the Potter Palmers occupied a box not far away. Miss Lina Harrison, the Mayor's daughter, was in front of us and we exchanged views on the singers during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. William R. Linn and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ryerson, two couples who are often together, sat just back of us. The Joseph Medills were across the aisle. Moses Wentworth, Ben Lamb, Chauncey J. Blair, and other of our young bachelors were in evening clothes. Altogether it was quite a brilliant audience.

There have been more receptions this week than I ever remember in so short a space of time. Mrs. Enos Ayres and her daughter, Mrs. Boal, entertained at one of the new "twelve to three" receptions. The party was given at Mrs. Ayres' house, 1732 Michigan Avenue. Mrs. Uri Balcom and Mrs. W. C. D. Grannis gave a similar "at home" only their hours were from "one to four." They live on Michigan Avenue near 20th Street.

Mrs. T. W. Harvey gave a seven o'clock tea at the beautiful Harvey home on Prairie Avenue, near the Hibbards—that fashionable district—to which Sandy and Martha were invited. It was in honor of the young son of the house, at home from college for his holiday vacation. There were about sixty young people there, Martha said.

In listing the holiday entertainments, I mustn't fail to mention the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Blatchford at their beautiful home on La Salle Avenue, which they call "Ulmenheim," the occasion being the dedication of a new pipe organ they have recently had installed in the great hall. I always love to be invited there, for it is a home of peace and harmony, both master and mistress being people of high ideals and fine intelligence.

*January 27*—Have you seen or heard—both words may be used—the lectures of John L. Stoddard? I think you would especially enjoy

them, since you have visited many of the places his magic lantern or stereopticon shows on the screen.

We have been enjoying so much his talk on "Florence and Pisa." It made me want to see the avenues of lime trees he describes and hear the song of the nightingale. We heard also his talk on "Travels in Sunny Spain" in which he showed pictures of Toledo, Cordova, Seville and Granada, which were most romantic and interesting. I shut my eyes when pictures of bull fights came on the screen, for it made me ill to see them. How can the delicate Spanish ladies endure witnessing such a bloody sport? Young Burton Holmes sat right in front of us, enjoying the pictures hugely.

We have had a good many more of the "twelve to four" receptions the past week, and I attended one given by Mrs. P. D. Armour at the handsome Armour home at 2115 Prairie Avenue and had a lovely time.

I wore my new black velvet with elbow sleeves and a low cut corsage filled in with white tulle. Martha had a new gown for the occasion and I thought she looked sweet and girlish in it. It was made without a train, for most of the girls of her age here aren't wearing them. The material is blue silk trimmed with plush. The skirt is made very plain, with narrow rose plaiting about the bottom. The basque is of plush, with pearl buttons down the front. Her poke bonnet is of blue plush, with cardinal flowers at one side.

Miss Josie Houghteling, who is one of our Chicago beauties, wore a demi-train gown of dove color, with brocade trimming. I thought her side panniers were so becoming I almost wished Martha had chosen that style for her dress, but after all, hers is lovely. One can always find some other style to wish for when a gown is finished, and I don't intend to make myself unhappy by envying another.

Will has just finished reading me an account of the achievements of a young fellow in Cincinnati, a relative of a lawyer friend of Will's, so he was interested to find it mentioned in a Chicago paper. Will says your father knew this Cincinnati family, and suggests that I tell you about the young man, whose name is William H. Taft. He is the son of Judge Taft, a prominent citizen of the Ohio city.

This young William Taft has just been appointed to the office of collector of revenue there—very young to receive such an important appointment, for he is only twenty-four.

He was graduated from Yale four years ago, and was rated there as the best boxer, the best "rusher" and the most popular man in his class, beside being the class orator and salutatorian, so the paper says. In his law course, too, he stood first in his class. His energy and attainments are so remarkable, it seems, as Will says, that he ought to go far in political life, since he has begun so early. Will saw him last year in Cincinnati, and says he is a large, fine-looking fellow, weighing over two hundred pounds.

I inclose a fashion sheet to show you a pattern Martha has chosen for a new cashmere gown. The dressmaker is coming next week. I do wish one could buy satisfactory dresses ready made, for it is such a nuisance to have a seamstress in the house, and trying on is so tiresome.

*Ever with love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, February 16, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

I know you didn't hear Oscar Wilde when he was in New York and perhaps you will not approve of our attending his lecture here, but there was so much said of him in the newspapers Will said we might as well go and see what it was all about. Sandy and Martha were eager to go and Will got tickets for us all.

Central Music Hall was filled from the last gallery seat to the front row of the orchestra chairs. There were 2,500 people there, and they were really the first class people of the city, I must say. We felt a bit embarrassed about going, as the famous apostle of the esthetic is the butt of all sorts of jokes, and I think we were like most of the audience in looking about furtively as we took our seats, wondering what sort of people we'd find there and rather hoping we shouldn't see familiar faces. However, when we found the very best and most intellectual Chicagoans there, we breathed more freely.



Will whispered to me: "I was afraid we'd be the only fools here, but I don't feel at all conspicuous."

It was a fashionably late audience, and the lecturer was late, too, for it was fully half past eight when he appeared. He floated into view from behind a screen, and paused to afford the audience a sight of his figure. We didn't miss a detail of his costume, I am sure, from the crown of his head to his silver buckled slippers. He was attired as usual in black knee breeches, a black dress coat, and a black silk waistcoat, or vest, as we call it here in Chicago. This waistcoat was very much cut away to show a wide expanse of shirt front in which was set an enormous gold button. A white tie, white kid gloves, and a great carnelian watch charm completed his costume.

His brown hair fell in profusion to his shoulders and framed a heavy face. His forehead is rather narrow, it seems to me; his rolling eyes are large and vacant in expression, and his lips are coarse. To me he presented a decidedly unlovely appearance. His is the last face in the world one would suspect of belonging to a genuine lover of the ideally beautiful. The absence of a beard or a mustache gives him an effeminate look. As he advanced to the reading desk, and opened his mouth to speak, his large white teeth were disclosed, and he looked homelier than ever. I thought of Red Riding Hood's exclamation: "But, grandmother, what great teeth you have!"

His voice is dreadfully monotonous, and we were relieved when he closed his lecture after an hour and a quarter. Will said he couldn't have endured it much longer. I think the Wilde talk was the same thing he has given in the East, but he interjected some "local hits." He told of paying a visit to the waterworks on the North Side (not far from us), and said he experienced some pleasant thrills at the rhythmic beat of the machinery, but that his nerves had received a rude shock as he took in the "castellated monstrosity" which we know as "the waterworks tower."

He declared it was not beautiful and he would like to see it torn down, and an ideal structure put up in its place. DID YOU EVER? Will was simply furious about that. He vows he will never again pay two dollars to hear a d - - - d British upstart criticize the greatest city on earth. He says Oscar Wilde addressed his audience at Central

Music Hall as if he had been the Angel Gabriel leaning forth from the battlements of heaven telling earthborn souls of their ignorance.

The esthetic Oscar took Chicago to task for its lack of appreciation for his philosophy, and tried to explain it, but as Will said, "it was clear as mud" when he finished. I agreed with Sandy that I would not have missed it for anything, but that I wouldn't go again for a hundred dollars.

Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, to whom he brought a letter of introduction, entertained at dinner for him, and so did Mrs. H. O. Stone. There have been rumors that he accepts dinner invitations and then sends a bill for a hundred dollars to the hostess afterwards, but I think that is just a bit of advertising his press agent sends out. I think D'Oyley Carte of London is his manager. He is certainly a well-advertised man. I don't know who the guests were at Mrs. MacVeagh's, but we attended Mrs. Stone's reception, which was small, only about thirty people present. I saw Mr. and Mrs. MacVeagh, the Marshall Fields, Mrs. General Logan and Mrs. Wirt Dexter.

I thought Oscar Wilde's face was even more disagreeable at close range than as seen on the platform at Central Music Hall, though Mrs. Stone and Mrs. MacVeagh both agree that he is very gentlemanly, and Mrs. MacVeagh says he is a brilliant speaker and writer. He is so vain I never want to see him again. In conversation he rather disgusted me by talking much of the pleasures of the table, and what sauces should be eaten with this bird, and how such a meat should be cooked.

His criticisms of other literary men are unpleasant, too. One lady told me she heard him say of a London writer: "I never read him, but I have been made ill by the way he wears his clothes."

He reminds me of the hero of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Patience," which satirizes the esthetic movement:

*A greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery  
Foot-in-the-grave young man.*

The next evening at the home of General and Mrs. Phil Sher-

idan, Oscar Wilde was the chief topic of conversation. His ears must have burned, for everyone had a tale to tell of his bad manners.

Someone told the story of a young lady who had heard that Oscar Wilde had praised the sunflower, so she decided to wear a bouquet of these blossoms. As she advanced to meet her hostess, who was talking with the art expert, the Englishman looked frigidly at her bouquet, and remarked in tones loud enough for her to hear: "Sunflowers should never be worn by ladies. They are fit only for house decorations." Just imagine how the young lady felt! She said to someone afterward that she had just as good a right to wear sunflowers as he had to appear at a luncheon, where he was guest of honor, clad in a much soiled velvet shooting costume with red necktie and handkerchief.

I hear Will and his client, a caller who has detained him, stirring. The objectionable guest seems to be taking his leave. Perhaps we can do some reading, after all, this evening. I did want to begin W. D. Howells' new story.

I must not write more tonight. You will call this a Wilde letter.

*Lovingly your friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, April 7, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

Spring is here! The day has been beautiful and Will and I drove down to the South Side to call on Colonel and Mrs. John Hancock who have a handsome house on Michigan Avenue near 26th Street, one of our best residence neighborhoods. The Hancocks are fine people, full of intelligent interest in all that concerns Chicago, and our talk was a sort of review of the past, in which the colonel has had a great part.

A Maine man by birth, he came to the city, we were pleased to find, the same year we came, 1854. I remember people thought he was crazy when he built a packing house, quite a large one, here at that time. Everyone said he was making a mistake, but time proved him right in his estimate of the great growth of the Missis-



sippi valley. He has been active in the affairs of the Board of Trade, having been president for two terms, an unusual honor.

During the Civil War, though he was well past military age, he gave much time and energy to the raising of the Board of Trade battery, and Will says he probably gave as much money as any man in Chicago to the Union cause. Will has had business dealings with him and says he is one of the most honorable men he ever knew. I have always liked him so much, he is so friendly and affable.

Mrs. Hancock is a beautiful woman with dark eyes and hair and sweet manners. Her taste in dress is exquisite and I was glad to talk over with her some details of Martha's trousseau, for she, too, has a young daughter who is to be married in June, as Martha expects to be.

Don't you feel sad over the death of Longfellow? He had become almost a legend in his time, and he looked an ideal man of letters with his white locks and broad forehead. I'm glad he did not have to starve in an attic, as poets used to do, but instead could occupy Craigie house, that mellow old mansion which has been the scene of so many historical events. He has always been successful, and the only great sorrow of his long life was the death of his wife in so tragic a manner.

I saw in one of the papers today that he received \$4,000 for "The Hanging of the Crane" about ten years ago. That was quite a contrast to the sum he was paid for "The Skeleton in Armor." My own uncle, Lewis Gaylord Clark, gave him fifty dollars for that, for the Knickerbocker magazine!

Will and Martha and I have been having a quiet evening here in the back parlor, Will reading the newspaper while Martha and I are busy with needlework. I am making some of Martha's trousseau underwear, and am now working over a nightgown, which is quite difficult. Don't you hate putting in sleeves? I never can get them right and have had them in and out half a dozen times in my effort to solve the problem as to which sleeve belongs in which armhole.

I bought a bolt of "Fruit-of-the-Loom" muslin last week, and hope it will wear well. Martha's corset covers give out so quickly,

for she has a way of pinning her skirts up to the back of her corset, and the strain on the cloth, when she sits down, results in many holes in the corset cover. But this muslin should withstand that pretty well. I am putting nice eyelet embroidery on all the pieces.

Martha is doing some of her sewing herself, but she likes best to embroider table linen for her new home. She is also (like her scriptural namesake) troubled about many things in our own home. She is anxious that we should put our best foot foremost at the time of the wedding, and is looking with a critical eye on our furnishings. It seems a good time to make some changes, so I have allowed her to select a new dining room set and to change the furniture in the guest bedroom.

This week, the new bedroom set, selected by Martha, has been installed, superseding the heavy mahogany set with which Will and I began housekeeping. It is of bird's eye maple, the bed having a high carved headboard.

Well, I know we middle-aged people (I shan't call myself old till I'm a grandmother) get into ruts, and it's well to have young people about to shake us out of them.

Will has been reading us all about Jesse James' death, of which the papers are full. The country is safer now that he is gone, though the manner of his taking off was gruesome. Will says I needn't waste any pity on him, for it's what the bandit has done to many another.

*Later:*—I was interrupted there by the entrance of a group of young men, and Martha and I had to scurry about for the sandwiches and coffee. Cyrus McCormick, Ed Lobdell, Charles Crane and Charles and Albert True came in with Sandy. They had been over on the West Side attending a meeting of the Everett Literary Society (all, at least but Sandy) and had met our young medic on West Madison Street as he was leaving for Rush Street after some calls in Cook County Hospital.

The Everett is the city's oldest debating club, formed ten years ago by boys of high school age in the neighborhood of Union Park. Of course these young men are no longer members, but there was

some kind of extra meeting, and the old members were invited. They are all such nice young men, we are always glad to welcome them here. They stayed chatting for an hour and told some amusing stories of the debates they had taken part in when they were members of this club.

Some of the subjects were foolish, as for instance—"Resolved that Old Maids are a Greater Nuisance Than Old Bachelors." But others have been really serious subjects, seriously discussed. One they were rehashing tonight was: "Resolved that Ex-Presidents of the United States Should Receive Life Pensions from the Government." Will thinks decidedly the affirmative has the best of the argument, in that question.

The young men have just departed after singing "Good Night, Ladies" as they stood about in the front hall. I must turn out the gas and make my way up to bed, for it is late.

*With love, Yours as ever,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 30, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

Will slept late this morning and didn't get to church, but I made a special point of being there, as Martha is to have a church wedding, you know. It always seems to me a trifle shabby to ask your minister to perform the ceremonies of the church for you, and yet fail in regular attendance. So Martha and I represented the family. Will must go to evening service.

He attended the Commercial Club's grand function at the Grand Pacific last evening, and as a result is tired and sleepy today. But he says it was a fine occasion and he wouldn't have liked to miss it.

The financial and commercial magnates of Cincinnati and St. Louis met here as guests of the Commercial Club of Chicago, and those present were the outstanding men of the three great western cities, of course. It is just the sort of gathering your father would have enjoyed—railroad men, bankers and merchants.

I must tell you about the wedding of Ruby McCormick and



Edward Blair, which we attended last evening at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Dear old Dr. Patterson performed the ceremony, and the church was filled with friends. The bride is a niece of Cyrus H. McCormick, the reaper manufacturer, and being an orphan, she has lived with her brother, William G. McCormick, on Rush Street near us.

The bridesmaids were lovely in white: Ellen Drummond, Kitty King, Susie Skinner, Emma Smith, and Lucy and Virginia McCormick. John Farwell, the son of our old friends, the John V. Farwells, was groomsman. As you remember, he and Ed Blair were roommates at Yale. The ushers were Watson and Chauncey Blair (cousins of the groom) Treat Campbell, Cyrus H. McCormick, Jr., Ernest Carter and Jonathan Bulkley.

The dark-eyed bride was a vision in her gown and veil. Martha's gown is approaching completion and we think it will be satisfactory. These are busy days for us, as you know they would be. So glad you are coming to the wedding.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*June 20, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

With a heavy heart I am sitting down to write you that Will has typhoid fever, and all idea for a church wedding for Martha has been given up. She and Sandy will be married on the twenty-fourth, as we had planned, but instead of a large wedding in the Fourth Presbyterian Church, the service will be held here in the house, with no bridesmaids nor ushers, for Will must be kept as quiet as possible.

Man proposes and God disposes. How little we thought of such a contingency when we decided on the date! But if the life of my dear one is spared I shall not complain. We have an excellent nurse from New York City, trained in Bellevue Hospital. I asked Sandy if he couldn't get us one from the new Illinois Training School for Nurses, but they are not ready to send nurses out. Miss Hemple, the

superintendent of the training school, sent this friend of hers who had just come to Chicago, and we are more than satisfied.

Sandy is with us night and day, and in consultation with him are Dr. Edmund Andrews, Dr. N. S. Davis and Dr. Ralph N. Isham, so everything possible is being done for our patient. But typhoid is a treacherous disease. It was not until yesterday that this was suspected. Will has been tired and "run down" generally, and I suppose he has not been able to withstand the fever. We had planned to go East for a long holiday after Martha's wedding, but now—O Julia, pray God that he may be spared to me.

*June 24:*—This has been a strange wedding day for our little Martha. Instead of the large gathering we had planned at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, the ceremony took place in the quiet of Will's bedroom, with only Dr. Edmund Andrews, (making a morning call) and Mrs. Fortescue, our nurse, as witnesses, beside myself. Martha put on her gown of white mull and her bridal veil and the slippers with the orange blossom ornaments which you sent her, and I thought her a very lovely bride as she knelt with Sandy at Will's bedside, where she could hold his hand. She has always idolized her father, and the thought of having the wedding where he couldn't see and hear was unbearable to her. Will is weak and seldom speaks, but he was conscious and understood all that was going on.

Dr. Herrick Johnson, tall and impressive in his Geneva gown, read the service. When he came to the question: "Do you take this woman . . . until death do you part?" Sandy, looking into Martha's eyes as if he were gazing into heaven, answered: "Till death do us part and forever after." I don't think he knew he was saying anything more than Dr. Johnson asked him, but it was very sweet.

I am glad my child is going out into life hand in hand with so good a man. Glad to have her marry a Chicago man. Glad, too, his work is one that will tend to make them unselfish, for his life will be devoted to others and I'm sure they can't be self-centered, with others' troubles staring them in the face—the portion of every doctor. May God bless and keep them always!

When the service was ended Martha kissed her father very,

very gently, and we went down to the dining room where Margaret, the cook, had prepared a breakfast for a few neighbors. Lulu de Koven, Ada Rumsey, Treat Campbell and Cyrus McCormick were the young people present. Mr. and Mrs. William G. McCormick were the only married people.

Martha received many telegrams beside yours. Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan, married recently and now on their honeymoon, wired congratulations and asked for Will. So thoughtful!

Sandy and Martha have gone out to Riverside, a pretty little suburb where there is a nice hotel. They will have an all-too-brief honeymoon where we can keep in touch with them by wire, and recall them if necessary. Sandy is almost exhausted with his all night vigils, though he insists he is perfectly well. I heard Dr. Andrews telling him today he must rest, lest he take the fever, too.

They will live in the Ontario Apartment Building at Ontario and State Streets—a fine neighborhood! The Medills are nearby and Judge Lambert Tree's fine home is only a block away. The Ontario was built last year by Simeon B. Williams of Lake Forest, who wanted a good place to live when he and his family came to town for the winter. They are lovely people, originally from Cincinnati. I am glad to have Martha under Mrs. Williams' wing.

Now I must go and relieve Mrs. Fortescue. This letter will be taken to the post office by a friend of Sandy's who hovers near, apparently delighted to run errands on his bicycle. He says it is more interesting to ride when he has an objective. I take off my hat to the high bicycle! It has helped us wonderfully.

*Lovingly yours,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 18, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

Will is so much better we shall let Mrs. Fortescue, the nurse, go next week. I shall miss her but we must not go on paying so large a salary when it isn't necessary. I have been so much in the house that I felt quite dissipated last week attending a



matinee, *Fogg's Ferry*, at Hooley's theater and the next afternoon a Theodore Thomas concert.

Miss Minnie Maddern, the star of *Fogg's Ferry*, is a clever actress, and we enjoyed her, though the play is rather light weight. She is bright, pretty and vivacious, and it seems to me she will be heard from in the future.

Weren't you sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln? It seems to have been unexpected, though she has never been well since her husband's death. She died at the home of her brother-in-law, Ninian Edwards, of Springfield, in the house where she had been married. I believe the immediate cause of her death was apoplexy.

I'm glad she died in Springfield rather than in Europe or even in Chicago. The Springfield people understood and sympathized with her as only neighbors can. She belonged to them. I have always heard she was a great mimic and a delightful companion when she talked with friends. She knew French and German and could discuss philosophy and literature intelligently. Moreover, she was a lady. I remember so well the evening we met the Lincolns at the home of William H. Brown on Michigan Avenue, shortly after the election of 1860. We were all much impressed by her beauty and style. Kentucky women are always lovely, I think, and possess that indefinable thing we call charm.

What severe shocks poor Mrs. Lincoln had in her life! Three of her four children died before her, and her husband's assassination must have been a perfect horror to her. But the most dreadful thing, I think, would have been the suspicion under which she suffered during the Civil War, for you remember how often she was accused of spying, of being a betrayer of Federal secrets to the enemy. I should have thought that would have broken her heart.

She was, I suppose, extravagant. They say she was so deeply in debt when she left the White House that she would have had nothing to live on if her creditors had pressed her. But, somehow, she managed to get out of debt and to build up her fortune so that she had at her death, says Will, (who is interested in reading all about President and Mrs. Lincoln) a comfortable amount to leave her son, Robert T. Lincoln. She must have been proud to see him

Secretary of War. The pension of \$3,000 granted her by Congress in 1870 has been a great help to her, of course.

Will was reading tonight a clipping he had kept of the proceedings of the Senate when Charles Sumner pushed that bill through, granting to Mary Todd Lincoln, as the widow of the martyred President, this none too large income. Sumner, addressing the petty little senators who had for so long blocked this grant (I am not quoting him exactly, but this was the sense of it), said: "Surely the honorable members of the Senate must be weary of casting mud on the garments of Mrs. Lincoln; those same garments on which, one terrible night a few years ago, gushed out the blood of Abraham Lincoln. She sat beside him in the theater, and she received that pitiful deluge on her hands and skirts because she was the chosen companion of his heart. He had all her love, and Lincoln loved Mary Lincoln as only his mighty heart could love."

Then, said Will, the Senate did vote—though not unanimously—a pension of \$3,000 to poor Mrs. Lincoln.

*I must close—With love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, September 22, 1882*

DEAR JULIA:

Home again from our beautiful summer in the mountains, Chicago looks very pleasant to me. We drove over this evening to Dr. Noble's church, the Union Park Congregational, on the West Side to hear the oratorio, "The Creation," given by the choir. The talented organist, Louis Falk, presents one of these fine sacred entertainments once a month, and we like to attend when we can. His wife sang "With Verdure Clad" and we were thrilled by her voice. Familiar though it is, that solo never grows stale, for the words and music are so majestic. Mrs. Falk and her husband are a singularly well-mated couple and I always like to see the look of perfect understanding passing between them as she rises to sing. It must be a comfort to the singer to know that the organist will sup-

port her voice properly, and to the organist to know he needn't fear the solo will go wrong.

Mrs. Falk is a great beauty, I think, and I do envy her the tiny foot with which Nature has endowed her. My number six-last shoe always distresses me, for newspaper paragraphers joke about the Chicago foot. Mrs. Falk's is a number one, child's last, I do believe. She was Miss Cara Dickinson before her marriage, daughter of a fine New England family here. Her refinement and good breeding are pleasant to see. Her success as "Josephine" in *Pinafore* hasn't spoiled her at all, and she is the same gentle, lovely young woman I knew before she went on tour with the Chicago Church Choir Company.

Young Fred Tuttle came in to call on Will today on his return from Europe. We were glad to see him for he is most agreeable and interesting. I do think he has the nicest manners I ever knew. He has been abroad a good deal and has acquired a polish which makes him one of the great beaux of Chicago society. His manners aren't just on the surface, but can be described by the old copy book sentiment:

*Politeness is to do and say*

*The kindest thing in the kindest way.*

We attended this week a meeting of the Irving Literary Club on the West Side held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kane at the corner of Ashland and Harrison Streets. Mr. and Mrs. Kane are lovely people who regard their wealth as a trust from the Lord and always give a tenth of their income to charity.

We were club guests of Judge and Mrs. A. N. Waterman, who have been enthusiastic members for years. In fact, I think they were charter members. Judge Waterman is a fine man with a face beaming with good will and friendliness. Dear Mrs. Waterman is so devoted to the club.

One nice feature of the organization is that husbands and wives go together. I wish we had some such literary club over here on the North Side. Of course I have my Woman's Club meetings, which I appreciate, but it would be pleasant to go to such a literary society



as the Irving with Will, and discuss the subjects with him later. I suppose we might organize a North Side Irving. If there's any harm in clubs, as some people still think, it is that husbands and wives are drawn apart by differing interests.

The West Side has a great advantage in possessing the Chicago Theological Seminary, near Union park, with many brilliant men on its faculty. Professor Fisk, who has guided religious thought in this section for more than twenty years, is one of the most intellectual members of the Irving, and gave a scholarly address tonight. Professor and Mrs. G. B. Wilcox are members, too, as is the brilliant young professor, Hugh M. Scott, a graduate of McGill University, Montreal. He has lately come to Chicago after studying at Leipsic. He is full of fun, and also a man of profound learning. Everyone loves him. He has the chair of church history in the seminary.

Judge Charles C. Bonney was there tonight. He is one of Will's legal friends, a prominent member of the Chicago Bar. He is a prolific writer on all sorts of topics, and is much interested in educational affairs, having been principal of an academy down in Peoria before coming to Chicago.

Other people we saw at the Irving were Mrs. George Sherwood, who really organized the club, and is a most unusual woman; Dr. A. E. Kittredge, pastor of the fashionable Third Presbyterian Church; Mr. and Mrs. O. S. A. Sprague, lovely friends; and the David W. Grahams, friends of Martha Jr. and Sandy. Dr. Graham is one of our fine young doctors and Sandy's "*fidus Achates*." His young wife is a pretty girl and most capable. The Grahams were merely guests as we were. I heard several members urging them to join, but Dr. Graham feels as Sandy does, that he is too busy building up his practice for club work. He (Dr. G.) is a Civil War veteran. He finished his education after serving three and a half years in the army. It is too bad that war should interrupt the education of our young men. When will we be able to banish that specter?

Other military members whom Will enjoyed talking with at supper were: Judge Richard S. Tuthill, never seen without his Loyal Legion button in his lapel; General FitzSimons, whose beautiful home is often the gathering place of the Irving; and Dr. Charles

Warrington Earle, who was recounting his Libby prison experiences this evening. I always find such talks interesting.

Will interrupted me here to ask me to make an evening call on our neighbors, the Ferguses, on Chicago Avenue. We live in a delightful neighborhood and I always enjoy getting back to our pleasant circle after the summer holiday. I wish you could have seen lovely Mrs. Fergus, sitting on the steps with a guitar in her beautiful hands.

Mrs. Fergus put the guitar aside as we came up, but we insisted on her playing for us, and soon the strains of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "My Poor Nelly Gray," "Old Folks At Home" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" filled the air. Mr. Fergus' brothers, Walter and Benjamin, who were there, are musical, too, and everyone sang softly to the accompaniment of the guitar. It was a delightful evening.

George Fergus is as handsome as his wife, although he is quite dark. They were telling us this evening that his photograph was used by the newspapers to serve as a likeness of J. Wilkes Booth when the actor shot Lincoln. No photograph of Booth was available, and as Mr. Fergus resembled the ill-starred actor quite closely, the papers printed his likeness. There is a resemblance, I think, but for my own part, I have always thought Mr. Fergus was a counterpart of Elmer Ellsworth, the great colonel of the Ellsworth Zouaves. I should think that when both were wearing the Ellsworth uniform the resemblance must have been startling.

Will and Mr. Fergus had a great visit about their war experiences. The latter was a lieutenant in Company K. in the New York regiment commanded by Ellsworth. It was the first sworn in for service in the Civil War, and men from this regiment were detailed to guard President Lincoln in May, 1861. Mr. Fergus was one of these men. Wasn't that a great privilege? He was present, too, when Col. Ellsworth was shot while trying to haul down a confederate flag in Alexandria, Virginia—the first commissioned officer to fall.

The Fergus family is one of printers, and they have done some important work here in Chicago. Robert Fergus, who came here from Glasgow, issued the first city directory in Chicago in 1839, and

continued printing directories until 1857. When the fire destroyed so many historical documents, he reprinted many of these.

Martha and Sandy, who had been with us at the Fergus', and stayed longer than we did, just now dropped in on their way to their apartment. Martha read us a letter from a friend of hers who tried to describe a game of polo she had witnessed at Newport recently. Will is quite disgusted at Martha's friend for admiring the game. He says it is played by pale and pipe-stem-legged youths who smoke coffin nails, ride sawed-off horses, and try to knock a wooden ball across a meadow.

Martha tried to defend polo, as her friend's brother, a Harvard man, has taken up the game, but Will inquires if she ever heard of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin or Abraham Lincoln playing polo.

The young people will mail this letter, so I'll stop abruptly.

*Much love from us all,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

#### FOOTNOTES 1882

"Young Burton Holmes," always interested in photography, became the successor of Stoddard and is still (1940) drawing crowds.

Ready-made dresses were little shown in shops before 1900. The intricate cut, lining, boning and fastening of the tight waist made alterations almost impossible. This, therefore, was the hey-day of the dress-maker.

The Everett Literary Society, founded in 1872, flourished until the late Eighties. Many of Chicago's prominent business men were members of this organization.

The death of Jesse James in 1882 ended a reign of terror in the Southwest.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church stood, in the Eighties, at the northwest corner of Rush and Superior Streets, where the Methodist Book Concern now stands.



## ASIDE

Though no syndicated newspaper column of the Eighties gave advice on matters of etiquette, there were not lacking books which discussed every phase of social conduct.

Of writers of this literature, Mrs. Sherwood of New York was most highly regarded by the upper stratum of society. Mrs. Sherwood had lived in Washington, when her father was a Member of Congress; she had traveled abroad and had been entertained by titled and even royal individuals. She was therefore listened to with humility by the most highly placed Americans. In Chicago, she gave her talks before large gatherings of the best-known women of the city in the home of Mrs. Potter Palmer and others of similar standing.

But her suggestions were not entirely adapted to those of moderate means, for they dealt with functions at which butlers and maids . . . not "hired girls" . . . served, and those who lived in less opulent surroundings preferred a work called *Decorum*, with 352 pages of good advice bound in bright-blue cloth, the front cover showing a lady in a low-cut gown, the picture being framed in gold.

*Decorum* was published in 1879 and was popular during the Eighties. The name of the author is withheld, but there is a hint that it was a man. Whoever he may have been, this *arbiter elegantiarum* gave counsel on every subject, from "Entrance Into Society" to the removal of unsightly warts on the hands.

"The finger-nails," says the writer, "should be cut about once a week, certainly not oftener."

Filing the nails dates from the Nineties, not from the Eighties.

One of the most popular volumes on etiquette, albeit somewhat expensive, so that one had to be a substantial citizen to acquire it, was *Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms*, copyrighted in 1882 by Moses E. Hill. In this ponderous tome, "Correct" and "In-

correct" acts were carefully pictured, so that with half an eye one could see how fatal to social success was drinking from the saucer, picking the teeth openly, feeding the dog or scratching the head, at table.

Conversely, one might observe the beauties of good breeding in the illustration on the opposite page, entitled: "Gentility in the Dining-Room."

On another page, the omniscient Mr. Hill showed in pictures every detail of the setting of a table for a party of twelve . . . the fork at the left of the plate; the knife at right angles to the fork; the plate and goblet turned neatly upside down.

But by far the best-seller in the etiquette-book field was the little volume, *Don't*, whose author was Oliver Bell Bunce (1828-1890) although he prudently wrote this work under the pseudonym, "Censor." It was published in 1884, and in 1888, Godey's *Lady's Book* gave high praise to it, mentioning the fact that the firm of D. Appleton and Company was issuing a new edition, commemorating the beginning of the second hundred thousand copies to be printed.

Bunce, who wrote several books and even a play, under his own name, did best from a financial standpoint in compilations. His *Picturesque America*, *Picturesque Europe*, and *Picturesque Palestine* were enormous successes, 600,000 sets in all being sold.

*Don't* was equally successful. Every sentence began with this word and the terse exhortation made for easy reading.

Like Mr. Hill, "Censor" did not hesitate to come right out and say that the well-bred did not eat with the knife. In a Foot Note, "Censor" half-apologizes for including this "Don't," but explains: "This advice has been declared unnecessary for people of any degree of social culture, but the fact is that, while eating with the knife is much less common than formerly, instances of it may still be witnessed."

America of the Eighties was etiquette-conscious and anxious to improve, reading the books surreptitiously, but earnestly.



*Chicago, January 18, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

Martha Junior has just gone her way, after dropping in to read me a letter from a bride whose wedding she attended a little more than two weeks ago—young Mrs. Edwin Lobdell. She was Miss Annie Philpot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Philpot of 2443 Prairie Avenue. Will and I were invited, too, but did not get there because of the violent snowstorm which prevailed. You see, we are “getting on.” The snowstorm did not keep Martha and Sandy away, you may be sure. They seemed to enjoy the idea of going more than if it had been a nice night.

Martha said it was a beautiful wedding. It was held in dear Bishop Cheney’s church, the Reformed Episcopal, at Twenty-fourth Street and Michigan Avenue. Bishop Cheney is so impressive on such occasions. There were several attendants: Lou Van Inwegen, Sallie Carter, Frank Lobdell, and the bride’s sister Emma, who was first bridesmaid and walked with the bride down the aisle. Harry Knott was best man for the groom, Martha said. I am glad to have Martha and Sandy in such a fine group of young people. Annie and Edwin are leaders in everything that is fine and worthwhile, besides being attractive and popular.

But there! I didn’t mean to write a society column. What I want to tell you about especially is the wonderful art exhibit which opened last week. I have often written you of our Academy of Fine



Arts, which has struggled for an existence. For several years it occupied two rooms in the Ayer Building, but it has outgrown those modest quarters and now has a building of its own, costing \$20,000 at Van Buren Street and Michigan Avenue. The academy has changed its name as well as its residence, and is now the Art Institute. This opening was its first annual reception, the building being thrown open to patrons and friends for the first time. It has been occupied for some time, but there has been no public function until now.

I wish you could see this new building. It is French Renaissance in architecture, with stone trimmings and red terra-cotta ornaments, and lovely stained glass windows. The second floor contains two galleries about twenty by fifty feet in size, and also class rooms for drawing. The building is well adapted to its purpose, and those who were present last night all seemed much pleased that at last this organization is on a firm foundation. It will afford art lovers a chance to enjoy and study the finest paintings and sculpture.

The great attraction of the opening was a fine loan collection of pictures all owned by Chicagoans. There were about one hundred paintings representing a money value of \$200,000. We saw some rare examples of the work of foreign artists. I shouldn't say that we have any very large private collection in Chicago, but when they were brought together they formed a most creditable showing, as Charles Hutchinson said when we talked together.

If Oscar Wilde did laugh at our attempts at culture when he was here, I think Chicago can be said to have some buyers of pictures who show appreciation of the best. Probably the most valuable work in the gallery was "Early Morning" by Troyon, owned by Henry J. Willing. It shows a clear stream, with a thick growth of trees on the bank. Two cows stand in the water and the sky is bright in the east. "Winter," by Jean Aubert, is another lovely thing which was loaned by Mr. Willing.

I believe I liked "Harvest Moon" as well as anything there. This is Millet's work, and is owned by Marshall Field. It is quite a small picture showing a peasant woman coming toward the foreground carrying a water-jar. Behind her, just above the horizon, hangs the harvest moon, and the artist has given a mellow light to

the atmosphere. The Pullmans lent a fine Bougereau, "Mother and Child"; William T Baker, a Meissonier called "Sans Souci." There was a good dog picture, "Stop," from Mr. William O. Goodman's collection. We sent the painting you have seen in our parlor, a landscape by Miss Annie C. Shaw, which we prize highly. Also we loaned Martha's portrait by H. E. C. Peterson, and I'm glad to tell you it has received much praise.

Have you ever heard Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minn., speak? Will and I went last night to Central Music Hall to hear him lecture on "Temperance" under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence league. I think every seat in the large hall was taken, and the audience included a large number of prominent citizens. On the platform were seated Archbishop Feehan, Dean Terry, and nearly all the Catholic clergy of the city. In the audience I saw Judge Moran, Commissioner Mattocks, City Collector Onahan, Philip Hoyne, Col. W. P. Rend, DeWitt C. Cregier, and a great number of the Protestant clergy, who seemed enthusiastic about the address.

It lasted two and a half hours, but the silver tongue of the bishop so charmed us that we could have listened longer. He began by saying that he did not consider the use of alcohol wrong, *per se*, but added that few principles needed more careful watching than this. Then he went on to describe the nature of alcohol, and he didn't mince words, for he calls a spade a spade—not an "agricultural instrument." "Link by link," he said, "the drunkard forges the chains which lash him to that most insatiate of masters—alcohol. Drinking is like sailing down the Niagara river. As it grows on the system, the poison invades the mind itself, which is the power to repress the baser appetites. Suspend or destroy the reason, and this power of repression is broken down."

He wasn't content to be merely eloquent, but he gave statistics to show that there is in America one liquor dealer to every 270 persons (men, women, and children). I was surprised to hear that the figures are worse for the region about Chicago—Kane, DuPage and Cook counties, comprising the first district of Illinois. "Here there is," said the bishop, "one rum seller to every one hundred thirty of the population. In addition," he added, "there are the 'speakeasies'

or unlicensed rum holes, which add to the total number of places where liquor may be bought." He said it is the silent tongues and idle arms of the moral and conservative people of the land which are responsible for the condition of our country, where the liquor traffic has not spared youth or womanhood.

I sat simply fascinated by the way he held his audience. I wondered whether everyone agreed with him. If they did not, they were spellbound, for he seemed to carry them with him as he said solemnly: "Woe betide that country in which the party caucus is held around a beer table; the slate made up in a rum store."

As to a remedy, he did not believe in prohibition except as a last resort. But he thought it would come if the liquor dealers refused to accept rational measures. He believed in high license, and said that as liquor is responsible for three-fourths of the crime, it should bear its cost. Then he closed with an eloquent appeal to his Irish brethren to take the total abstinence pledge, and many did so. Mr. Onahan, who is a warm friend of the bishop, came to speak to us, after the meeting. "What do you think of our speaker, Will?" he asked.

"I'm so impressed," replied my husband, "that I'm going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me sign that pledge he has on his desk."

Mr. Onahan raised his eyebrows. "One would think you felt yourself a brand to be plucked from the burning, whereas I've always thought you one of Chicago's soberest citizens."

"So I am," replied Will, "but perhaps my small influence may help someone else."

So up to the platform he went and signed the pledge, bringing a brilliant smile to the face of the great churchman, for he recognized Will's name and felt, he said, that his example would bring other signatures, as indeed I think it did. So when you come to visit us next month you'll find us teetotalers. Will that trouble you? I imagine not, since you are practically an abstainer, yourself. There is so much feeling on the subject, many of our friends are becoming advocates of this movement, and we aren't alone in not serving liquor.

Another social happening I enjoyed was a luncheon which one



of my Chicago Woman's Club friends gave for a young poetess, named Miss Ella Wheeler, of Wisconsin. Miss Wheeler is staying at the Palmer House, and has been invited out by many literary people. She has come to Chicago to see about the publication of her forthcoming book, to be called *Poems of Passion*, and made up of verses which have appeared in magazines, for she has been writing ever since she was a child. She has already had one book published—*Maurine*, a versified romance—and it has been warmly received.

She is waiting for the decision of Jansen, McClurg & Co. on the new book. I think she has made a mistake in the title she has chosen, for I am sure it will prejudice many good people against it. The verses, as she read some of them to us, are not erotic, but have a romantic touch, and she seems to feel she has just the name for the work. I do hope she will succeed, for she is a charming person, blue eyed, fair haired and most agreeable in conversation. She is so sympathetic it is a pleasure to talk with her. Unlike many writers she doesn't seem to want to discuss her own work exclusively, but is interested in the affairs of others. She told us that in St. Louis, where she has recently visited, she found many babies named "Maurine," after her heroine. She made up the name herself, and she frankly confessed she took her idea from Nora Perry's "Norine." Rather a sentimental name, but young people revel in the story.

Now this is all for the present. I shall be on hand to meet you at the station. I wish I had two men on the box, as you have on your brougham, but Michael will have the silver mounting of the harness polished till you can see yourself in it, and the horses manicured to the *nth* degree. I can hardly wait to see you.

*With love, your devoted and happy friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 11, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

I am up on the third floor in a room adjoining the cook's bedroom, waiting for Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson to tell me what should be done for Nora. Nora seems to be sleeping just now

and I've slipped into this room so as not to disturb her. I'm afraid the poor girl has dosed herself into an illness more serious than it need have been without her patent remedies. I found a large bottle—somebody's "Cure for Consumption"—on her bedside table today, and when I brought water to bathe her face and hands this morning, I found, as she sat up in bed, that she was wearing a most formidable contraption known as a "magnetic belt." The legend on the box in which it came describes its virtues in burning words. It is, it seems, a "valuable discovery for supplying MAGNETISM TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM." It is also the "WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY." It is warranted to cure the following diseases without the aid of medicine: pain in the back, hips, head or limbs, nervous debility, lumbago, general debility (how this differs from nervous debility I can't say) rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, torpid liver, gout, spinal diseases, heart trouble, and dumb ague.

Nora said she feared it wouldn't do any good to wear the belt without the magnetic cork insoles which were supposed to be worn at the same time. Dr. Stevenson will take good care of her, and if I'm not mistaken, will send the "consumption cure" and the "magnetic belt" flying.

Dr. Stevenson is a fine woman and a splendid physician. She studied biology in London, under Darwin and Huxley, which fitted her well for the chair of physiology in the Women's Medical College. The men of the medical fraternity now recognize her ability, and she has even been made a member of the American Medical Association, something one wouldn't have dreamed a possibility twenty years ago.

I must tell you of the lovely reception we attended last evening at the house of Edward S. Isham, 554 Wabash Avenue. The entertainment offered us was a talk by General Phil Sheridan, who gave a description of the campaign from the battle of Five Forks to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It was an occasion greatly enjoyed by all, but especially by men who, like Will, had seen service in the Civil War. I was proud, you may be sure, when the general mentioned Will by name, saying that he had done one of the bravest deeds of the war, in rescuing a brother officer at the risk of his

own life, under the fire of the enemy. Will talks little of the "late unpleasantness" and I never heard him mention this incident, but other men—his old comrades—have told me about it.

The guests present were all delightful people. Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clark were there. So were the Norman Williamses and Mr. Simon McPherson, brilliant young minister of the Second Presbyterian Church, Joseph Medill, influential newspaper editor, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, Mr. and Mrs. William Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keep, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor Adams, Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Isham, Mrs. Wirt Dexter, and Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" McCormick. Mrs. McCormick was a Baltimore belle before her marriage, and is greatly beloved. She's gay and lively, yet has a strong sense of duty, keeping Sunday strictly, and being faithful to every religious obligation.

I hear the waitress answering the doorbell—I think Dr. Stevenson is arriving.

*Later*—Dr. Stevenson says cook is better. With sickness in the household, my thoughts have turned to women in medicine, and knowing how interested you are in the work of hospitals, I think you may like to hear of the visit I paid yesterday to the Women's and Children's Hospital on West Adams Street. Mrs. P. D. Armour and Mrs. George M. Pullman have been asking me to become a member of the board of councilors of this institution, but I have felt I must refuse, as I already have much outside work in the Woman's Club, the Woman's Exchange, and in my church. I still believe in the scriptural admonition: "Let your moderation be known to all men."

But though I felt I couldn't belong to the board, I was pleased to go with Mrs. Pullman to an open meeting of the councilors, for I had been wanting a chance to see their work. I found many of my friends there . . . really, if I do say it, the best-known ladies in Chicago . . . Mrs. John C. Hilton, president, was in the chair, and then there was Mrs. J. McGregor Adams, Mrs. W. G. Dyas, Mrs. Otto H. Matz, Mrs. E. S. Pike, Mrs. C. M. Henderson and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilbur F. Henderson, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, and



many others. Dr. Mary H. Thompson reported to these ladies the work of the medical staff, and begged for better accommodations in which to treat charity and pay patients.

The trustees are planning to do what Dr. Thompson wishes, for they expect to build on the Adams Street lot a building which will accommodate from eighty to a hundred patients.

It is really the creation of Dr. Thompson, still its presiding genius. She is a wonderful person, gentle and well bred, and with a keen intellect. She was born in New York State, educated in Boston. When she decided to come to Chicago to practice, she found a needy field, for the year was 1865—just at the close of the Civil War—and there were many women who were widows, or deserted by their husbands, and refugees were coming up from the south, all much in want of medical care.

So, a few charitable people gave the money for the new institution, a rather feeble infant in those days, for it was housed in a small residence at the corner of Rush and Indiana Streets. Mr. J. Young Scammon was its first president, Mr. J. V. Farwell and Mr. George S. Bowen its vice presidents. It was moved to Ohio Street, and later to North State Street, and there it was supposed it would be permanent. Indeed, plans were made for building there, when lo! the great fire swept over that section, and scattered its residents to the winds.

Then the hospital trustees took a house over on the West Side, and struggled on. What the days after the fire must have meant to the people who had charge of such institutions one can only guess, for it was impossible to get water for bathing the patients, and it had to be brought in minute quantities from the river, or from an artesian well for drinking and cooking. As I heard the story of the heroic Dr. Thompson, I felt we should stand in her presence as one who has done a work akin to that of Florence Nightingale. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson has been her untiring helper.

I have promised to send over some old linen which can be used for bandages, and some oranges and sugar, always much needed. The hospital gets much of its food from individuals who send daily rations of one kind or another. I heard Mrs. T. B. Black-

stone promising a barrel of apples and ten pounds of sugar, and someone else said Fred Tuttle, always generous, was sending a barrel of flour and six chickens. Mrs. McGregor Adams pledged her usual supply of palm-leaf fans for each patient.

*Much love from us all, your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, June 24, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

We have been somewhat anxious over Martha Junior, who has had to be taken to the hospital, some symptoms having developed which made it necessary to watch her closely. She is better now and back in her apartment. We are momentarily expecting the arrival of the stork and I keep in close touch with her by means of the telephone which Sandy has had installed . . . quite a novelty.

Dr. Byford has been a tower of strength in this emergency, and Sandy, always so cool and ready for anything in his ordinary practice, has leaned on him as if he knew nothing himself about medicine.

I think I never realized the danger of giving birth to a child as I have since Martha has been facing this ordeal. I know that in my own case, I never thought of the possibility that I might die, but oh, it's different when your own dear daughter is in peril.

*June 29*—The stork still delays but Martha keeps well and refuses to worry, insisting that we shall go about as usual. Dr. Byford, too, says all is well, and so I went over with Will to the J. V. Clarke home, 122 Rush Street, last night, for the Clarke-Washburne wedding. We regard the Clarkes highly and Annie, the bride, and Martha have always been good friends, so Martha was anxious that we should go as she couldn't be there.

The groom, Hempstead Washburne, is the son of the Honorable Elihu Washburne, American Minister to France during the Franco-Prussian War, but now settled in Chicago. Hempstead is in the law

firm of Washburne and Robbins and seems to have a promising career before him.

The service was performed by Archbishop Feehan and was impressive, as the Roman Catholic service always is. The bridesmaids were Marie Washburne, Lily Clarke, Libby Black of Milwaukee, Belle and Isabel Waller, and Anna Newell. The bride's gown was white satin, trimmed with priceless duchesse lace. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of alternate red and white roses, such a pretty idea!

All our North Side colony was there: the Judge Skinner family, the Henry J. Willings, Isaac N. Arnold, H. H. Porters, B. H. Campbells, and others you know.

The newly married couple will visit Saratoga, as is meet and right for the newly wedded to do. Perhaps you will see them there.

*July 1, 1883*—"Sound the loud timbrel," was Will's exclamation, when I telephoned him the news, which he immediately telegraphed you . . . that Martha's and Sandy's baby had arrived, a nine-pound boy, and that Martha was doing nicely. I am tired to death tonight, but unutterably happy, and I must send you something more than a telegram on this important occasion.

You will want to learn the young man's name, and I shall make it known to you at once—William Esmond Macleod. I always did like the name Esmond and we are to call him that. He has blue eyes and hair that verges a bit on the red, like Sandy's and my own. Poor child! He couldn't escape it, with the warm hue on both sides of the house.

I left Martha in the capable hands of Miss Brown, a nurse from the Illinois Training School, which is only this spring sending out its young ladies to private homes. This school does all the nursing in the Cook County Hospital and patients in that institution receive the most wonderful care. Cook County has just erected a fine administration building, one of the best equipped in the country. Sandy pays Miss Brown twelve dollars a week and she's worth every cent of it. I do feel so safe, with her in charge.

"Auntie Nelson," the practical nurse who brought Martha into the world, as well as the young Hibbards, Blairs and Wallers, was



excellent in her way, but these young professional women are so expert, so scientific!

I was talking with a group of fine doctors yesterday and heard what they think of the Illinois Training School. Dr. Ralph N. Isham, Professor of Surgery in Chicago Medical College, has written, he told me, a commendation of the nurses. Dr. Norman Bridge said the nursing in Cook County Hospital had been as near perfection as anything in the world. Dr. D. A. K. Steele said he felt under personal obligation to Miss Hemple and Miss Brown and others for their care of a patient from whom he had removed a tumor. He said the successful result was due to their excellent nursing.

As I rang the bell at our Rush Street house this afternoon, after my twenty-four hour session at Martha's, a stooped figure, leaning on a cane, opened the door for me. I started back for a moment and then realized that Will was playing one of his tricks on me. He had resurrected some Santa Claus whiskers from the storeroom and put on a forlorn old coat from Civil War days and some horn-rimmed spectacles. In addition, he had brought down a tin horn that had been Martha's, when she was a baby. This he held to his ear.

Will has a way of uttering sibilant accents that sound as if he had lost all of his teeth, and when I cried, "O, Will, it's you!" he responded, trumpet to ear: "Speak a little louder, please. Grand-paw's a leetle deaf, ye know."

And then we both fell a-laughing, being rather hysterical, I suppose, after the last fortnight, when we have been more worried over Martha than we have admitted to one another.

*More anon from a proud grandmother,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 29, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

We have just heard of the death of our friend Judge Thomas Hoyne in a railway accident at Ogdensburg, New York, and our hearts are sad over this loss to our city and the Hoyne

family. My father and Judge Hoyne were devoted to one another, a bond between them being their love of Shakespeare. I've heard them so often playing a sort of game, in which, when one quoted a part of a line or verse, the other must finish it. If Father were alive to-day, I think he would quote his favorite poet and say:

*His life was gentle and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world: "This was a man."*

Will and other lawyers of his age, younger than the judge, regarded him with affection and admiration. He came to Chicago in 1837, just after the city had received its charter, and thus he was one of the oldest members of the bar. Left an orphan at an early age, he had to struggle for an education, his schooling obtained largely in evening classes. He and Judge George Manierre began a lifelong friendship in a literary club in New York, of which Horace Greeley was also a member. Judge Manierre came to Chicago a little while before Judge Hoyne came. It was his letters to his friend back East which induced the latter to migrate.

Martha Junior is feeling well and has just gone over to the beautiful Julian Rumsey house on Huron Street, around the corner from us, where several young marrieds are sitting on the steps. Sandy is to join her there, after making a call on one of his patients. It is a saying in our neighborhood that if you would be one of the elect, you must join St. James's Episcopal Church and sit on the Rumsey steps, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I have spent the afternoon with Will, who wanted me to drive over on the Southwest Side with him, to deliver some legal papers to a Bohemian-American client. Will said I must see the amazing growth of the city out that way, immigrants have been pouring in at such a rate. I was very glad to go, and to meet Mr. Fucik, a leader among the Bohemians and president of their newly organized Building and Loan Society. It was inspiring, too, to talk with his pretty wife, who insisted on offering me coffee and kolacek (a Bohemian biscuit).

I found she was the daughter of Bohemian parents, but was herself born in Chicago, on North Clark Street. Her parents came to America in a sailing vessel, requiring three months for the passage. Think of being aboard ship three months, often becalmed and even forced backward because of adverse winds! These foreign-born parents gave a son to fight for the Union during the Civil War. Mrs. Fucik recalls visiting him at Camp Douglas, before he was sent South. She remembered, too, seeing the body of Lincoln in the old Court House. So her country is held deep in her loyal heart.

I enjoyed hearing her tell of her own early married life . . . how her young husband carried her belongings on his broad shoulders to the two rooms back of their little grocery store. Their sideboard, she said, was a plank set across one corner of the room. On it stood two cups and saucers and two spoons. "But it was all our own," she said, "and we were happy."

The Chicago Fire came soon after her marriage and brought hardship, but when one is young and strong, such things can be met.

At first they could not afford a horse and wagon, but their friend, William Kaspar, another influential Bohemian, who then owned a grocery on Canal Street, hauled their groceries from town for them.

A troubled period for these good people came in 1877, when the Socialists got a foothold among the Bohemians. Mr. Fucik refused to join them and they boycotted his store. Though he felt it meant his ruin, he would not yield his convictions. Wholesale grocers stood by him, giving him credit and telling him to pay when he could.

In time the Bohemians saw he had been in the right and were glad to seek his counsel again. So business prospered, in spite of this set-back.

With pride, blue-eyed Mrs. Fucik told me of the lodge to which she belongs, and of the Orphan Homes . . . one Protestant, one Catholic . . . in which she and her husband are interested, and I thought, as we left their thrifty home, with cheerful good-byes from the little ones sounding after us, that I needn't be afraid for our country, when our new Americans have such leaders as young



Mr. and Mrs. Fucik, God-fearing, generous and upright.

I suppose Newport is as gay as usual. I am always interested in your news from that fashionable place.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 3, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

Will and I have just come in from a jolly evening spent in Martha's apartment, where we laughed till we cried, with two jolly newspaper men, who were guests, together with their wives. ("One wife per newspaper man," interpolates Will, looking over my shoulder.)

Sandy is a great crony of William T. Hall, known to intimates as "Biff" Hall, a writer for the *Tribune*, and as he has recently become a benedict, Sandy and Martha wanted to have the newly married couple over for dinner. The bride was Miss Adele Somers, a sister of Ada Somers, one of Chicago's gifted singers.

"Biff" suggested inviting Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Field, which they were happy to do. Mr. Field is also a writer, lately come here from Denver, where he has made a great reputation in newspaper work. I daresay you may have read some of his verses, written for the Denver paper, but many of them have drifted about from paper to paper, so perhaps you may not have known that they were his. Martha said last evening that she had never known the lines she says to her little Esmond, as she rocks him to sleep, were Eugene Field's:

*How many miles to Babyland?*

*Anyone can tell . . .*

*Up one flight, to the right,*

*Please to ring the bell.*

Martha's waitress really can't manage more than eight people at table, so the party was small, but all the more enjoyable for

that. I had heard much of these two men and enjoyed the evening with them and their charming wives. The Fields are our near neighbors, having moved in August to an apartment on Chicago Avenue, near the lake. All sorts of tales are told of Eugene Field, for he is a practical joker, whose inventiveness apparently has no limit.

One day last week, the coldest of the season, he buttoned himself into a long linen duster, donned an old straw hat, and, carrying a palm-leaf fan in his hand, walked down Clark Street to his office. His entourage grew each moment, for a crowd of ragged urchins attached themselves to him, until he shut the door in their faces.

When Oscar Wilde visited America, Field, then in Denver, hired an open carriage and dressed in the velvet knickerbockers for which the aesthete is famous, and with flowing hair, and a sunflower in his hand, he deceived the crowds who watched his one-man parade. Next day, when Oscar Wilde really did arrive, he was surprised to learn of the advance publicity he had received at the hands of a Western newspaper man.

They say Field is entirely without financial judgment and parts with his salary almost as soon as it comes into his hands. But the expression "financially embarrassed" doesn't describe his condition, for he seems to revel in his penniless state. He said this evening that he had resorted to various means to convey to his editor an idea of the smallness of his salary. He may have been joking, but he said he had recently presented himself in the counting-room dressed in a convict's suit. The idea he intended to convey was that he had been imprisoned for debt.

He drilled "Trotty," his sweet little blue-eyed daughter, to rise in Sunday school, when called on for a Bible verse, and repeat: "The Lord will provide; my father can't."

"Biff" Hall declares Field should go on the stage, and I think he would make a success as an actor, for he is a great mimic. Last evening he amused us by playing the piano. He did it quite well, too, though he is only an amateur. He recites his own and other poetry wonderfully. Have you heard his "Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue"?

Even in his writing, he plays practical jokes. He loves to attribute his own verse to others, and he once wrote a poem called "The Wanderer," which he signed with Modjeska's name. Admirers thronged her dressing-room asking her to autograph the clipping they brought, and when she denied its authorship, they wouldn't believe her.

Now, it's time to run up to bed. I shall write you more tales of these gay newspaper men.

*Your loving,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 28, 1883*

DEAR JULIA:

I am sitting in Martha's little library as guardian of the royal bedchamber . . . that of King Esmond Macleod the First . . . while Martha and Sandy are at a dance at Martine's, one of our old dancing academies.

Will is out, too, at a dinner in the Grand Pacific Hotel, in honor of General Schofield, who has taken the place of General Sheridan here. The latter, having assumed command of the armies of the United States, succeeding General Sherman, will live in Washington henceforth.

We shall miss the Sheridans, for they have been here so long, they were real Chicagoans, but Schofield is a fine man, a West Point graduate, who distinguished himself at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain.

One thing I am writing about tonight is a concert soon to be given in New York by Miss Fannie Bloomfield, a young Chicago girl who has lately made a successful debut as a pianist in Vienna, after five years of study with Leschetizky. I am hoping you will find it possible to attend this concert and speak to Miss Bloomfield. She was at one time a pupil of Carl Wolfsohn, and as Martha has also "taken" of him, we have always been specially interested in this talented girl. I saw my friend Mrs. Henry Solomon at the Woman's



Club the other day, and she told me Vienna had given the highest praise to our young Chicagoan.

My eyes are heavy, and I am glad not to be going out this evening, as we were up late last evening . . . a reception at the Calumet Club. It was a real gathering of the clans, for "Long John" Wentworth gave a party to Old Chicago, pioneers and their descendants, the occasion being his presentation to the club of a portrait of himself, painted by G. P. A. Healy.

From the outside, the club was a gorgeous spectacle, for calcium lights had been placed at different points along Michigan Avenue, and their glow on the snow, from Nineteenth to Twenty-first Street, made it look like a Christmas card. Hundreds of uninvited people stood along the sidewalk to see the guests enter.

Receiving with Mr. Wentworth were his devoted and lovely daughter, Miss Roxana, and his nephew, Moses Wentworth. There is a real affection between uncle and nephew and it is pleasant to see them together. What a crush it was! There were eighteen hundred guests served, I understood.

Many friends inquired for you. I saw Bishop and Mrs. Charles Edward Cheney, John Crerar, Judge and Mrs. J. B. Bradwell . . . the latter dear old friends prominent in war relief work; my much admired young friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Hamill; Judge Gary, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clark; Judge and Mrs. Grant Goodrich; the Franklin Head family; the Laflins and Corbins; Reverend Simon J. McPherson, brilliant young pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church; Dr. and Mrs. George H. Lorimer, Dr. Lorimer being an eloquent Baptist divine of Chicago; Mayor Carter H. Harrison and his daughter Lina; Joseph Medill and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson; Arthur Tree, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Locke; the Elisha P. Whiteheads; the Wallers; the Shumways; the Byron L. Smiths; the Gillettes and so on, almost *ad infinitum*.

But I hear His Majesty Baby Esmond stirring, so I'll hastily say good night.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

## FOOTNOTES 1883

The Art Institute occupied what is now the Chicago Club Building before its present Lake Front building was erected in 1893.

Bishop Ireland (later Archbishop Ireland) was one of the most brilliant and distinguished of the Roman Catholic Church's servants in America. His championship of total abstinence added much force to the temperance movement, which began rapidly to gain ground about this time.

Dr. Mary H. Thompson (1829-1890) was graduated in 1863 from New England Medical College of Boston, the only medical school which at that time admitted women. The Women's and Children's Hospital, now at 1600 Maypole Avenue, is a monument to her memory.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-1919) was born in Johnstown Center, Wisconsin. Her early poems (*Poems of Passion*) published in 1883, gave her a national reputation. In later years, her poetry dealt more and more with the higher life, re-incarnation, and immortality.

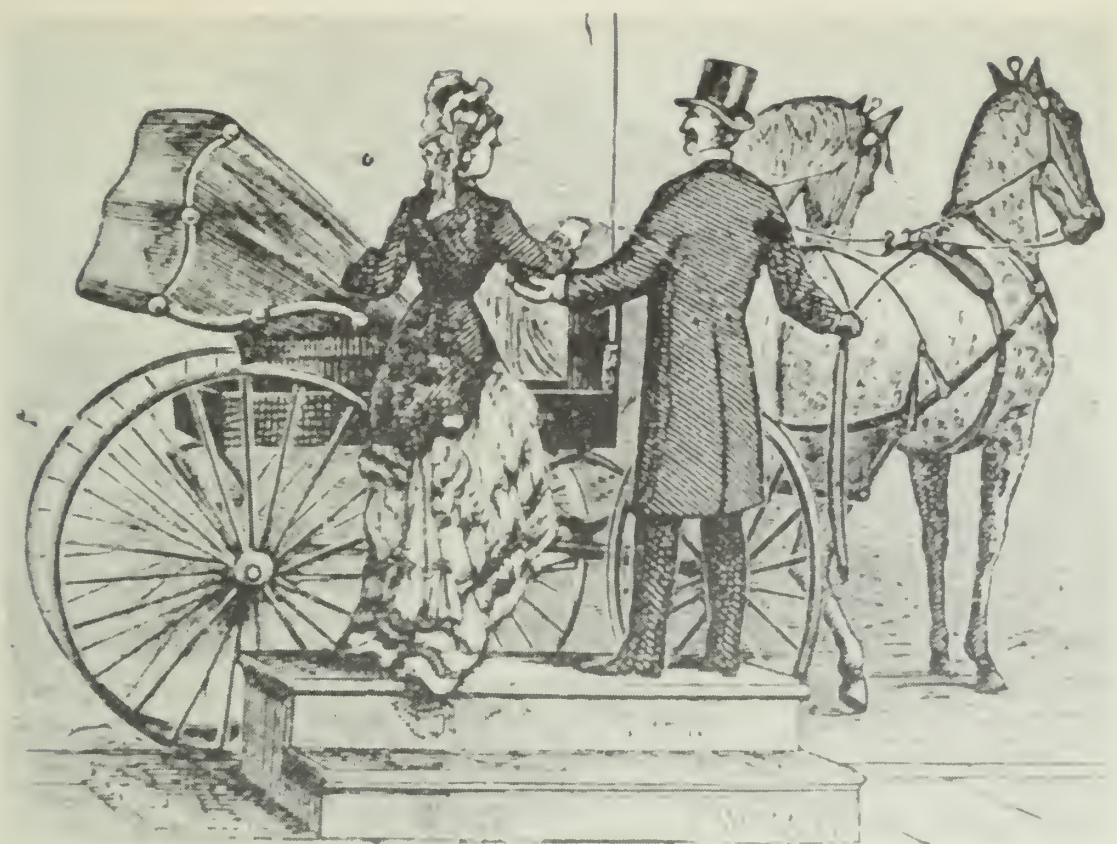
Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson (1841-1909) was the first woman appointed to the State Board of Health and the first woman member of the Cook County Hospital staff. She was much interested in welfare work for women, and the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Lodging House, on Prairie Avenue, was named for her.

Hoyne Avenue on the West Side is named for Judge Thomas Hoyne, pioneer jurist of Chicago.

"Biff" Hall, one of the most popular men in Chicago, died in 1903. He was for many years president of the Forty Club, famous for its entertaining of visiting actors and other distinguished people. He had a vast store of anecdotes and reminiscences which he used in his "Turnover Club" meetings, gatherings of a fictitious organization. Hall and Eugene Field, at an evening party in the Chicago of the Eighties, constituted an entertainment of which the like could not be found today, people who knew the two men still are heard to say.

Fannie Bloomfield, young pupil of Leschetizky in 1883, became the world-famed pianist, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler.





Assisting the lady into the carriage



Assisting the lady out of the carriage

Correct manners of the Eighties, according to  
*Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms*





Three women prominent in Chicago society of the Eighties  
Left to right: Mrs. Wirt Dexter (mother of Mrs. Stanley McCormick),  
Mrs. John M. Clark (mother of Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis,  
portrait painter) and Mrs. Stuart Clark



Mrs. Edward T. Blair (Ruby McCormick) holding her eldest child



Snappy college styles of 1879  
Edward T. Blair (seated) and John V. Farwell,  
college roommates and life-long friends



## ASIDE

FASHION PLAYS A PART in the naming of children. Colonial New England Puritans imposed on their offspring, if girls, such names as Prudence, Mercy, Mary Ann, Submit, Rebecca, Hannah, Rachel . . . suggesting either virtues to be cultivated or Biblical heroines. Boys were called Lemuel, Artemus, Obadiah, Increase, Moses, Noah, Ephraim . . . again referring to the Old Testament.

With the birth of the Republic, there came a rage for calling a child by the name of a Revolutionary hero, so that during the first half of the Nineteenth Century, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton and Lafayette were the cognomens of many American boys. Recall how many of the men you knew as a child had the initials "G. W." or "T. J." or "J. A." or "A. H."

By the Seventies, patriotism was not so ebullient and mothers were choosing romantic or fancy names for their sons and daughters. A novel-reading mother might call her daughter for one of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's heroines. A theater-mad mamma would be likely to name her daughter "Hazel Kirke" . . . the heroine of a successful melodrama of the time.

Flower names were popular by 1880. A child might be called Althea, or Daisy. Daisy was a highly regarded name. Even Henry James, American novelist who had fled to England to escape the hurly-burly of his native land, wrote a novel about an American girl abroad, and called it *Daisy Miller*. Beside Daisy and Althea, a child might be called Lily, Myrtle, Pansy, Rose and Violet, while Flora embraced all of these and more. Pansy Belle was considered a lovely combination name, as was Lily Belle.

Here is a list from which a novelist of the future, in search of a typical Eighty-ish name for a heroine, may draw.

Ada, Addie, Agnes, Alberta, Angeline, Araminta, Birdie, Beulah, Carrie, Cora, Della, Dotty, Dolly, Dora, Etta, Emma, Effie, Eva,

Flossy, Genevieve, Georgiana, Hattie, Ida, Irene, Jessie, Jennie, Lola, Luella, Maggie, Margie, Mattie, Maude, Minnie, Nellie, Nettie, Norma, Pearl, Persis, Rosabel, Rowena, Roxana, Susie, Sophie, Stella, Tilly, Una, Vida, Viva, Zoe.

For the hero's name, our mythical novelist of the future may choose from these used in the Eighties:

Albert, Allen, Alvin, Andrew, Arthur, Aubrey, Byron, Chester, Clarence, Claude, Clifford, Cyrus, Cedric (if Mamma was an admirer of Little Lord Fauntleroy) Dan, Darwin, David, Douglas ("tender and true," quoted Mamma) Dwight, Edwin, Elmer, Ernest, Eugene, Everett, Frank, Fred, Garret, Grover (after 1884) Guy, Harley, Harvey, Harold, Henry, Herbert, Hubert, (these usually abbreviated to the popular "Bert") Hobart, Hugh, Ira, Lambert, Lawrence, Lester, Leslie, Lewis, Lincoln, Lloyd, Mark, Miles, Norman, Oliver, Owen, Percy (it was a trial to have *that* name, but romantic mammas often bestowed it) Ralph, Raymond, Roy, Russell, Sidney, Stanley, Ulysses, Victor, Wallace, Walter, Willard, Wilbur, Wesley (occurring in a Methodist household) William, Wilfred.

All of these names were "good" in the Elegant Eighties.



Chicago, January 25, 1884

DEAR JULIA:

We have had a great treat this week, hearing Matthew Arnold in Central Music Hall. I enjoyed his lecture on Emerson greatly. Arnold's thoughts are always provocative. One doesn't always agree with him, but to hear his beautiful English is like listening to music.

Of Emerson he said: "I do not believe there is a passage in his poetry which can be said to have passed into English speech, as a matter of universal quotation, as is Shakespeare's 'Patience on a monument' or Gray's 'Where ignorance is bliss.'"

Do you think that is true? I don't. It seems to me everyone knows and quotes the lines written for the Battle Monument at Concord:

*By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.*

Another equally well-known line is: "He builded better than he knew."

You probably won't agree with me, but I like Emerson's poetry better than his prose.

If you come to the matter of quotability, Matthew Arnold's own poetry contains few lines that are well known.



Mr. Arnold was the guest of General and Mrs. A. C. McClurg, while he was in the city, and on Sunday he attended church at Central Music Hall. We went there, too, being interested to know what the intellectual Briton would think of our great divine, David Swing. We met Mr. Arnold after the service and he said he had greatly enjoyed the sermon, whose title was: "A Temporary Creed," a plea for a working faith, in an age of criticism and doubt.

While Mr. Arnold was here, Professor Swing gave a dinner for him, inviting some of his special friends. Will wasn't among these, but heard from Mr. N. K. Fairbank, who was a guest, about the evening. Professor Swing introduced Franklin MacVeagh as a grocer, Potter Palmer as an inn-keeper, and Mr. Fairbank himself as a soap-maker, somewhat to the consternation of them all, for they feared the visitor would think he was having a little too much of our democracy. Then Mr. Swing explained that Mr. MacVeagh was a Yale graduate and a lifelong student and went on to discuss American ideals in a way that must have astonished the English man of letters.

Anyone looking at Mr. MacVeagh's intellectual face could but think of him as a student, though he has been successful in business.

I always like to hear Professor Swing on social and economic questions. He is sympathetic to all that is new, for he has been a pioneer himself and has suffered for his beliefs, but he is not afraid of being thought too conservative. Of Socialism, so much discussed nowadays, he says: "It may be said that Christianity fails. So does Socialism. It failed under Plato. It so failed in the first Christian century that it did not breathe for a thousand years. . . . The faults of the Church are the faults of humanity. Socialism will meet and be marred by the same faults. But Christ has not failed. The indolent must work; the drunkard must become temperate; the wasteful economical; the wicked righteous . . . that is the Bible plan for a new Heaven and a new earth."

I always do enjoy a Sunday at Central Church.

*Yours lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, February 20, 1884*

DEAR JULIA:

Aren't you glad to know that "Chinese" Gordon has reached Khartum? Now it seems as if the troubles in that far-off land will cease, for General Gordon has so great a reputation, acquired in the Taiping Rebellion, that one feels he can work miracles. The years he passed at Khartum as Governor have given him a great advantage in this situation, for he knows the Sudanese and has a real affection for them, I believe.

I was reading today how swiftly and dramatically this new work of his was undertaken. The order . . . or, perhaps it should be called a request . . . from the British Government came to him on an afternoon in London, and he left the same evening for the Sudan, with no other instructions than to pursue in Khartum whatever course he should think best on his arrival.

Gordon's character has always been a great inspiration to me. It's like that of a Knight of the Round Table. Do you remember the story of his fiery indignation, for instance, when Li Hung Chang beheaded some leaders whom he (Gordon) had promised to spare?

His religion is a real thing to him, apparently, and the Bible the rock on which he has built his life. The British, at their best, are wonderful people . . . so steadfast, "nothing wavering," when they have made their decisions.

More than a year of Gordon's life was spent in Palestine, where he studied the topography of the Holy Land. Rather strange to find a military genius so interested in the Bible.

Will, reading his paper on the other side of the table, interrupts to tell me of an item in a London dispatch, to the effect that Oscar Wilde, in a lecture in Manchester, England, criticised Americans for their fondness for euchre, which he calls their national indoor game. Will thinks Oscar didn't see our national game, associating, as he did, with the aesthetic set. He didn't see the manly and uplifting game of poker played, says Will . . . poker, which holds the secret of America's greatness. (He stands, to deliver this opinion, with his hand thrust into his coat, after the manner of a Fourth of July orator.)

I have been at Ringer's, our best book-binder's, today, seeing about the rebinding of many books from our shelves which need attention. Will, feeling particularly prosperous, told me to have anything done that I thought best. Yesterday, as I was helping Selma dust the books on our library shelves, I found so many books which needed rebinding, I was quite discouraged. A set of Dickens, given me by dear Mother on my wedding day; one of George Eliot; and a copy of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* . . . the leather of all these bindings has disintegrated, leaving a trail of dust on the shelves.

They will be like new volumes, when they are finished. I chose three-quarter morocco for the Dickens set, which will make a pretty spot of color on the shelves. I don't need any inducement to read Dickens, but I am thinking of the artistic effect of the outside of the volumes. Books furnish a room, besides furnishing the inside of one's head. Walter Scott is to be clothed in brown French Levant; George Eliot is to be in dark-blue and Mark Twain in bright green.

Mr. Hertzberg, Ringer's chief binder, is a fine man, typical of the dependable German craftsman to whom his work is a sort of religion. He told me a good deal about books and their care. He says, for instance, that in Chicago, we should always keep books behind glass, because of the acid quality in our smoke-filled air. It eats the leather.

Another thing he told me was that beautiful book-binding in our young city dates really from Queen Victoria's gift to our Public Library, right after our great fire. When the book-binders of Chicago saw these splendid books, they copied them and added to their decoration.

The tools the binder uses come from France. The leather he approves is French Levant, a goat-skin from Cape Colony, tanned in France. Mr. Hertzberg says this leather will last from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years, so that I may think of my descendants, to the fifth and sixth generations, using the books I am having bound today. What will the world be like then?

While I was talking with him, Mrs. T. B. Blackstone came in with two large volumes . . . Roberts' *Holy Land*, which she ordered



done in full French Levant, in bright green, elaborately tooled by hand in gold. Later, while we were visiting, Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick entered, to have a hymnal bound for her church pew. Like Mrs. Blackstone, Mrs. McCormick is a devout churchwoman, and I wasn't surprised to find that she loved a hymn-book enough to have it beautifully bound.

*I must close now. With love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 4, 1884*

DEAR JULIA:

You remember meeting the attractive oldest daughter of our friend, Mrs. Charles B. Farwell, as she called with her mother, when you were visiting me last year. I know you will be interested to hear of the marriage of this beautiful girl, which we attended in Lake Forest.

"Fair Lawn," as the Farwell home is called, was crowded with guests, who had gone out in four special cars for the occasion. We had been looking forward to this great event for some time, for Anna Farwell and her young husband, Reginald de Koven, have been conspicuous and admired figures in our social world. Remarkably clever and well suited to one another, they were a wonderful looking couple.

Reginald is a graduate of Oxford University, England, the first Oxford man, I believe, I have ever met. He has an English accent which the girls adore and the young men criticise, as is apt to be the case when girls show a preference for a man who's a bit out of the ordinary. He isn't fond of business, but he has made a manful effort to like it, under the tutelage of his uncle, Mr. John de Koven, one of Chicago's well-known bankers.

Reginald's father is the Reverend Henry de Koven, who married a New York heiress and now lives in Florence, Italy. Reginald was brought up in Florence and it is no wonder he is so artistic, when he must have been steeped in the atmosphere of that ancient city.

But to return to the wedding. We had a delightful time on the train, visiting with friends, as we rode the forty miles between

Chicago and our aristocratic suburb . . . the Arthur Catons, the Wirt Dexters, the Blairs, the R. Hall McCormicks, the Badgers, the Bryan Lathrops, the A. A. Spragues, the John N. Jewetts . . . and so many others.

Arrangements were perfect, with carriages to take us from the station to the house. I don't know where they got so many conveyances, I'm sure, but I presume friends and neighbors lent their own for the day. In a small place like Lake Forest, everyone is ready to do neighborly acts.

The comfortable mansion, standing back in its ample and beautiful grounds, always looks so hospitable to me. It has entertained many distinguished guests, for Mr. Farwell, being in Congress, has many eminent acquaintances. The interior of the house was decorated with plants and flowers, many of these from the greenhouses attached to the Farwell home. Smilax was draped about the chandeliers, and in the bay window of the front parlor an altar had been erected against a background of rare plants and roses.

Dr. Vibbert, rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Chicago, performed the ceremony, assisted by the agreeable young minister of the Lake Forest Presbyterian Church, Mr. James G. K. McClure. The Presbyterian Church is the only one in Lake Forest and everyone attends it, being devoted to Mr. and Mrs. McClure, who have a way of winning and holding the affection of people of every faith and of no faith at all.

I thought Mrs. Farwell, whom I have known and loved ever since she was my teacher at Maplewood Institute in Pittsfield, looked rather fragile, though she still has her luminous dark eyes. She has borne nine children and lost five, and her bereavements have left their mark upon her.

The daughters left to her are singularly handsome. Grace and Rose, two younger sisters of the bride, were attendants at the wedding, as were Fannie Farwell, a cousin (daughter of John V. Farwell) and Louise de Koven, a cousin of the groom.

The bride wore an elaborate gown of white satin, trimmed with rare Flanders lace . . . and a veil, of course, and diamonds. The bridesmaids looked sweet and girlish in white muslin, over silk.

The young couple are sailing on the *Bothnia* and will visit the parents of Reginald de Koven in Florence . . . an ideal wedding journey. Martha and Sandy are looking forward to seeing a great deal of them next winter, for they are warm friends.

I know you don't feel so strongly as I do about women's rights, but I wonder what you thought of the majority report of the Judiciary Committee in Congress, concerning the extension of the right of suffrage to women. It seemed to me lacking in good sense. Just wait till Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton hold the authors of the report up to scorn in the next Woman's Rights meeting! I can see some fine opportunities for their sarcasm in this paragraph of the Maybury report:

"In answer to the question as to what portion and class of women would avail themselves of the privilege of suffrage, if extended to women, your committee is of the opinion that, while a few intelligent women, such as appeared before the committee in advocacy of the pending measure, would defy all obstacles in the way of casting a ballot, yet the great mass of the intelligent, refined and judicious, with the becoming modesty of their sex, would shrink from rude contact with the crowd, leaving to the ignorant and vilest the exclusive right to speak for the gentler sex in public affairs."

I did enjoy the minority report, which punctured the unctuous hypocrisy of the foregoing in simple words:

"No reason on earth can be given by those who claim suffrage as the right of manhood which does not make it the right of womanhood also. If suffrage is to be given man to protect him in his life, liberty and property, the same reasons urge its being given to woman, for she has the same life, liberty and property to protect."

Well, I see signs that the old prejudice is becoming modified, and I believe the time will come when women will have the vote and other rights for which a few brave souls have been battling for so many years. Occasionally there is still a manifestation of the narrower spirit of earlier times. For instance, I heard of a minister in a small town in Massachusetts who announced a lecture of Lucy Stone's by holding up a notice before his face and remarking: "I am requested to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the



town hall this afternoon. Anyone who wants to hear that kind of music will, of course, attend."

And in another town, when Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mary Livermore and Julia Ward Howe were to speak, it was announced that "three old crows" would be heard. Just think of that! Vulgar and ignorant indeed must anyone be who could use such words about three as fine women as ever lived.

Mrs. Livermore, a Chicago woman, was one of the organizers of the Sanitary Fair, held here during the Civil War, when a large sum was raised for the relief of the soldiers. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" should protect her against such insults by any man. And Lucy Stone is fine and good, with so sweet a personality that, Mrs. Livermore tells me, when she appears before a great body of anti-suffragists, they often go over *en masse* to the cause she represents.

Yet the right of suffrage is denied these women. Prejudice dies hard. I don't care for the vote for myself. I have a kind and generous husband who will always provide for me. But what of the women who do need protection? We must think of them.

But I must not lecture you any longer on the subject of Women's Rights. I'll close with a God Bless You and Good Night.

*Your loving*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, October 25, 1884*

DEAR JULIA:

A friend of Martha's who has been visiting here has just departed and I find that my house has changed considerably in the month she has spent with us. She is what is known as "handy with her needle," and she has made and presented me with an astounding variety of articles of fancy-work. I have put most of them in the guest-room, which, as I think I wrote you, has been modernized by replacing the rosewood furniture with golden oak ditto.

My guest made for me a small, plush-covered rolling-pin. It has gilded handles, and gilt screws in the roller-part, and there it

hangs upon the wall, ready to hold shoe-buttoners and glove-buttoners. Exceedingly handy! Except that it always falls down, when touched, spilling everything on the floor.

This rage for decorating kitchen utensils and hanging them up as ornaments in parlor or bedroom seems strange to me. One friend of Martha's has in her room, beside the ever-present rolling-pin, a potato-masher, gilded and covered with plush, on which she hangs her jewelry at night, in obedience to a motto on the handle of the erstwhile lowly masher: "Rings and Things." On the wall she has placed a small snow-shovel, with a winter scene painted on its flat surface and the handle tied with a red ribbon.

Above her chiffonier hangs a wooden butter paddle, such as were used by our dairying ancestors in working over butter. The inside of this is painted, as is a miniature chopping-bowl. The scene in the bowl is Niagara Falls.

A rather wobbly milking-stool is gilded and has a blue bow tied to one of its three legs.

Will has great fun with Martha Junior over the new fancy-work. He's not afraid of being thought inappreciative of the higher life. He says he has a great deal of taste and all of it bad, so he has no reputation to lose, and he is full of his jokes about it.

Martha had given me a felt lambrequin for my marble mantel, decorated in one corner with a large spray of hand-painted daisies and goldenrod. Will busied himself, while I was upstairs dressing for dinner, by making a placard, which I found pinned to the lambrequin, when I came down. In large letters, it announced:

HOME FOR AGED AND DISABLED MOTHS.

COMFORTABLE LIVING QUARTERS FREE.

The waitress stood in the dining-room door trying to suppress her giggles. My husband has almost too appreciative an audience in his own home. It spurs him on to fresh attempts at amusement. The maids abet him in every bit of nonsense and I'm afraid I have to laugh, too, at his practical jokes. If your husband's jokes amuse you, after a quarter-century of married life, I think you may be said to be happily wedded. Don't you?

When Martha came to luncheon yesterday, she found on her plate a clipping Will had encountered in some paper called

#### THE DECORATIVE CRAZE

*Put away the little coal-hod that our darling wants to paint,  
For she fain would decorate it with devices queer and quaint.  
Hide the dust-pan and the wash-tub and likewise the garden hose,  
Or Matilda will adorn them with the lily and the rose.  
When our Bridget, in the morning, gets the wooden chopping-bowl,  
To concoct the breakfast corned-beef hash, it vexes of her soul  
To find a wreath of roses where she most would cut and slash,  
So she scrapes it off, for fear the paint might penetrate the hash.  
On our household rolling-pin is tied a pretty yellow bow,  
And its lily-of-the-valley oft commingles with the dough,  
While the new potato-masher and the kitchen pans and pots  
Are magnificent with butterflies and sweet forget-me-nots.  
Every article of furniture, the ancient and the new,  
Are resplendent quite with butterflies and bows of brightest hue,  
In the house we look about with mingled sorrow and amaze,  
For Matilda is afflicted with the decorative craze.*

Mrs. William Blair told me today she had received a gift she hardly knew what to do with . . . a hand-painted winter scene done on a bit of the white fungous growth found at the base of trees. It is, of course, embellished with that glittering substance which sparkles like real snow.

I was just thinking how our ideas of art for the home change with the years. Martha is ashamed of the card-board mottoes we used to have in the dining-room: "God Bless Our Home" and "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread." These have long ago been banished to the attic, along with the "air-castle" made of cardboard. Do you remember the "air-castle"?

Some of these were made of other materials than card-board. I know my Aunt Adelaide, who lived just outside of Germantown, had one constructed of straw, in four-inch lengths, strung together with twine and having at the intersections a square of red flannel.



It was quite a sight, with squares, diamonds and cubes in it, the whole structure resembling a bird-cage hanging in the center of the room. On this in summer, the flies roosted, thus saving the walls and ceiling. Screens for the windows have rendered these air-castles unnecessary.

I saw a variation of the painted chopping-bowl today which was unusually terrible. The artist had done it in relief, hills, valleys and rocks being distributed in profusion before the thing was painted. This was designed to be used in summer to adorn the empty fireplace.

Aren't you disgusted with the mud-slinging in this campaign? Will is indignant at the aspersions cast on Blaine's character. But I tell him the Republicans have been just as active in spreading tales about Cleveland. His wild oats have been thrashed out in the papers in a way to make him wince.

Henry Ward Beecher's support of Cleveland has been of doubtful value because of the way that old scandal about *him* has been re-hashed. I don't believe women would do and say such puerile things, if *they* were engaged in a campaign.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 1, 1884*

DEAR JULIA:

Do you remember that odd-looking, perfectly mammoth house, on Vincennes Avenue near Forty-third Street, that I pointed out to you when we were driving on the South Side, the last time you visited Chicago? I told you it was called "Storey's Folly" and that it deserved the name because, though it has been six years since it was started and though three hundred thousand dollars has been spent on it, it still is not ready for the roof. I remember telling you that it was being built by Wilbur F Storey, publisher of the *Chicago Times*.

This brilliant, misanthropic man has just died. For some time he has been incapacitated, so that he has had little to do with the

paper, but we have always thought of it as "Storey's Times." During the Civil War, it was a "Copperhead" journal, and we all believed its editor had hoofs and horns, but Will says that, after all, there was much that was good in the journalist.

A curious mixture was this man, so reserved, especially during his first years in Chicago, that he was disliked by those who knew him only slightly. But he was honorable in his dealings with his reporters, and those who had worked for him longest liked him best, though he by no means coddled them.

He never recognized his employes when he met them on the street and apparently wanted nothing to do with them. A *Times* reporter told Will a story today, illustrating this characteristic. This reporter had been for many years at the city desk of the paper and had met Mr. Storey face to face hundreds of times. He went into the great editor's private office to present some grievance connected with his department. Mr. Storey listened a moment, then interrupted: "And who the devil are YOU, Sir?"

Of his fearlessness many tales are told. Here is one Will heard to-day. A silly young man about town had proposed to a reigning belle and had been rejected. Mortified by the refusal of his suit, the disappointed swain went home, lay down on his bed, put a prayer-book on his chest and took a dose of poison. Fortunately, he was discovered in time, a stomach-pump was used and he recovered. The *Times* printed a humorous item about it and the love-sick youth, being much ridiculed in consequence, swore vengeance on Storey.

Arming himself with a revolver, he appeared in the editorial rooms, and pointing dramatically to the offensive article in the paper, demanded: "Who wrote this, Sir?"

Mr. Storey glanced at the item and barked: "What business is it of yours WHO wrote it? GET OUT." And the young man did get out in haste, completely demoralized by Mr. Storey's reception.

Will says that if visitors came armed, in those days, they found the editor prepared for them, for pistols usually had a place in the desk drawer of the sanctum. It reminded me of Mark Twain's story of his troubles when he assumed the editorial chair in pioneer days.

During the Civil War, Mr. Storey lost no chance of denouncing the Federal Government, and when General Burnside took command of the department which included Chicago, Storey called him "Butcher" Burnside. The general retaliated by arranging to suppress the *Times* for giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

At this point Judge David Davis telegraphed Lincoln, advising him to rescind the order. I remember how indignant I was then at Mr. Storey. I thought the *Times* SHOULD have been suppressed for making such remarks. But Will says No. When a government attempts to throttle the press or stop free speech, it is on its way out.

Only a few days till election.

*November 9*—I want to add a few lines, but must not take much time, as Will is feeling wretched. He has worked hard, speaking two and three nights a week on behalf of the Republican party, and was much worn when the campaign ended. Then on election day he took cold. I think he might have thrown it off, but the election returns have distressed him by their uncertainty and when he learned yesterday that Grover Cleveland is probably victorious, he went down town to see what he could find out. By evening, fever had developed, so I decided it was time to put him to bed.

The Republican papers carry headlines urging their readers not to abandon hope that Blaine is elected until after the official count, but Will says gloomily that all hope is gone. He will not try to deceive himself and he knows that the Democrats have elected a president for the first time since the Civil War. The knowledge is nearly killing him.

Poor dear! He takes his politics so seriously. As he was not a candidate himself, it will not particularly affect him, but he had been confident that Blaine would be elected and his defeat humiliates him. He is bitter against Carl Schurz for his support of Cleveland and calls that eminent German-American a Mugwump, the epithet preceded by an adjective which I will not set down here. He groans as he turns on his pillow: "Think of it, Martha! The Republican party wiped out!"

I remind him that Blaine made a good showing and the result



is so close, he needn't be ashamed. Blaine carried Maine by 25,000 majority; Ohio by 35,000; Pennsylvania by 70,000.

But Will refuses to be comforted. He says Blaine was "wounded in the house of his friends," meaning that the administration gave him no help. I suppose President Arthur *was* but luke-warm, when he wasn't nominated himself.

Oh, well, we shall live through one Democratic administration.

I must run and give Will his medicine and apply a mustard plaster to his chest.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 6, 1884*

DEAR JULIA:

Everyone was so pleased with the cup and saucer you sent the Chicago Woman's Club, to add to their store. They didn't think, when they asked us to contribute one cup and one saucer, that friends from out of town would hear of it and do the same. I gave a hand-painted one, too, and as most of the members responded, we now have enough china for teas following our meetings.

Our club is becoming influential and large . . . we have one hundred and five members now. And we are proud of our new quarters in the Art Institute Building, at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street, where we meet in a room in which we are surrounded by beautiful paintings.

Today I sat next Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, not a member, but just a visitor. She has young children and says she must devote herself to them for a few more years. She does much work in private charity over on Maxwell Street, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Frank, says. I liked her earnest face, as she sat listening to the program today.

Mrs. Mandel comes of an interesting family, one which has done much for the poor of the city. Her mother was a sister of Michael Reese, whose bequest made possible our splendid Jewish hospital.



Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, philanthropist





Mrs. J. M. Farlin, seated in the typical Victoria of the Eighties



The farm home of John Turner, pioneer Chicagoan,  
standing since 1871 at 1854 Addison Street





The wedding of General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, New York City, February 10, 1863. The groom was 25 years of age and the bride 22. Attendants were Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren



A fashionable wedding of 1880 in Grace Episcopal Church was that of Miss Ada Badger and Robert L. Henry. The bride's dress is a beautiful example of the style of the day



Parlor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Blair, 230 Michigan Avenue, the present site of the Congress Hotel. Rosewood furniture made by Belter of New York. Mrs. Edward T. Blair's portrait, painted by G. P. A. Healy, hangs above the marble bust



After the program, as we drank tea, I asked her about her mother, Mrs. Emanuel Frank, and she told me her story. Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Frank came over from Germany in a sailing vessel in the early Fifties, with their ten children. Mr. Frank had been a teacher in the old country, but wanted to enter business life here and his brother-in-law, Michael Reese, set him up in business, where he was prospering, when a tragedy took him from his family.

He was about to cross the river at the Randolph Street bridge, and was waiting for it to swing back into place, when he lost his footing and fell into the water. Though he was an expert swimmer, he had no chance for his life, for he was stunned by the fall, as his head struck a log.

When his body was taken from the river, he was found to be lifeless. What a situation for the mother of a large family . . . alone in a strange country, with such responsibilities! But she was equal to it and has reared her family wisely. All are now grown and taking their part in the life of the city. Still living at an advanced age, she is now very well off, having come into a handsome fortune by the death of her brother, Michael Reese. So her story has ended happily.

I have been looking over the new books at Jansen, McClurg and Company's book store. Have you read Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, dealing with our injustice to the Indian? I bought that today, and also *Fresh Fields*, by that delightful new nature writer, John Burroughs, and the Reverend E. P. Roe's latest, *Nature's Serial Story*. I enjoyed his *Barriers Burned Away*, which dealt with the Chicago Fire, finding it interesting principally because I had lived through it all. So I continue to read him, even though this new book is "pretty thin," as Will says.

I have come upstairs to finish this letter, as Will has a caller. I spent a little time with them, but came upstairs when I felt they wanted to talk business. The caller, Mr. P. J. Healy, is a lovely man, head of one of our great music stores. He told us tonight a fact about his family which interested me. I have heard that a child born of mature parents is likely to be a male and almost certain to be gifted. So when he told me that he was the youngest of thirteen children and that his father was seventy-five years old, when this



Benjamin of the flock made his appearance, I felt the theory was borne out.

He was born in Ireland, coming to America with his parents as a boy of ten. Will says he is beloved as few employers are. It is good to see success go hand in hand with gentleness and kindness to employes. Will says he's like his own pianos . . . grand, square and upright.

He told us how popular their Sunday school song-book, "The Signet Ring," has been, chiefly because of one song in it, "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye." I was glad to hear this, because the composer, Mr. Webster, was in sore straits before Mr. Healy took his book. Edition after edition has been exhausted and everyone sings and whistles "There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day." Another song the firm published that has had a phenomenal sale is: "When You And I Were Young, Maggie." I love that dear old song.

The Healys are devout Roman Catholics, members of St. Jarlath's Church on the West Side.

Now, the front door has closed, and I hear Will shaking down the coals in the parlor grate. I have written too long a letter and will close.

*Lovingly yours, .*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

## FOOTNOTES 1884

Charles George Gordon, known as "Chinese" Gordon, (1833-1885) was just beginning in 1884 his mission in Khartum which was to end so tragically a year later.

"Mr. Hertzberg," Ringer's chief bookbinder, established his own business and today the Monastery Hill bindery is known for its fine work.

Reginald de Koven, (1861-1920) was one of the first Americans to write light opera music. His "Robin Hood," with its melodious airs, was played successfully year after year. Jessie Bartlett Davis's singing of "O Promise Me," introduced into the score, was also famous for years. Another de Koven composition often heard is his setting of Kipling's "Recessional."

Yes, my sisters. Legislators were protecting the gentler sex from contact with the rude world in 1884!

Mrs. Emanuel Mandel lives (1940) in Highland Park, Illinois. Her many benefactions have made her name familiar to thousands who do not know her personally. She became a member of the Chicago Woman's Club in the Nineties and a room in the club's building on Eleventh Street bears her name. The Emanuel and Babette Mandel Memorial at Michael Reese Hospital is her gift.

The Reverend E. P. Roe was the favorite author of the schoolgirl of the Eighties, and his books were read behind those convenient large geographies now no more to be seen in the schoolroom.

## ASIDE

IS IT FANCY, or was the speech of the Eighties, in the Middle West particularly good?

True, Victorian affectation still persisted. A leg was not a leg, but a "lower limb." Similarly, a lady did not sweat. The Dean of Women in an Ohio college was instructing her young ladies about this time:

"Your attention, please. Remember, a *horse sweats*; a *gentleman perspires*; a *lady gets in a glow*."

Silly euphemisms, these would be called by moderns . . . the use of pleasing terms for ugly ones. But are dysphemisms . . . ugly terms for pleasing ones . . . less affected?

"Lousy," for example, is a word doubtless originally employed for its shocking effect on one's elders. Used too oft, familiarity has lessened the shock, and it is now only tiresome. But it is still an ugly word, and entirely inappropriate. The people of the Eighties were spared that.

"Guts," another dysphemism of today, was a word which would never have been heard in that decade of elegance.

Pronunciation was more nearly correct in the Eighties. I am aware that usage is the criterion for the dictionary-makers, but there are some words so outrageously mispronounced by the ignorant that no one who loves the English language can pretend to accept them.

Can anyone who knows the spelling of the word *column* feel aught but agony when it is pronounced "col-yume"? As well call *autumn* "aut-yume." The "n" at the end of the word should stand as a signal for the correct pronunciation.

Elocution was seriously taught in high schools, and if there was too much emphasis on gesture and dramatic effect, still something of good came from it. Girls learned to project the voice properly. Boys, declaiming the speeches of Wendell Phillips, Daniel Webster,



Patrick Henry, learned to speak distinctly, to arouse the interest of an audience. I often fancy I can select in a group to-day those who were trained by graduates of the Cumnock School of Oratory in Evanston.

But it must be admitted that the speech of the Eighties lacked many words which are known to children today. Our vocabulary has been enriched in sixty years by terms which have come into the language as contributions from the realms of science and invention; from change of manners and customs; from the World Wars.

It would take much time and great scholarship to set down all the words common today which were unknown to people of the Eighties, but a superficial glance at the changes in our way of life disclose . . . alphabetically arranged . . . some of them.

Automobile, aeroplane, aviation . . . Beautician (a coined word recognized by all), bridge (as a game) . . . Carburetor, camouflage, cafeteria (Grandma seldom ate at any place but a private house) . . . Dud (used to mean failure) . . . Escalator . . . Fascism . . . G-men, gangster, garage . . . Hangar, hot-dog . . . Insulin (which dates from 1922), inferiority complex, I.Q. . . . Jazz, jitterbug, jitters, jalopy . . . Mortician, microphone, movies . . . News-reel, Nazi, night-club . . . Ooomph . . . Permanent (as a noun) . . . Quintuplets (O, yes, I know the word must have been in the dictionary, but it might just as well have been left out until five little Canadian girls were born whose lives have interested the whole world) . . . Rayon, radio . . . Stream-line, step-ins, static . . . Television . . . U-boat . . . Vitamins, vacuum-cleaners . . . Washing-machines (practical) . . . X-ray (dating from 1895) . . . Zipper.



*Chicago, January 25, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

A cold winter night. Will and I are at Martha's again, in charge of Baby Esmond. It is the nurse's afternoon out and we offered to stay, while Sandy and Martha attend a wedding, or, rather two weddings, for after the Lyon-Conger ceremony and reception, they go on to the William M. Derbys, where Gerty Derby is being married to Robert Walker. This young couple will go to Montana to live, where the groom has a large ranch.

I ran in to see the presents of Emily Lyon yesterday and she told me, in showing them, that she thought the candle-sticks you sent her were quite the loveliest things she had received. The Lyons are important people and entertain Eastern magnates frequently, so the bride received grand gifts from New York, too. Your taste, you see!

This is a busy city. Is New York crazy over progressive euchre? Everyone is playing it here, and I've had no less than four invitations for afternoon parties this week. I've declined them all, as I have made it a rule not to play except in the evening. I don't like to give too much time to cards. I prefer receptions, where one gets to see more of one's friends.

Tuesday is calling day on the South Side and I'm going to receptions at the homes of Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, Mrs. P. D. Armour, and Mrs. J. K. Botsford, where Mrs. Botsford and Mrs. Caryl Young are entertaining together.

I must tell you of the lovely fan Martha put at my plate at dinner . . . white satin, decorated with a copy of a Watteau miniature, painted exquisitely in water-colors. There's nothing like holding a beautiful fan, I think, to put one at ease, in company.

Martha is thinking of getting a dog for Baby Esmond to play with. Pugs are the fashion of the moment here, as I suppose is the case in New York, for a friend of Martha's has just come back from your city with one. They are rather ugly, I think. Will calls it a stupid brute, and I can't say I'm impressed with its charms, though the owner calls him "Prince Charming."

The dog wears, when on parade, a bright-blue cloth coat, lined with red, a yellow leather harness decorated with sleigh-bells, and a large blue ribbon on his left shoulder. As his mistress walks him down Michigan Avenue, she is as much observed as she could wish, for not many ladies own dogs in Chicago.

If you know of a reliable dog-fancier, I should be much obliged if you would send me his address. Will and I may give Baby the dog for a surprise.

Now I must stop and write a letter of condolence to the family of Dr. William Barry, who died last week. Will is a director of the Chicago Historical Society and has always felt warmly attached to Dr. Barry, who was founder and for many years librarian and secretary of the Society. He rendered invaluable service in interesting Chicago citizens in the past. We have been so busy making history here that we should never have thought of setting it down, I suppose, if Dr. Barry hadn't urged it upon us.

*Good Night and much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 7, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

Chicago friends, returning from the inauguration of President Cleveland, have given us glowing accounts of the festivities. I had supposed there would be little display, for we are hearing constantly of the beauties of Jeffersonian simplicity, but I confess I



like some pomp and circumstance at a time when the man chosen by the people of the United States as their Chief Executive is entering upon his duties. So I am nothing loath to hear and read of it.

Every detail of the gown Mary Leiter wore at the inaugural ball has been talked over by her friends here, for though the Leiters are no longer residents of Chicago, we still think of them as fellow-citizens. Somehow, I imagine they will never return to Chicago. Mrs. Leiter is ambitious for her daughters and Washington is a better place than Chicago to find the husbands she would like for them.

The lovely Mary Leiter, from childhood, has seemed to realize that her destiny was to make a brilliant marriage and has gone steadily forward to her goal. The Leiter fortune will smooth the path and I presume she will go abroad, be presented at court and find a suitable title. I can imagine her appraising each coronet offered her and reaching out her beautiful white hand for the one that symbolizes the highest rank. For one, I shall be glad to see her reach that goal, for she is eminently fitted for court life and will reflect credit on her country. I should like to have seen her at the inaugural ball, in a black silk gown, embroidered in scarlet and gold.

The ball dress of Miss Rose Cleveland, the president's sister, must have been beautiful, too, white grosgrain silk, draped with point lace and with a bertha of the same lace. She will have much responsibility, being First Lady for her bachelor brother.

The one bright spot for Will in the Washington news last week was that the bill placing General Grant on the retired list and giving him an annual pension of \$13,500 was signed by President Arthur, his last official act.

Do you suppose it is true that Grant has an incurable malady? Sandy heard a New York physician who is in town today say that. It is pathetic to think of the great soldier toiling over an uncongenial task . . . writing his memoirs, whose sale, he hopes, will provide for his family, after he is gone.

Martha is in the parlor waiting for Sandy, who is to call for her in a few minutes. She has been playing old melodies and the sound floats sweetly out to the library where Will and I are sitting. Martha isn't a great musician and she has quite given up practicing since

Baby Esmond came, but I love to hear her play, for she has something in her touch which I can't find just the word for, though "sympathy" is perhaps as good as anything. I find her playing of old ballads highly satisfactory. Just now she is singing Claribel's "I Cannot Sing The Old Songs," and I've had to use my handkerchief, as I listen, thinking of the songs dear mother sang to me when I was a child.

*I cannot sing the old songs  
I sang long years ago;  
For heart and voice would fail me  
And foolish tears would flow;  
For bygone hours come o'er my heart  
With each familiar strain;  
I cannot sing the old songs  
Or dream those dreams again.*

And now Martha has dropped into "Sweet Belle Mahone," which has always seemed to me heart-breaking, not because of its words, but because I first heard it when Will was desperately ill, and we feared he would never be well again. As I hung over him one summer evening, someone next door was singing:

*Soon beyond the harbor bar  
Will my boat be sailing far.*

And I wanted to sail with my beloved to that far haven, so that I remember bursting into tears and rushing from the room when the last words came:

*Wait for me at Heaven's gate,  
Sweet Belle Mahone.*

The songs of yesterday were all sad, with a lover weeping over the grave of a lost one, or a child being borne to the skies by an angel-band . . . "Rosalie, The Prairie Flower" is an example of that. Will says there was good reason for such songs, since many strong young men and beautiful young girls died of fever which came from poor sanitation in cities and country places alike, while cholera claimed countless victims in the Fifties. How thankful we should

be that physicians recognize and successfully treat many diseases which were fatal in less enlightened times! Consumption is still a great scourge. There seems no help for that.

There is the front door-bell . . . Sandy coming, I presume. We all send love.

*Yours as ever,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, April 15, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

This afternoon Will asked, with a twinkle in his eye, if I'd like to "drive out on the prairie." I was delighted to go with him, of course. He was going to deliver some papers to Captain D. F. Bremner, a warm personal friend, as well as a client. The two were stationed together during the war, in a Tennessee camp, and have never forgotten the association.

Will calls Captain Bremner the bravest of the brave and often tells of his feat in carrying the flag of the Nineteenth Illinois to the top of Mission Ridge . . . the first Union flag to be set there during that terrible battle. Afterward Captain Bremner found fourteen bullet-holes in his clothing, but he was unharmed.

I hadn't been over on West Twelfth Street for years and had a vague notion that it was "out in the country." What was my surprise to find it a populous section of the city. It is simply amazing how our city is growing. When I expressed astonishment, Captain Bremner said: "It is Father Damen's work. He built Holy Family Church out here on the prairie and the people followed."

He invited us to go over to see the church, projected and built by the beloved missionary pastor, whose name I had often heard, though I had never met him. Cathedral-like in its hugeness and dignity, the church is most impressive. Captain Bremner took us down the long aisle to see the fine copy of Murillo's "Holy Family," which hangs above the altar. The original is in the National Gallery in London. We admired the beautiful carving of the communion rail, done by a man named Louis Wisner. Thousands of people kneel



at this rail during the various services on Sunday. It is a stupendous task to minister to the needs of so many.

The sacristan, Brother Mulkerins, a young man lately come from Ireland, took us about the church, pointing out many objects of interest. One of these was the triangular candelabrum, in which seven lights are kept constantly burning in gratitude for the preservation of the building during the Fire of 1871.

He told us many stories of Father Damen, his great hero. One of these was so amusing that I must set it down for you. The priest had great need for ten dollars, to help a poor family. He went to the home of a well-to-do parishioner who had a farm near Canal Street. This farmer was liberal, but his wife was thrifty and she was the one who had the funds in charge, as Father Damen well knew.

He began: "I need ten dollars for a starving family, Mrs. X."

"I am sorry to hear they are starving," replied Mrs. X., "but you know how hard money is to come by just now. There isn't a penny in the house."

"It is indeed hard to get money. Do I not know it? But, my good woman, if you will go upstairs now, and look in the stocking in the left-hand corner of the upper bureau drawer, you will find ten dollars. Take it out and give it to me for that poor family."

Mrs. X., speechless at Father Damen's supernatural powers, ran up, got the money and pushed it into his hands. In answer to questions as to how he knew where the money was, Father Damen always answered: "O, I guessed it." Perhaps the farmer, more liberal than his wife, had disclosed the hiding-place of the money. At any rate, he won his point.

Often he would ask the housewife for a bit of "sugar" from the sugar-bowl on the mantel. Most poor families kept their savings in a sugar-bowl on the mantel. Such was their confidence in him, they let him help himself.

As we talked with Brother Mulkerins in the sacristy, he said, with shining face: "Though Father Damen is no longer in charge of the parish, he is visiting in Chicago and I think he will be coming in soon. We are preparing for his golden jubilee . . . celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. Ah! That

will be a grand occasion! It will take place here in Holy Family Church."

As he finished speaking, a voice behind him said: "What? Have I deserved a jubilee for lasting fifty years as a religious? Have you never heard that a jubilee is a hosanna over a good stomach?"

And into the sacristy came Father Damen himself. As he approached I understood why people gave him their money when he asked it. He is dignified, but not pompous. His smile is contagious and his voice, which from the pulpit thunders the terrors of hell to evil-doers, now, in private conversation, was soft and full of charm.

A shepherd of his flock, truly.

But I have written you too long a letter. You will be tired of reading it.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 9, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

This morning Will looked somewhat anxiously at me during breakfast, and as he put on his overcoat preparatory to leaving for his office, he said, with an attempt to be casual, "Why don't you inspect the Pullman Building apartments at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Adams Street if you have time today? I think you are looking pale. Do you think our long stairs are too much for you?" Of course, I laughed at that, for I am a healthy person, but he went on soberly: "If you want to live in an apartment, I'm willing."

I knew at once that he had been reading some newspaper article on "Your Wife—Are You Killing Her?" the inference being that unless provided with an elevator immediately the American housewife would fill an untimely grave. However, as I had been wanting to visit this wonderful new building, I assented eagerly, rang for Michael to order the brougham, and got Martha Junior to accompany me.

The new building is occupied partly by the Pullman Company,

whose offices take up three floors, while the remainder of the place is given over to residents. It is modeled on the new flat buildings that have recently gone up in New York . . . the Granada, for instance, where I know some of your friends now live. The great height of the Pullman Building . . . eight stories . . . offers a variety of suites, and being so new and luxurious, the new apartment building is attracting fashionable people.

It has many advantages, among them an uninterrupted view of the lake, and a cafe on the top floor, where one can dine on the cook's day out. The entrance to the offices is on Adams Street, while the residents use that on Michigan Avenue. Heavy curtains separate the part of the hallway given over to business from that used by the apartment dwellers.

Martha and I marveled at the handsome appointments. A reception room near the Michigan Avenue door has a fine Turkish rug on the floor, while a large oil painting, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," which Mr. Pullman brought from Europe, has a conspicuous place on the wall. I admired a mirror with heavy Florentine frame, too.

While we were sitting in this reception room waiting for the agent to show us about, the two young architects, Irving and Allen Pond, answered many of our questions about the building, telling us of some of the people who are living there. S. S. Beman, architect of the building, is a tenant, and has his office under the same roof . . . an ideal arrangement. The Pond brothers, too, are living there, and are so delighted with the location they say they never want to go elsewhere. Irving Pond had a great deal to do with the plans, as he is head draftsman for Mr. Beman. He designed the marble stairway in the Adams Street entrance. He and his brother have great taste, and I value their opinion, of course. Mr. and Mrs. La Verne W. Noyes are tenants. Mr. Noyes is a manufacturer of windmills, and is already a wealthy man, and Mrs. Noyes is a cultivated, lovely woman. Frank Marsh, a friend of Sandy's, moved in before the plaster was dry, and says he enjoys it immensely. Then there is another tenant, the eccentric millionaire, Captain De Lamar, who looks more like a farmer than a capitalist. We were told by the agent that when he



applied for an apartment, the renting clerk looked on him coldly, he was so unlike the others who were inspecting them. When asked for references, he replied: "See the First National Bank. I've just deposited fifteen million dollars there. Sold part of my Idaho mines to an English syndicate, and not the best part, either."

Mr. Beman came in while we were visiting with the Pond brothers and the conversation turned to the town of Pullman, out on the shores of Lake Calumet, which he invited us to visit. It is well worth seeing, I know.

Mr. Beman said that he had suggested the name Pullman for the new town, but Mr. Pullman thought this would hardly be modest. "Suppose" said the sleeping-car magnate, "that we coin a word by taking the first syllable of my name, and the last syllable of yours," and so the town was called "Pullman." "But," said the architect, laughing at Mr. Pullman's joke, "I seem to be getting little glory out of my share of the name."

We left the Pullman Building feeling that it would be delightful in many ways to live there, but I know Will would be homesick for a house, and I believe I like it best, myself. I think we shall remain on Rush Street for the present. There is much building going on in Chicago, especially along Michigan Avenue and I saw a handsome house in process of erection today . . . the home of Gerhard Foreman on Twenty-ninth Street. It is to have two bathrooms on the second floor.

I am having a dressmaker in the house for some remodeling. Do you find the new high, heavily boned collars rather trying? My head aches every time I wear one. Sandy says they are an invention of the Evil One.

We have been spending the evening at Martha's and as usual, half a dozen young people drifted in after dinner, and there was much singing around the piano. The young men bellowed the choruses of popular songs till I thought the other residents of the Ontario apartment building would complain. "Some Day" and "In The Gloaming" were sung with much feeling—they are really not bad—but "Only A Pansy Blossom" which seems to be sweeping the country, is so banal I was tired enough of it before they turned to

something else. This favorite has not, I presume, invaded your maiden household, but wherever young people are gathered together, you hear the sentimental words:

*Only a pansy blossom, only a withered flower—  
Yet to me far dearer than all on earth's fair bower;  
Bringing me back the June-time of a summer long ago,  
The fairest sunniest summer that I shall ever know.*

When we sat down to refreshments we fell to talking of the immense fortunes some of these popular songs have made for their composers. "Some Day" and "In The Gloaming" have each sold, it is said, more than 500,000 copies. "Sweet Genevieve," "Call Me Back Again" and "The Spanish Cavalier" are others that have made a great deal of money for their composers. "Put Me In My Little Bed" is a song which netted its writer \$24,000, so some of the company said. "Wait Till The Clouds Roll By, Jennie" brought two young New Yorkers \$18,000, according to one of the callers. Frank Howard, who wrote "When The Robins Nest Again" made \$8,000 from that effort. "Scotch Lassie, Jeanne" is the latest favorite, its sales having passed the million mark.

Will suggests as a title for a new song, "Just Wait A Little Longer, Darling, Till I Get A Raise." Some titles are so involved that this is not the worst that could be devised. The chorus (prefaced by the phrase dear to the heart of the song writer: "Unto her he did say") is:

*Just wait a little longer, darling, till I get a raise;  
To marry till you've got the means, it surely never pays;  
The butcher's unpaid bill would leave me in a horrid daze;  
Just wait a little longer, darling, till I get a raise.*

Just about as full of meaning as most of the popular ditties! Some of the young men added to it, and Martha improvised an air, drawing freely on the songs they had been singing, and I think we shall hear it in our neighborhood for some time.

Will thinks the blackface minstrels are the ones who are responsible for popularizing popular melodies. They bring out a chanty ballad, and by repetition can make it go with an audience, even if it isn't a masterpiece of composition and poesy. The little soubrette, Lotta, has had a hand, too, in popularizing songs, and many have her name and picture on the frontispiece and are dedicated to her.

Do you like the new styles in architecture? We drove out to Lake View yesterday, and I saw some unique frame houses apparently modeled on the summer cottages one sees at the seashore. I saw one in Newport a year ago. They don't seem so out of place at the seashore, but I don't like them in a city. The architectural inspiration seems not to be Early American, Venetian, Roman or English. Will termed one new home "the creation of a disordered brain." Wooden rosettes on the side porch; a front window shaped like a horseshoe, and surrounded by red and green stained glass; and a "drunk and disorderly" gable (again quoting Will) were features. On the north side of the house was a protuberance which suggested nothing so much as a dog kennel. I can't think its novelty atones for its bad taste. I much prefer our brownstone front on Rush Street. Even if it is old, it has dignity.

*No more tonight. Much love from your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 11, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

After a lovely time at Lake Geneva, we are at home again. I am glad, for I don't like to get far away from Martha now. She is expecting the stork at any time. We are hoping for a girl, of course, and as I've told you, it will be Julia, if our prayers are answered. Baby Esmond is growing so you would hardly know him. Martha keeps well, and is cheerful, as usual.

She wants me to tell you a story about Emma, her good cook, to whom she is devoted. Emma confided to Martha that last Sunday she had a strange feeling in church . . . as if the sermon was doing



her no good. She searched her conscience for some "open fault or secret sin," as the hymn goes, but only a vague unrest persisted. When she undressed that night, she understood. As many girls do, she had used a newspaper to pad out her bustle, which had grown thin from constant wear. She thought she was using the Christian Union, but it turned out to have been the Police Gazette. The Gazette is Michael's favorite reading matter. He had left it on the kitchen table by mistake, and Emma had picked it up as she started upstairs to dress for church. Will says the Police Gazette is poor material for a "dress improver," since it is well known not to be uplifting.

We attended yesterday the wedding of Miss Blanche MacLeish, daughter of Andrew MacLeish, a member of the firm of Carson Pirie & Co., to young C. K. G. Billings, son of A. M. Billings, president of the West Side Gas Company. Mr. MacLeish is a widower with three children. He is one of our ablest business men, and like most Scotchmen, deeply religious. He is prominent in the work of his denomination, the Baptist, teaching a Bible class in the Fourth Baptist Church, and is active in the Young Men's Christian Association, too. The family home is at 645 West Adams Street, a delightful residence section. The parlors were decorated with flowers, the alcove where the bridal party stood being simply banked with roses, lilies and orange blossoms. Dr. George C. Lorimer performed the ceremony, assisted by Dr. J. S. Kennard of the Fourth Baptist Church.

There were many expensive gifts, but I really liked the bronze "Psyche" we sent as well as anything we saw. The groom's father gave the young people a completely furnished house at 470 Washington Boulevard.

One of our horses is lame and Michael thought it best not to drive him, so we took one of the new conveyances . . . a hansom cab, and felt highly fashionable. Heads were turned to gaze at us as we drove smartly along to the West Side. The newspapers have been discussing the question whether it is proper for a lady to be seen alone in a hansom. I heard a somewhat over-refined young lady say her mamma wouldn't let her drive in one, because it is, or should be, distasteful to a person of any delicacy of feeling to be so

conspicuous. But after all, as I tell Will, women make their own social laws now, and if we decide that it is proper to ride in hansoms, it will not be long before the custom is accepted by the world.

*July 12*—I didn't mail this last night, and will add a few lines. During the evening Martha developed some symptoms that troubled us, and Sandy, so calm and collected when he is attending a patient outside his own family, is quite nervous when any one of us is ill. But I have heard this of other doctors.

He asked Dr. Ernst Schmidt to come in to see Martha, and I could just see how relieved he was to have this great Chicago physician there. Dr. Schmidt is a comforting sort of person, and we were all glad to see him. His German thoroughness and his training in the best hospitals of Europe give one great confidence in him.

Dr. Schmidt reassured Sandy, told him that Martha was progressing nicely, and commended Sandy's treatment of the case, so we breathe more freely tonight. He walked over to Rush Street with us, and sat smoking with Will in the library awhile before going to his home. The two men enjoyed reminiscing about Civil War days, and Dr. Schmidt told us of some strange cases he had seen during his service in the Union Army when he was a surgeon in a Missouri regiment.

What an eventful life he has had . . . this man of fifty-five! He was born in Bavaria, he told us, in 1830, and so was only a youth of eighteen when the German Revolution broke out, but he took part in it with the zeal of youth. He studied in the Universities of Zurich, Heidelberg and Wurzburg, graduating from Wurzburg in 1852. Then he took a post-graduate course in medicine in Vienna and Prague, after which he was appointed an assistant surgeon in the hospital of the University of Wurzburg. So you see what a training he has had, and why his opinion has such weight with us. When he came to Chicago in 1857, he told us, he found many of his German friends here, and organized the German Medical Society. After three years here he received an appointment at Humboldt Medical College in St. Louis, but in a few months the Civil War came on and he entered the Union Army as a surgeon.

Since 1864 he has been in Chicago and is held in high esteem as one of our leading medical men. For years he has been on the staff of the Alexian Brothers Hospital, and he organized the staff of Michael Reese Hospital.

Will told me after he left what a fine classical scholar the doctor is . . . that he is fluent in Latin conversation, and that translating Aeschylus is just child's play to him. His young son Otto is a doctor, too, and Sandy thinks he is much like his father.

Now I'll stop for tonight, but won't close my letter, for I want to tell you how Martha seems in the morning.

General Grant is fighting bravely for his life at Mount McGregor. A losing battle, I fear.

*Love from*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Postscript. Noon next day. . . .* Will is just starting for the telegraph office to tell you our good news. Little Julie Boyd Macleod came to town at three o'clock this morning. We are so thankful that all is well with Martha and the baby.

*Chicago, July 23, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

Will has just left the house with B. F. Ayer, one of his close friends, counsel for the Illinois Central railway. They are to join other members of the Chicago Bar at the office of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, where action will be taken on the death of General Grant.

The tolling of the firebells, sixty-three strokes, one for each year of his eventful life, gave us the news of the passing of the great soldier. It saddened us, of course, to know that he was no more, but I suppose we should rejoice, rather, that the months of suffering, during which he toiled away at his self-appointed task, the writing of his memoirs, are over.

I have just been reading in the newspaper, which came a few minutes ago, an account of his last days at Mount McGregor, and have realized afresh his gallantry. What courage, what humility he



displayed, when he wrote for his physician to read, since he could no longer speak, for the progress of the disease in his throat: "If it is within God's Providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I am thankful to have been spared thus long, because it has enabled me to complete, practically, the work in which I took such an interest. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me from all parts of the country . . . from Confederates and National troops alike."

How fine was the action of the Fifth Maryland National Guard regiment, in camp at Atlantic City! They telegraphed Mrs. Grant offering their services as a guard of honor if the body of the general passed through that state. They are wearing mourning badges and their colors and drums are to be draped in mourning for thirty days. This, though the regiment is largely officered by men who served in the Confederate Army. It reminds one of the truth of the lines:

*The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.*

*Later*—I was interrupted, and it is now evening. Will and I are sitting in the library, speaking in low voices, as if some one of our own family were dead, as we talk of General Grant's life and death. We have just read an anecdote told by Senator Ingalls. He says that when Grant was President, a number of senators and General Sheridan were gathered at the White House for dinner. As they smoked their after-dinner cigars they were speaking of the age when life was sweetest, and each told what period he would like to live over again. Some turned back to boyhood; others to early manhood; while to still others the present was most satisfactory. "And you, General," said one of the guests. "What part of your life would you like to live over again?" General Grant was silent for a minute or two. All expected when he spoke it would be to express a wish to relive those days when he had been prosperous and great, but he lifted his head, and said in a tone which left no doubt of his sincerity: "All of it. I should like to live all of my life again. There isn't a part I should like to leave out." Senator Ingalls comments on the

impression this remark made on him, saying: "Every one of the rest of us had left out some particular time of hardship and discouragement. Not one was brave enough to face that time again. Yet probably not one of us had had such hard times, and so much of real adversity to begin with. General Grant was the only man smoking his after-dinner cigar that evening who had the courage to want to live his whole life over again."

And now I must close. Will has just brought the paper to me, tears on his cheeks . . . and you know how seldom he is moved . . . to ask me to read him a message from the New Orleans *Times-Dispatch*. It is so beautiful, I want to copy it for you:

"Vanquished by his arms, in his chivalric kindness we were doubly vanquished at Appomattox. Every soldier heart in this wide land will pray God this morning that the generous measure he meted to his foe in time of victory may be remembered and meted again to Ulysses S. Grant, in this his hour of defeat and judgment."

As I look over at my husband I see his hand shading his face, and know he is reliving in memory, his army days . . . seeing tattered flags borne across a blood-stained battlefield: hearing the strains of "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag" as the hard-fought struggle ends in victory.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 3, 1885*

DEAR JULIA:

How I wish you were here to help Will and me decide on a painting we want to give Martha and Sandy for Christmas! I know you keep up on art matters better than I do. Perhaps you will advise us at a distance. You see, when Martha moves into her new home on Dearborn Street she will need a handsome picture for the parlor wall, and we want to give her something that will be exactly right. Will is leaving it all to me . . . just like a man! I wish Sandy and Martha would express an opinion—they insist they will be satisfied with what we select.

It is a great deal to ask, but if you will tell me what you think about some of the pictures we have seen, it would be a wonderful help. I am sending you a catalogue of an art dealer, which describes the pictures fully, and I know you will have seen some of them in New York. Martha speaks with such awe of the collection in your New York house, that whatever you suggest, she will be prepared to adore, I know.

Having in mind the purchase of this picture, we were glad of the Calumet Club's art exhibit, which opened this week, where we can see a number of fine works of art grouped together. Many of these were loaned by Chicagoans, and I really feel proud of what the display showed of the taste of our friends. A. A. Munger loaned "The Trumpeter," by de Neuville, which has led us to consider buying one of this artist's works. From Mrs. P. D. Armour's home came "The Knitting School," by Zimmerman, a lovely thing. Bouguereau's "The Little Knitter" is beautiful, too. The soulful eyes of the girl, the exquisite tint of the flesh, the red lips . . . are so alluring. But this was not for sale. I have marked the two Bouguereaus, however, in the catalogue, and as they are illustrated, you will be able to decide on the one you would want if you were buying. The flesh in the figures painted by this great French artist is wonderful, and we are told there is no one living today who is a better draughtsman.

Will thinks the figures are almost too life-like, and made us laugh when he entered the room where they were hanging, for he pretended to be embarrassed and murmured: "I beg your pardon, ladies, I shall be happy to retire for a few moments, if you would like to dress."

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Ross have a fine Bouguereau which they bought abroad, and I think it lends distinction to their drawing-room.

You will notice I have marked a painting by Schreyer, whose horses Will loves; one by Verboeckhoven . . . I suppose no one paints sheep so well; and one by Meyer von Bremen . . . that mother and child picture. I shall appreciate so much your honest opinion of these.

The Calumet Club owns some fine paintings, most of them



hung in the reading room. We saw last night portraits of Edson Keith, General Anson Stager, and General Grant; also a Healy, given by Mr. E. B. McCagg and called "The Peacemakers." In it are the figures of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Porter. So thronged was the club last evening it was hard to see the exhibit well. I shall go again. Mr. and Mrs. Byron L. Smith asked for you. So did Mrs. William A. Giles. Others I saw were the Otises, who wished to be remembered to you, and two nice bachelors, Fred Tuttle and George Murison, whose perfect manners you recall, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Lane, and William T. Baker, who owns many handsome pictures himself.

Our good Michael has been gravely ill, with an approach to pneumonia. I am glad to report today that he is quite on the road to recovery, though we still don't allow him to drive in this cold weather. James, a British substitute, occupies the box when I fare forth. I am quite meek before him, for his great dignity keeps me in my place, but Michael's Irish tongue reduces him to the ranks, the maids tell me.

Descending to the kitchen this morning to talk to the cook about dinner, I heard loud voices. James was present and Michael was sitting by the cook-stove, receiving the daily report on the state of the horses' health. James had evidently referred to his former employer, Lord Wilshire, for Michael was speaking of that august gentleman in scathing terms. His eloquence was overpowering. We, the Esmonds, were shown to be descended from a super race, before whom Lord Wilshire would be glad to bow the knee if he should ever meet us. Mr. Esmond, Michael informed James, *could* wear "one of them dirty wigs, as is done in English courtrooms, if he wanted to, but he was too much of a gentleman." As to Martha Junior, Michael had to say, she was so far superior to the haughty Wilshire beauties, that those damsels would be abashed and slink from her presence in shame, if it were ever their good fortune to enter the room in which she was sitting! James was walking out of the kitchen with what dignity he could muster when I came in, and Michael, completely satisfied with himself, was in full possession of the field. Good old Michael! Defender of the Esmonds!

I have at last yielded to the persuasions of Mrs. J. K. Botsford,

one of the dearest and most efficient of my older friends, and allowed myself to be elected a member of the board of managers of the Chicago Orphan Asylum. I have felt for a long time that I ought to be of more service to the community and this work appeals to me, done, as it is, in the spirit of the Saviour, whose birthday we celebrate this week, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." I attended my first session a few days ago, and was much gratified by the committee reports. We viewed the beautiful new rooms lately added to the fine building at 2228 Michigan Avenue . . . an addition given by Mrs. Mancel Talcott. I have long admired her and shall be glad if my membership brings me closer to her. Her name was Mary Otis before her marriage and she is a graduate of Mrs. Willard's famous school in Troy, N. Y. She came with her parents to Chicago in 1838, she told me, settling in Park Ridge, where, soon after, she married Mr. Talcott. He was a poor boy and walked from Detroit to Chicago, in 1834, but upon his death, he was reckoned one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens.

Mr. Talcott helped found the First National Bank, and was president of the Stockyards Bank. Mrs. Talcott continues his benevolences, and I noticed in the paper not long ago that she had given to her church—the Second Universalist—a lot at the corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street, valued at \$10,000. She is specially interested in the orphan asylum and gives each of the children a pair of shoes once a year.

The orphan asylum was called into being by the ravages of cholera, which took such awful toll of lives in Chicago in the late forties. Many children were left without parents, and in 1849 the sympathies of good people were stirred by their plight. Mrs. J. H. Kinzie, of our famous Chicago pioneer family, was the first president of our board of managers; Mr. William H. Brown, of whom you have often heard, was the first president of the board of trustees. Mrs. Charles Follansbee, Mrs. Botsford, Mrs. Jerome Beecher and other women used to tuck the children in their beds in those first days, they tell me. Mrs. Tuthill King was an early president, and such people as the Eldridge Keiths, George S. Bowen, Mrs. Godfrey McDonald, Mrs. Gilbert Wheeler, Miss Mary Wells, Mrs. Henry

Fuller, Mrs. Bennett B. Botsford, John Crerar, William A. Fuller, and Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, have given largely of time and effort and money. Mrs. Norman Gassette is president of the board of managers this year . . . an able woman . . . and W. C. D. Grannis heads the board of trustees. Mrs. Stocking, the matron of the home, is such a treasure. All the other institutions in the city envy us, for she could hardly be replaced. Wisely and gently she deals with the children in all their troubles and trials.

I was surprised to learn that during the thirty-six years of the asylum's existence nearly four thousand little ones have enjoyed its protection. I'm sure I shall love this work.

I wonder if I wrote you about the wedding of Jeanette Plamondon, daughter of the A. Plamondons, to Dr. John B. Murphy, a brilliant young doctor. The marriage was held in St. Patrick's Church on the West Side, followed by a luncheon and reception at the home of the bride's parents on Throop Street.

Sandy and Martha took me under their wing for the occasion, as Will was busy in court and couldn't attend. Many doctors were present, as the groom has hosts of friends in the profession. He is a Rush Medical graduate and has studied in Vienna. Indeed he worked so hard over there that he was taken ill and was sent back home by the Vienna doctors, to die. But he recovered and now looks the picture of health. He was born on a Wisconsin farm, and has the fine physique that country life is apt to give. He was recently called into consultation at Sandy's request, on a case which was quite baffling, and Sandy says he never saw such skill and coolness in so young a man. He and Dr. Murphy are warm friends, and have long discussions on the question of operations. Dr. Murphy advocates operating for some diseases which the older men feel are to be treated medically. Sandy says he believes we will all come round to Dr. Murphy's opinion soon.

The bride, a beautiful young woman, bright and happy of face, is most efficient, I hear, and will prove a fine helpmeet to him.

I suppose you are busy preparing for Christmas, as we are here.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND



## FOOTNOTES 1885

Progressive euchre was the game of the hour in 1885.

Fashions in dogs change, and the pug has "gone out." Where *do* unfashionable animals retire to?

Beautiful Mary Leiter became Lady Curzon, and when her husband was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India, she bore her part with dignity and grace.

Damen Avenue is named for the beloved priest of Holy Family Church.

The Pullman Building still stands at the south-west corner of Michigan Avenue and Adams Street, but it is used entirely for business purposes.

The Chicago Orphan Asylum, in accordance with modern practice, no longer houses its protégés in a large building, but places them in homes where foster-mothers care for them, thus offering the children as nearly as possible the conditions of a normal home.

Dr. John. B. Murphy has been described as the surgical genius of his generation. He was among the first to investigate and treat peritonitis following appendicitis.

## ASIDE

PENMANSHIP was still held in high regard, in the Eighties. The teacher who could draw an eagle swooping down from his eyrie, a bird on her nest, or a swan gliding along on the water, was pretty certain to land the position of instructor in District Number One, that red brick school a mile out of town, where they paid as high as fifty dollars a month . . . to a man. Two swans, facing each other, under a scroll inscribed "EXCELSIOR" (though why swans should have endorsed such a motto is a mystery) made a noble showing.

John D. Williams, author of *Packard and Williams' Gems of Penmanship*, was widely known in Pennsylvania for his pen drawing. In New York Daniel T. Ames, who called himself a "chirographic artist," had had a large influence on style in writing.

So large did penmanship loom in the public interest, that the *Penman's Art Journal*, trade paper of those who wrought designs with the steel pen, had a healthy circulation.

True, most of the students of the art of "chirography," would have little occasion to use the ornamental flourishing in the ordinary pursuits of life, but it was felt that its practice gave command of the hand and arm in writing and demonstrated to the student what proficiency was possible in this branch of learning.

But to boys and girls of the Mid-West, the names of Williams and Ames were unknown. The only name that counted in this section was "Spencerian." They did not know, most of them, that the name was derived from Spencer, the man who taught what he called a new system of writing. At Geneva, Ohio, Platt R. Spencer erected a log-house as a seminary for his writing-classes and to this log school-house came pupils from all over the country.

In time, this building, known as "Jericho," acquired a national reputation, his students going forth to teach his system and bring more pupils to its originator.

Mr. Spencer advocated little shading, but he combined the

beautiful and the practical, striking a golden mean between angular writing, which could be done rapidly, and what was known as the "round hand," which was remarkable for legibility.

Though Spencer died in Geneva in 1864, his system persisted for many years. Put out by Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor, his copy-books were popular in the Eighties and had a decided effect on the writing of men and women of today.

It is interesting to note that Spencer's children followed in their father's footsteps. In the Eighties, Robert C. Spencer, the eldest, was at the head of a business school in Milwaukee; Henry C. conducted a commercial school in Washington, D. C.; Platt R. Jr., was at the head of a similar institution in Cleveland, Ohio; Harvey A., similarly placed in Dallas, Texas, and Lyman P., in Washington, devoted their entire time to promoting the Spencerian system and superintending its publications. Two daughters, before marriage, had been teachers of penmanship, and one, married to Junius R. Sloan, lived on West Adams Street, a fashionable thoroughfare in the Chicago of the Eighties.

With such help from a large and devoted family, no father could fail to prosper.

As I write the word "Spencerian," the Chicago of 1940 fades away and I am seated at a small desk in the "Union School" of a down-state Illinois town, trying to obey Mr. Spencer's instructions for the "Fore-Arm Movement." The odor of damp woolen clothes, being dried out by someone who stands over the hot-air register, rises to my nostrils, mingled with the chalky smell that comes from a velvet eraser being lightly dusted near me, as, with my tongue held firmly between my teeth, I seek to "rest the forearm and whole hand upon the large, fleshy part of the arm just forward of the elbow, and upon the nails of the third and fourth fingers."

Tense and eager, (despite Mr. Spencer's positive assertion that "in this movement the fingers and thumb are in a *passive condition*") I valiantly move my Number Two Spencerian steel pen along the lines, striving to remember that small t, d, p, and q are semi-extended letters, while h, k, l, b, j, y, g, z, and f, are extended or "loop letters."



I see again the blotted result of my copy of Goldsmith's lines,  
so beautifully executed by Mr. Spencer above:

*As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
    Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
    Eternal sunshine settles on its head.*



*Chicago, January 3, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

I wrote you a few days ago but I do want to tell you about the brilliant Mikado ball at the home of the Marshall Fields on Prairie Avenue, near Eighteenth Street. The party wasn't really for older people like ourselves, but Mrs. Field asked a number of us at the last minute to come and see the fun and we were glad to accept. Have you met Mrs. Field at any time when you have been visiting us? I can't remember. She was Miss Nannie Scott of Ironton, Ohio, before her marriage.

It has been the custom of Mrs. Field to give her children a Christmas party at holiday time, but as the young son of the house, Marshall Jr., had reached the age of seventeen, she decided to celebrate in a more grown-up fashion. Accordingly she conceived the idea of a Mikado ball, and I must say it was carried out in the most dazzling manner.

Naturally everything was Japanese in character, and there was a bewildering array of decorations from the Land of the Rising Sun. The front door was closed and guests came in at the side entrance. The front entrance, seen from the inside, was hidden by a large copy of the landscape background of the second act of "The Mikado" as presented at the Fifth Avenue Theater in New York.

On one side of the large front hall was erected a miniature pagoda, occupied by the orchestra. . . . Johnny Hand's of course.

His is the most perfect music for dancing. At one end of the hall, beneath an immense parasol, stood two large Japanese flower trees in full bloom, made by a Japanese artist. Flowers from this tree were distributed as favors.

Marshall Jr. had as guests about two hundred young people of his own age. Ethel, who is twelve, had invited about the same number. Every one of the guests was in full costume from wigs to sandals. Their cheeks and lips had been made redder by the application of vermilion. (Some of them looked so pretty with this additional color that I'm afraid they will want to rouge regularly, as the French ladies do. I do trust this will not be the case. Don't you think rouge is dreadful? It makes any girl or woman look . . . well, I won't write what I think it makes her look like.)

The music to which they danced was that of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas . . . "Pinafore" . . . "Patience" . . . "Pirates of Penzance" . . . "Iolanthe" and of course, "The Mikado," and snatches of the songs from the operas were flying through the air, the most popular one being:

*Three little maids from school are we,  
Pert as school girls well can be,  
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,  
Three little maids from school.*

Nearly every family of prominence in the city was represented, especially the Prairie Avenue set. There were the Hibbard connections, the Pullman children, Spencer and Catherine Eddy, the Keiths, the Otises, the Hendersons, Helen Birch, and so on. I thought Ginevra Fuller, Lillian Drake, Bessie Allen, Florence Higinbotham and Alice Keith were rather the most attractive of the girls.

Isn't it remarkable how successful the opera, "The Mikado," has been? Gilbert and Sullivan are such marvelous partners. The latter's music just fits Gilbert's enchanting, nonsensical rhymes. Strange isn't it, that Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote such spiritual music as "The Lost Chord," could also write the graceful charming strains of the comic operas which have brought such a fortune to him and



Gilbert? He has written many of our best hymns, too, including the world's greatest marching hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Will has been wanting for some time to hear Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the brilliant young rabbi who occupies the pulpit of Sinai Temple at Twenty-first Street and Indiana Avenue; so today, as our own minister was absent from the city, we attended service at Sinai. It is a liberal congregation and seemed somewhat like the Unitarian Church, I thought, as I heard the sermon. Its membership is composed of the wealthiest and most progressive Hebrews in Chicago, I decided, as I looked about and saw the Mandels, the Kuppenheimers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frank, E. B. Felsenthal, the Rothschilds, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Solomon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meyer.

A good many Gentiles attend service there, I have heard, attracted by the eloquence and logic of the young preacher.

The temple is a handsome graystone building of massive proportions. The interior gives an impression of Moorish design, and the color scheme embraces many shades of red. The colors gave occupation to a pretty little girl who sat near me, for wearying of the sermon, she swung her plump legs and fell to counting the various shades from pinkish tan to crushed strawberry, which she found on the walls.

Dr. Hirsch has a sympathetic voice, which though soft and melodious, carries well, and I think everyone in the audience of a thousand must have heard him distinctly. The service, unfamiliar to me, was quite moving, especially the *kadish* . . . or prayers commemorative of the dead. I understand these prayers are offered the first Sunday of the year, while the relatives of those who have passed away during the twelve-month stand in their places in the pews. Another feature of the service which struck us forcibly was the promptness with which an appeal for funds was met. Will looked at his watch when Dr. Hirsch began his explanation . . . one could hardly call it solicitation . . . and again when the contribution was carried to the pulpit, and found that in fifteen minutes \$5,300 had been subscribed for a relief fund.

The sermon on "Prayer and Ritual," was informing and absorbing. Dr. Hirsch defined the word synagogue as "the house of coming

together," which he thought a richer expression than temple or church. Of the Jewish prayer-book, he said that it was an epitome of Jewish feeling and history . . . a history of suffering unparalleled and not ended even today.

After the service, my young friend, Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, introduced us to Dr. and Mrs. Hirsch, and we had an interesting chat with them, for both have a fund of stories. Mrs. Hirsch, commenting on her husband's constant lecturing, told us that recently he saw his own picture in a drug store window advertising a lecture in a neighboring hall. An electric light on the outside threw on the rabbi's pictured face in the window the shadow of the druggist's slogan, "Open Day and Night," which he thought was quite appropriate.

Dr. Hirsch himself told of meeting a traveling salesman on a Pullman car, who mistook him for a fellow "drummer."

"What house do you travel for?" he asked.

"Sinai, of Chicago," was the rabbi's reply.

"What's your line?"

"Notions," said Dr. Hirsch.

Someone said of Dr. Hirsch recently that he was the Jew's apostle to the Gentile . . . a good expression, I thought. He certainly gave us this morning an appreciation of Judaism which I had never had before.

*With much love, I am, yours as ever,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*January 18, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

Republicans of Chicago, who were almost crushed by their defeat in the Presidential election more than a year ago, are beginning to bestir themselves preparatory to a test of local strength. Will says they must emulate the chieftain in the old Scottish ballad:

*"Fight on, my men," Sir Dougall cried;  
"I'm a little hurt but not yet slain;  
I'll just lie down and bleed awhile,  
Then I'll get up and fight again."*

Will has been closeted this evening in the dining-room with John M. Smyth, a West Side business and political leader. They are going over long lists of names, preparatory to sending out letters. I spent a half-hour with them, when I took in coffee and doughnuts, which they welcomed as a diversion after the harassing problem of getting the wherewithal for campaign expenses.

Mr. Smyth gives liberally himself and so do Will and a few others, but they are anxious to have the rank and file of the party contribute, so they will feel deeper interest. The rank and file keep their hands carefully out of their pockets just now, feeling terribly discouraged.

I always enjoy talking with Will's friends and found Mr. Smyth particularly interesting. His speech is direct, with a tang that is characteristic of every self-made man, if he feels at home in his environment. His voice is that of a cultivated man, with just a trace of an accent suggesting the Emerald Isle. I love his devotion to Chicago.

His life is a romance, for he was born at sea, off the Newfoundland coast, while his parents were on their way to America from County Mayo, Ireland. They stayed awhile in Montreal, then came to Chicago to settle permanently. The father, Michael Smyth, a rather superior man, I have heard, had been a school-teacher and surveyor in the old country, and soon was elected clerk of the school board here. He became a member of the volunteer fire department of those days and from exposure at one of the fires, took cold, which resulted in his death. The wife was left with four boys, John, the eldest, only thirteen years of age. But he felt it his duty to look out for his mother. It always touches me to think of a boy of that age having such responsibilities thrust upon him, but it creates character, according to the Scripture: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

The little boy of thirteen went to work as a printer's devil in the composing room of a Chicago newspaper, and for a time was office-boy for Joseph Medill, to whom he is devoted. Then he became circulation manager of the *Inter-Ocean*, at that time called the *Republican*. Will says he made a great success of this work.



"I wonder you didn't stick to the newspaper business. You ought to have founded a paper yourself," said Will tonight, as they munched doughnuts.

"That takes money," laughed Mr. Smyth, "and I didn't have too much of that. I wanted to get into business for myself, so when I had saved two hundred and fifty dollars, I formed a partnership with Tom Mitchell, who had a like amount and we opened a furniture store on West Madison Street . . . a little hole in the wall, so to speak."

"How old were you?" I asked, for he is now only forty.

"Twenty-four," chuckled Mr. Smyth, "but I thought I was a big businessman. It sobers you to be carrying a responsibility like that."

We listened eagerly, as he told how, in a year's time, he was able to buy out his partner and enlarge the business until it outgrew the original quarters and he had to build the establishment where he now sells furniture to all the great West Side. Will says it's a wonder he has any money at all, for he is so generous, but I believe he is rated as a millionaire. He believes people, in the main, are honest, and he gives credit to struggling young people whom most merchants would not carry on their books.

"He never tells you his troubles," says Will, "but the moment you see him, you want to pour out your own to him."

As an alderman, he has had to listen to people's woes, I suppose, and he expects to do it, but he is naturally sympathetic and kind. His priest at St. Patrick's told Will Mr. Smyth had charged him never to allow anyone in the parish to suffer, but always to apply to him. Such men make you believe in the essential goodness of human nature.

Now I hear the departing footsteps of Will's caller and Will is coming into the library for a last cigar. He will want to visit, I know, so I'll close.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 13, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

Do you get tired planning meals for your household? This spring I seem to have the greatest difficulty getting the right viands for my family. Will's appetite isn't good and I have to think of delicacies for him . . . to get up meals that are a little out of the ordinary, to tempt his palate. Yet he often leaves food untouched on his plate. So I was glad yesterday to find a list of menus in a morning paper and to use one today for breakfast. It was:

OATMEAL

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN

BOILED EGGS

BAKED POTATOES

ROLLS

GRIDDLE CAKES

COFFEE

Will ate the chicken pretty well and took most of his dish of oatmeal, and a few griddle cakes, but wouldn't eat even a bite of his baked potato. I must have him see Sandy this week for an examination.

What do you think of Mrs. James Brown Potter's reciting "'Osler Joe" at the Whitney's reception in Washington? I imagine you feel as I do that a fallen woman is not a proper subject for a poem to be read aloud in a company of both men and women. Washington society is coming in for a good deal of criticism, isn't it?—what with its décolleté gowns and Sunday receptions. I was brought up strictly, as you know, in the matter of Sunday-keeping, and we never had company on that day . . . at least company that was invited for pleasure. Of course we often had family gatherings. That sentence would make Will laugh at me, but you know what I mean.

Will is reading a book by Bill Nye, the humorist, and has just interrupted to share a page with me. Will thinks this Western jester is truly amusing . . . that he doesn't have to try so hard as do many allegedly funny writers. The page Will read to me is one containing a letter Bill Nye wrote to the postmaster general on being appointed postmaster at Laramie, Wyoming. It is said that this made the humorist's fame.

Under the date of August 9, 1882, he writes:

*My dear General: I have received by telegraph the news of my nomination by the President, and my confirmation by the Senate as postmaster at Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for the same. I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and a postoffice outfit, including new corrugated cuspidors for the lady clerks. I look upon the appointment as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, of the nation's march toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom.*

*Now that we are co-workers in the same department, I trust you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning postoffice affairs.*

Isn't it ridiculous? He closes thus:

*With profoundest regard, and a hearty indorsement of the policy of the President and Senate, whatever it may be, I remain,*

*Sincerely yours,*

*Bill Nye, P.M.*

I don't believe he was postmaster at all, though I think he held some other offices in Laramie. Will saw Bill Nye once, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and says he is tall and gaunt, and though in his thirties, is bald and solemn looking which makes him funnier than ordinary people. I'd like to hear him speak.

Sandy and Martha are formally installed in their new home on Dearborn Avenue, near Chicago Avenue. Last evening they gave a housewarming for a small company of friends, and it seemed to me it was a really lovely occasion.

They wanted to have a little ceremonial, indicating that the house was to be not so much their castle as a place where friends should come often for diversion, pleasant converse and comfort. Sandy and Martha are both so hospitable the new house will be full of company always, I know.



They had expected to have Dr. Stryker, their minister, preside at this simple ceremony, but he was called out of town suddenly. Sandy, being a Scotchman, feels that a function is not complete without a dominie, preferably Presbyterian, so he telegraphed young Rev. James G. K. McClure of Lake Forest, who was so obliging as to come in. He is much beloved and we often hear him preach out in that lovely suburb when we visit there in summer. I think you would have liked his simple, genuine way of reciting some verses from Deuteronomy as he began his short talk. You know that interesting chapter, in which the children of Israel are blessed.

"Blessed shalt thou be in the city and blessed shalt thou be in the field.

"Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.

"Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out."

Not in a preachy way but like a gentle priest instructing his people, Mr. McClure pronounced these blessings, reminding us that they were expressly conditioned on our walking in the paths of righteousness. He makes goodness attractive, as it should be. Then, the guests gathering close about the fireplace, Sandy took a wax taper, handed him by Martha, and lighted the fire, which had been carefully laid ready. He had first bidden all present to come often and warm themselves at this hearth, and as he concluded his little speech and stooped to apply the taper, there was a hush such as often falls on a group when the miracle of light begins to manifest itself. We all drew soft breaths, watching the tiny flame curl about the kindling.

It's not far from the sublime to the ridiculous. Standing in silence, we heard the front door open, and then a loud, if somewhat thick, voice: "Will you tell Doc Macleod to come right over to Simpson's on Clark Street? He'll understand. My wife, she told the doc this afternoon that she'd probably be needin' him tonight."

So frightfully distinct. Not a guest, I'm sure, missed the implication . . . that the Simpsons' already large family, which is being cared for by the Relief and Aid Society, was about to be augmented.

The Simpsons always honor Sandy by choosing him to usher

the newcomer into the world, and as Will says, the infants invariably arrive by the midnight express.

Dear Mrs. George Dunlap was a guest this evening. The Dunlaps live at the northwest corner of Dearborn and Oak Streets and have been so agreeable about the Macleods' coming into the neighborhood. She was a daughter of Mayor Rice, and is one of five charming sisters.

*Do write soon, dear Julia. Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 22, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

Will has been reading aloud to me one of Petroleum V. Nasby's humorous articles on the Socialist question, inspired, probably, by all the disturbances and strikes we've been having lately. I believe it was printed originally in a Toledo newspaper, for which Nasby (David Ross Locke) is a special writer, but it was copied in our Chicago papers. Will thought it hit off the disturbers of the peace pretty well. It began:

"I hate a capitalist, no matter how he becum one. I hate the meen-spirited retch wich will work ten or more hours a day, deprivin hisself of beer and terbaccer and keerds and hoss-racin and sich, savin penny by penny. My hatred of railroads is intens. It commenst with the fust time I wuz dropped off the hind platform of a train fer not payin fare and hez increased with every repitishun of the offense. I lothe the railroad monopolist."

The article ended: "A grindin' monopolist is any man wich hez anything. Whenever a man hez saved anything, he becums a capitalist and ez capitalists is dangerous to labor, he shood be maid to divide it up. Property is a crime."

These "Nasby" letters have made a fortune for David Ross Locke, it is said. They began in 1861 and first attacked slavery by the back-handed method of praising it. "Praise" from Petroleum V. Nasby, illiterate, hypocritical, cowardly creature that Locke made him, was enough to undo almost any institution.

Will reads him with gusto and thinks him the most powerful satirist of our times. Of course I can't enjoy him, as the more politically-minded do, but Will reminds me that Lincoln was one of his greatest admirers and often used to hold up state business in order to read callers "the latest from Nasby." Charles Sumner once quoted Lincoln as saying of the humorist: "For the genius to write these things, I would give up my office."

Nasby is now crusading against the liquor dealers and Will says is "burning them to a crisp."

Italian opera has engaged our attention this week in Chicago. Will took a box for the series and we have given several dinners, taking our guests to the Chicago Opera House afterward. One evening we entertained General and Mrs. A. C. McClurg, who are invited everywhere, for they add much to a party by their conversation. Mrs. McClurg is a beautiful woman and the General's soldierly bearing and snow-white hair would make him a conspicuous figure in any gathering. Philadelphia-born, he was educated in Pittsburgh and in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. His inclination was to the law, he told us this evening, but his health failing, he abandoned that profession and came to Chicago in 1859, in search of health and work. He easily found a position as a junior clerk in the prosperous book-store of S. C. Griggs and Company and soon rose to a more responsible post. In 1861, when the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in a company which was offered to the government, but, the state's quota being full, it was not accepted, so the young patriots went back to civil life.

A little later, another company was formed, called the "Crosby Guards" and the young book-seller entered this as a private. This company became a part of the Eighty-eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry and Mr. McClurg was almost immediately made a Captain, his ability being evident. Will asked the General this evening if he hadn't sometimes wished he had accepted General Sheridan's invitation to become a member of his staff, but the General said he felt his duty lay with the company with which he had entered the service.

Will and General McClurg compared notes about their experi-



ences, which were similar, for, as you remember, Will's wound which caused his being invalided home, was caused by a shot which killed his faithful horse, Commodore. General McClurg, said Will as we talked at dinner, had had two horses shot under him, at the Battle of Mission Ridge, though he himself was not injured.

General McClurg told us tonight that he considered entering the regular army after the war closed, for General Thomas and General Sherman both urged it. "But," he said, smiling, "I had seen enough of carnage, and the thought of selling books peacefully in Chicago made a strong appeal."

"You have never regretted your decision, I am sure," I said, looking at lovely Mrs. McClurg across the table.

"Never," he answered.

I am glad, for Chicago's sake, that he came back here. He became a partner in the Griggs firm, and when that was dissolved, in the firm of Jansen, McClurg and Company, prospering as he deserves. No firm has a higher standing than the one he heads . . . A. C. McClurg & Co.

Another evening our chief guest was the beautiful Mrs. Abby Farwell Ferry, daughter of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. John V. Farwell. I've known Abby since she was a child and love and admire her infinitely.

She tells a story capitally and tonight regaled us with an account of the evening when she called on the famous opera singer, Clara Louise Kellogg, who was a cousin of her uncle-by-marriage, Charles Kellogg. Abby and her cousin Charles were invited to call on Miss Kellogg at the Tremont House and the twelve-year-olds repaired to that famous hostelry at the appointed hour, eight P.M., with beating hearts. They found Miss Kellogg surrounded by musical trophies and souvenirs, many of these being photographs presented by royalty, who thus expressed their admiration for the diva. Her mother was with her and also Max Strakosch, her manager.

I can imagine how Abby's beauty fascinated the singer. "Have you attended the opera?" asked Miss Kellogg kindly.

"No," replied Abby primly. "Papa doesn't allow me to go to the opera or theater, because it is wrong."

Miss Kellogg laughed, "Well, you shall hear a little opera to-night" and seating herself at the piano, she sang aria after aria to her youthful audience. Last of all, she took up her guitar and gave them "The Last Rose Of Summer." Before the children left, she asked Abby if she sang.

"Just gospel songs," replied Abby gravely. Miss Kellogg invited her to sing one and Abby obliged with: "Holy Angels In Your Flight," the lullaby she sang to her small brother each night.

Madame Minna Hauk took the part of Mignon tonight. It was a charming performance—you would have enjoyed it.

*Write soon to your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, June 15, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

Have I written you about the Union League Club's reception in honor of the opening of its new building? I don't believe I have. This is one of Will's clubs and he has been so excited about its new home that we've talked of nothing else, it seems to me, the last six months. It stands at Jackson Boulevard and Fourth Avenue, a location which Will thought at first would prove too far out, though he is reconciled to it now.

Unlike the Chicago Club, to which Will also belongs and which doesn't allow ladies to enter its portals, the Union League Club is hospitable to our sex, and the ladies can eat there, if accompanied by members, which is nice, I think. I feel quite cross at the Chicago Club for its exclusiveness.

J. McGregor Adams is President of the Union League Club this year. W. L. B. Jenney is architect of the new building and is receiving congratulations for his work.

Supper was served in the private dining-rooms, as the main dining-room on the fifth floor was used for dancing. We exclaimed over the handsome silver and china, which can't be duplicated, as they were especially designed for the club. Everyone was there, of course. Addie Hibbard Gregory, looking lovely in a lemon-colored

mull, sent her love to you; Mrs. Byron L. Smith, in a handsome brown silk, was gracious to all; Mrs. John B. Mayo, wife of a prominent jeweler, was a superb figure in silks and diamonds; Mrs. A. C. Bartlett looked lovely in a wine-color velvet, which she wore with a straw bonnet trimmed with a diamond arrow; Mrs. General Mulligan, widow of the famous leader of the Irish Brigade, was with us a good part of the evening.

Nice young bachelors present were Charles and George Holt and Harry G. Selfridge, the latter now quite prominent in Marshall Field's. All three young men are good catches and I saw many pretty girls smiling at them.

The Union League Club's first headquarters were in the Sherman House. Later they had rooms in the Honore Block. Now they have acquired this handsome building which should last a hundred years, Will says. It cost \$170,000 and the furniture is valued at \$45,000.

You ask what I think of the Salvation Army, so much talked of everywhere. Well it is not just to my taste, but I don't feel so prejudiced against it as I did at first, a family living in a squalid tenement three blocks west of us having given me an object lesson in its efficacy. Will is so much impressed he says he thinks he'll join the Army.

They used to come to the back door, this poor family, begging food and clothing, the wife rarely to be seen without a bruised face, the result of her drunken husband's beatings. The children were ragged and unkempt. I visited their wretched abode several times, taking clothing so that the little ones could attend Sunday school without feeling ashamed. Alas! Soon they were absent from their places and investigation by our church visitor revealed that the father had pawned the children's new clothing for drink.

I was in despair about the situation, when the Salvation Army got hold of the father and you should see the difference after six weeks. He has taken the total abstinence pledge and is working at odd jobs in the neighborhood, making a living for his family.

Michael being laid up with a bruised hand last week, we hired this re-born man to wash the front steps and do other work that Michael ordinarily does. Assiduously he polished windows, scoured



steps and scrubbed floors, for he is a good workman. To be sure, he embarrassed us a bit when callers came, if he happened to be out in front, for he wears a cap on which is the legend: "Are You A Saved Sinner?" While we all confess our sins at church each Sunday, owning that we have done the things that we ought not to have done and that there is no health in us, it's a different matter when we are confronted with a question like this on the street.

Then he sings the strangest songs, as he scrubs the walks. Will is so amused by him, he won't let me ask him to desist. The devil seems to be fair game in all the Salvation Army songs and our worker sings many songs about the adversary, who is very real to him. Here is one:

*The devil and me, we can't agree;  
I hate him and he hates me;  
He had me once but he let me go  
He wants me again, but I don't mean to go.*

Though we may not relish the manner in which its members work, I must say, after our experience, that it is doing a wonderful amount of good. General William Booth, founder of the organization, maintains that he doesn't want to draw from the churches, but seeks only those lost sheep who wouldn't enter dignified houses of worship. Will says many employers tell him their workmen have straightened up under its influence. So Will has sent a contribution by our workman and says he intends to give a yearly donation, in honor of what the Army has done for this one family.

Martha Junior has just come in and sends her love.

*And I am, your loving,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, August 12, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

I have just returned from an afternoon of calling, my visits being made on the West Side. I went more especially to call on my friend Mrs. Cheney, whose father, Mr. Philo Carpenter,

has just died. Somehow I felt as if an epoch had closed when I heard of his passing, for he was a Chicago pioneer, closely associated with all the city's activities from the beginning.

The story of his arrival here is like a novel. In Troy, New York, he had heard of Fort Dearborn and the opportunities this new country presented. His imagination was fired and he bought a stock of drugs, for he had been working in the drug-store of a relative. This stock he sent on to the Promised Land before his own departure. In the spring of 1832, he took the train to Schenectady. From there, he went to Buffalo by canal-boat. Here he embarked on a small steamer for Detroit, then traveled to Niles, Michigan, by covered wagon. From Niles, he floated down the St. Joseph River to St. Joseph, on a small lighter belonging to Mr. Hiram Wheeler.

The regular sailing-vessel that made trips from St. Joseph to Fort Dearborn had been laid up, because of the cholera raging here, so that Mr. Carpenter and Mr. George W. Snow . . . father, you remember, of Mrs. R. N. Isham . . . who was on his way here, too, bargained with two Indians to take them around the lakes in a canoe. Now, wasn't that an adventure? Only men with active minds and great physical endurance would have undertaken it. I looked it up on the map, one day, when Mr. Carpenter told us about this eventful trip, and was amazed at his wanderings.

In 1832 . . . as I've heard him tell many times . . . the village contained only two hundred people, exclusive of the Fort. The troops here, commanded by General Scott, were suffering terribly with cholera, and Mr. Carpenter was warmly welcomed, you may be sure, when it was known that he possessed a stock of medicines. He nursed the sick and used up his drugs so rapidly that he soon had to send for more. A flourishing drug business was the result. In eight years he moved to a larger building on Lake Street, which was then beginning to be the shopping center of the city. Soon after this, however, he sold out and thereafter his business was looking after his extensive real estate holdings.

Will has been making for me a sketch of the first real estate possessions of Mr. Carpenter, and it is impressive, for the land he bought from the government at a dollar and a quarter an acre is

now bounded by Halsted, Kinzie, Madison and Elizabeth Streets and at a valuation of \$125 a front foot, is worth about four million dollars today. All this is now a part of the great West Side and its residents think of themselves as living almost down town.

Mr. Carpenter had other valuable holdings, but the financial crash of 1837 almost ruined him, for he had endorsed many notes for friends, a poor practice, more prevalent then than it is now, I believe. When it became necessary to pay these claims, he made no effort to evade them. As money couldn't be had, he spread out a full schedule of his real estate and allowed two disinterested men to select from any part of it what they thought fair.

Will recalls that they took 960 acres of land down-state; four-and-a-half blocks in Carpenter's Addition to Chicago (West Side); half a block in the school section; three lots on Washington Street near the present site of the Chamber of Commerce; and a house and lot, his La Salle Street homestead . . . property soon afterward appraised at more than a million dollars . . . all for a debt of \$8,500.

He faithfully carried out the agreement, though he knew the award was excessive. That's what the Scripture means, I think, in the verse: "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not." Would that we had more super-honest men in the world like Philo Carpenter!

He helped build the First Presbyterian Church, organized in Fort Dearborn, but, being an ardent Abolitionist, he felt the Presbyterians weren't strong enough in their opposition to slavery, so he withdrew from that denomination and organized the First Congregational Church.

Dear old man! Chicago will miss him. I send you a picture that you may see what a noble face he had.

*Much love as always,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, October 30, 1886*

DEAR JULIA:

Will and a dinner guest, Francis A. Hoffmann, are sitting over their coffee and cigars in the dining-room. I have en-



joyed hearing their table-talk, but now they are on economic questions and I find myself in deep water trying to follow, so I have excused myself and come into the library to write to you.

Mr. Hoffmann is a German-American newspaperman, now of Wisconsin, though his earlier life was passed in Chicago and its vicinity, where he has been clergyman, political leader, banker, teacher, lawyer . . . a bewildering array of occupations, in all of which he has been a leader. He and Will have much in common, as both had much to do with the Republican party, in its first years.

Thus they have had a great time this evening, exchanging stories of Lincoln and Douglas and Civil War days. Now they are discussing farming, for Mr. Hoffmann has become a writer for the farm papers . . . German language publications . . . under the name of "Hans Buschbauer." His broad knowledge and ripe experience, together with his kindly nature, make him a most agreeable companion and Will was delighted to encounter him at the Grand Pacific Hotel today and bring him home to dinner.

A story of the early days of the Free Soil movement which Will drew from him at table concerned a great meeting of German-Americans in February, 1854, held to protest against Douglas' acceptance of the amendment to repeal the Missouri Compromise. The opposition forces tried to break up the meeting by cutting off the gas with which the hall was lighted. In the sudden darkness which ensued and which always makes an audience panicky, the trumpet voice of Mr. Hoffmann was heard: "When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be my light"; "The Lord shall enlighten my darkness" and other verses, of which there are so many in the Bible.

Meantime, some quick-witted person had found out where the gas had been turned off and had restored the lights, upon which the ready ex-clergyman called out: "He hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." Mr. Hoffmann's early training as a Lutheran preacher had enabled him to think of just the right texts for the occasion and had brought order out of what might have been a serious panic. How great an advantage speakers have who know their Bible well! There's a text for almost any situation that may arise.

It was at this same mass-meeting that Mr. Hoffmann spoke in German to his audience, telling them how he had been a Democrat for fourteen years, had had an admiration amounting almost to adoration for Stephen A. Douglas, but how he felt he must leave him because he could not think Douglas' stand on the slavery question right.

It was an eloquent speech, says Will, and every German-American who heard it on that memorable night went away dedicated to the anti-slavery cause. Indeed, it was because of their steadfastness that Lincoln was elected. So the men said tonight. Mr. Hoffmann told us that the German farmers of Cook and Du Page Counties present on that night never have wavered in their devotion to Republican doctrines.

As Lieutenant Governor, when Richard Yates was Governor of Illinois, Mr. Hoffman was one on whom Lincoln depended during the war. After it was over, he founded a bank in Chicago and still later helped the Illinois Central to settle German immigrants in downstate Illinois. There are still towns with such names as Sigel, Augsburg, Strasburg and Teutopolis, which attest his success in bringing these thrifty people to our state.

About ten years ago, he decided to quit his busy career here and go to the country. He bought a large tract of land in the Rock River Valley near Jefferson, Wisconsin, where he has lived quietly ever since. Will says his place, Riverside Farm, is beautiful. He loves horticulture and has some fine specimens of trees and shrubs there.

A most useful man to his country!

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND





Parlor in home of Frederick B. Tuttle, 2022 Michigan Avenue.  
Little change has been made in this room since the Eighties



Parlor in Mrs. Stiles Burton's home, 229 Michigan Avenue (old number). Above the sofa hangs a Healy portrait of Mrs. Ira Holmes, daughter of Mrs. Burton and mother of Burton Holmes.  
Note the case with portrait, characteristic of the period





Moses D. Wells, pioneer shoe manufacturer, with his two small daughters, Frances (later Mrs. Howard Van Doren Shaw) and Martha (later Mrs. Charles T. Atkinson)



Mrs. Robert Sanderson McCormick (Katherine Medill)  
with her two young sons, Medill and Robert



Mooney (coachman) and Mark (footman), who served many years in the Arthur J. Caton household. Nothing could exceed the correctness of the really correct coachman and footman



## FOOTNOTES 1886

Prairie Avenue, down at heel today, was Chicago's most fashionable street in the Eighties. No descendant of Marshall Field lives in our city now.

Sinai Congregation's great temple now stands at 4622 South Parkway.

Great changes have taken place in the eating habits of Americans since the Eighties, when a man was thought to be ailing if he couldn't down a hearty breakfast in which meat had a place.

"'Osler Joe" which has small merit from a literary standpoint, was made famous by Mrs. James Brown Potter, when she recited it at the William C. Whitney home in Washington.

"Bill Nye" whose real name was Edgar Wilson Nye (1850-1896) was popular as a humorous lecturer and writer. One of his favorite forms of humor was an open letter to a king, prince or other highly placed person.

Davis Ross Locke, ("Petroleum V. Nasby") journalist and political satirist, made the name of the *Toledo Blade* famous all over America. In the Sixties, he attacked slavery. After the Civil War, he turned his attention to Socialism and the liquor traffic.

The present Union League Club building superseded the one built in 1886.

Carpenter Street on the West Side is named for Philo Carpenter, Chicago's first druggist.

## ASIDE

NO POLITICAL PARTY in the Eighties would have dared place in nomination for the presidency a cigarette smoker. The cigarette was not only regarded as detrimental to the health of the user . . . it was called a "coffin-nail". . . but its use branded the smoker as a sissy.

A president might smoke . . . General Grant was addicted to black cigars . . . but at least he smoked in a manly fashion.

But tobacco was regarded by women as a great evil. They did not allow any such term as "My Lady Nicotine," but spoke of it as a "filthy weed," and John, if sufficiently enamored of Angeline, promised to give up the habit, before she would say Yes.

All the rules for Success in Life printed in newspapers and books included abstinence from tobacco, as well as from intoxicating liquors. A favorite recitation for little boys in school or in temperance meetings was one in which little Robert Reid earnestly stated his intention of never using tobacco.

Etiquette books warned gentlemen not to smoke in the presence of ladies. *Don't* advised: "Don't smoke in the street, unless in unfrequented avenues. . . . Wherever you do indulge in a cigar, don't puff smoke into the face of anyone, man or woman."

*Decorum* had this to say on the subject: "As to smoking, it certainly is not gentlemanly to smoke while walking with ladies, but modern notions on the tobacco question are growing very lax, and when by the seaside or in the country, or in any but fashionable quarters, if your fair companion does not object to a cigar, never a pipe, you will not compromise yourself very much by smoking one."

Chewing tobacco was still prevalent in the Eighties. Civil War veterans were likely to be addicted to this habit, acquired in the army. That it was quite generally practiced is shown by a quotation from Max O'Rell, French journalist and lecturer, who visited America in 1888, and writes, in *Jonathan and His Continent*:

“The most indispensable, it appears, the most conspicuous, at any rate, piece of furniture in America is the spittoon. All rooms are provided with this prime necessity. You find one beside your seat in the trains, under your table in the restaurants; it is impossible to escape the sight of the ugly utensil. . . . The Americans, used to these targets from the tenderest age, are marvelously adept at the use of them; they never miss their aim. I saw some striking feats of marksmanship, but perhaps the best of all at the Capitol in Washington.

“The Supreme Court of Judicature was sitting. As I entered, an advocate was launching thunders of eloquence. All at once, he stopped, looked at a spittoon which stood two yards off, aimed at it and . . . Kerron—craahk—ptu! right in the bull’s eye. Then on he went with his harangue. I looked to see the seven judges applaud and cry Bravo! Not a murmur. The incident passed completely unnoticed. Probably there was not a man in the hall who could not say to himself: ‘There’s nothing in that. I could do as much.’”

Dickens had inveighed against the spitting of Americans, but that was in an earlier day, when there was less culture presumably in the nation.





*Chicago, January 16, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

Will is discussing real estate with Mr. Charles Kerfoot and some other gentlemen who have dropped in this evening. I hear large figures being mentioned, as they tell of this sale or that, for there seems to be what is called a "spurt" in real estate values lately. Real estate is Chicago's small talk. It always has been. It isn't only the men who are in the business of buying and selling this commodity who love to chat about it, but doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs . . . people of all sorts take to it, as a duck to water.

But the great topic of discussion is the reported sale by L. Z. Leiter to Marshall Field of his undivided half-interest in the block in which the store stands. At the Chicago Club, Will says, the report was that \$600,000 was the price paid for this half-interest, but he says it's all guess-work. The lot in question has a frontage on State Street of one hundred and sixty feet, while the depth . . . the Washington Street side . . . is one hundred and fifty feet.

Mr. W. D. Kerfoot, one of our pioneer real estate men, who is one of the group in the parlor, estimates the value of the land . . . its State Street frontage being the yardstick . . . at \$480,000, or \$3,000 a front foot. When you think that it is just fifty years since Chicago became a city, such figures sound like fairy tales. Too late, I wish we owned downtown property, but Will has disposed of all he had.

You remember I told you of the approaching reception to be given by the Charles B. Farwells? Will and I, Martha and Sandy, attended this beautiful party last night and enjoyed it to the full. The new home of the Farwells at 99 East Pearson Street, their great reputation for hospitality and the fact that the festivity marked the debut of their daughter Grace brought together a great crowd. Mr. Farwell has just been nominated by the legislature of Illinois to succeed Senator John A. Logan, who died while you were visiting in Chicago, you remember. It is a great honor to Mr. Farwell and congratulations were showered on him last evening.

The great red-brick mansion was decorated with plants and cut flowers, and the fashionable gowns and lovely ladies made the scene like a story-book ball. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Field asked for you. So did my dear neighbor, Mrs. Willie McCormick. Mrs. Wirt Dexter, whose wit always makes her the center of a lively group, looked lovely in white satin. Do you recall meeting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henrotin? They were at the party. So were the young Edward Blairs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Blair, Colonel and Mrs. C. R. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Foltz, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Willing and Mr. Wayne Chatfield.

Another fashionable party we attended lately was given at Kinsley's by young Carter H. Harrison, Jr. and his sister, Lina, who entertained at a german. Will and I didn't remain all evening, as the german figures are a little too complicated for people of our age, but we danced a few square dances to Johnny Hand's music and waltzed once. Sandy and Martha stayed till the end. Sandy doesn't often attend parties, but he and Carter Harrison are good friends and he made an exception.

I have just been spending the afternoon at Martha's and heard a funny saying of little Esmond's. Last Sunday, at Sunday school, his teacher asked all the children in the class to raise their hands if they wanted to go to Heaven. Rather a silly question, I admit, but these young volunteer teachers say almost anything to fill up the time. Esmond's hand didn't go up with the others and the teacher asked him why.

"I would like to go," he explained in his careful English, "but

I'll have to be excused, because my Grandma's going to call for me and take me to her house for dinner."

He evidently thought an excursion trip was being arranged at once for a trip to Heaven. His remarks often remind me of little Lord Fauntleroy. His golden curls and polite manners are quite like that young hero's. Will can't bear to have me say that, for he feels the little Fauntleroy was entirely too good for his health. Will wants Martha to cut Esmond's curls. But I hope she won't do that yet. He is too cunning with them.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 8, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

How sad the death of Henry Ward Beecher is! So sudden! He was, of course, an old man . . . seventy-four . . . but he had been so active and energetic, I had not thought of him as nearing the end of his life. America has lost one of her great men.

We have been talking of him today . . . of his boldness and independence of thought, defying tradition, if necessary, and blazing fresh paths through our political and economic problems. It was an extraordinary power he exerted over the minds of his fellow-men. Wasn't his very presence stimulating?

Sitting two rows behind him at a lecture here in Chicago, not long ago, I was conscious that an unusual person must be before me, though I couldn't see him well, because of the people in the row in front. Then suddenly a messenger came to ask him to come to the platform and as he stood to follow the one who had spoken to him, I noticed his fine head, with long gray hair. People applauded as he made his way to the front.

I am glad now to remember that enthusiastic welcome. The scandal . . . Theodore Tilton's divorce suit, in which Mr. Beecher was named as co-respondent . . . brought criticism on him and cast a cloud over his life. I was indignant when I read in the morning paper that a group of clergymen in Chicago had refused to send a tele-



gram of sympathy to his family. But another body of ministers . . . the Methodists, and may their tribe increase! . . . did send such a telegram. So did President Cleveland. Of course, he should have done so, as Mr. Beecher, you remember, went back on the Republican party in 1884 and spoke on behalf of Cleveland.

I hear that his famous sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, is so ill she hasn't been told of his death. They were much attached to one another. What a family that was! All were liberals. All contributed much to their country.

We had apple pie for luncheon today and Will said he remembered something Mr. Beecher had written in praise of that typically New England dish. He hunted until he found it . . . in *Eyes and Ears*. I had to smile, as we read, thinking it would have been more seemly, perhaps, to have recalled some noble passage in his sermons, or one of his impassioned addresses on the abolition of slavery. But this is delicious. See if you don't think so.

*Some people think anything will do for pies. But the best for eating is the best for cooking. . . . Who would put into a pie any apple but the Spitzenburgh that had that? Off with their jackets! Fill the great wooden bowl with the sound rogues!*

After enumerating the various forms of apple pie, he proceeds:

*It will accept almost every flavor of every spice. And yet nothing is so fatal to the rare and higher graces of apple pie as inconsiderate and vulgar spicing. It is not meant to be a mere vehicle for the exhibition of these spices in their own natures. It is a glorious unity in which sugar gives up its nature as sugar, and butter ceases to be butter and each flavorsome spice gladly evanishes from its own full nature, that all of them, by a common death, may rise into the new life of an apple pie. Not that apple is longer apple! It, too, is transformed, and the final pie, though born of apple, sugar, butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, and lemon, is like none of these, but the compound ideal of them all, refined, purified and by fire fixed in blissful perfection.*

Isn't that good? Will calls it a perfect description of the great American dessert.

Mr. Beecher goes on to say that the life of an apple pie is brief. Its span is but twelve hours.

*It reaches its highest state about one hour after it comes from the oven and just before its natural heat has departed, and after it is one day old it is thenceforward but the ghastly corpse of an apple pie.*

All of which is gospel truth.

*And now, dear friend, I must close. Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, July 16, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

Will came home this evening with the news that the Newberry Library is soon to be built and probably very near us. The talk is that it may be erected on the land where the old Newberry residence stood, before the Fire, that is, in the block bounded by Rush, Erie, Pine and Ontario Streets. Pine, you know, is the street just east of Rush. The ruins of the Newberry house are still to be seen there.

It's a strange story . . . that of the Newberry family. They are all gone now and so a large share of Mr. Newberry's great fortune will go to found a library in Chicago.

Walter Newberry came to Chicago in 1833, a young man of twenty-nine, seeking his fortune. He immediately invested in real estate, seeming to sense the great future of the struggling village. He prospered as a commission merchant, helped found the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company Bank and amassed great wealth.

One would never have supposed he'd lack an heir, for he begat six children. Four of these, sons, died in infancy. Two beautiful daughters lived to womanhood and were with their mother in Paris when the father sailed to join them. He died on board ship in 1868. In 1874, one of these lovely girls, Mary Louise, died in France, and

the remaining one, Julia, passed away in Rome. Three years ago the mother died, and thus half of his estate, according to his will, comes to Chicago for a library.

Mr. E. W. Blatchford told Will about the plans today, and, having known the Newberrys, we are much interested. Mr. Blatchford is one of our most respected citizens, and a trustee of the new institution. The board will have more than two millions to use, says Mr. Blatchford, and they don't intend to make the mistake made in Philadelphia. If you remember, Dr. Rush left a million dollars for a library there. About three-quarters of this fund was put into the building, allowing little for running it. The Astor Library in New York has had similar trouble, says Mr. Blatchford.

The Librarian of the Newberry has just been announced . . . Dr. William F. Poole . . . our beloved and honored Librarian of the Chicago Public Library for more than fourteen years. We are proud of him, for he is internationally known, having participated in library meetings in England, as well as all over America. A born librarian is Dr. Poole.

He was doing remarkable work at Yale when he was just a sophomore, acting as librarian for the Brothers In Unity, a college organization. It was while he was doing this work that he started an index on material that would be useful to Yale students in their exercises and debates. Then, seeing how valuable this was, he made a more comprehensive one, expanding it to cover the entire contents of the periodical collection in the library of the Brothers In Unity. Forty years ago, or thereabouts, this was published by Putnam and was the forerunner of *Poole's Index To Periodical Literature*, a most valuable guide which I have had occasion to use in our Chicago Library, when I had a club paper to prepare.

Dr. Poole's articles on historical subjects have appeared in leading magazines and always command respect, for he is an acknowledged authority on such subjects. I especially liked one he wrote for the *North American Review*, in which he proved that Cotton Mather and the New England clergy contemporaneous with him were not concerned with the witchcraft persecutions.

I always resent the unkind assumption that ministers of the



Gospel in New England were cold-blooded persecutors of those who disagreed with them. But people do enjoy believing anything to the discredit of Christianity, I find, and I'm so glad when such an able defender as Dr. Poole arises, to break a lance in its defense.

We think of going to Saratoga in August.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, October 6, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

Well, the visit of President and Mrs. Cleveland to Chicago is over. A grand occasion it was, and I'm ever so glad to have been a witness to some of the festivities.

This evening, counting up the Presidents I've seen, I find there have been four who've risen on my horizon, each with his First Lady accompanying him. We met Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at the home of the William H. Browns in 1860, just after the election. General Grant and his wife visited here on their return from their world tour in 1879. President and Mrs. Hayes were here during that administration, and now the Clevelands. Of these first ladies, the most beautiful were Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Cleveland. Which is the more lovely and gracious of the two? Many were comparing them today, but all agreed that both had much charm, tact and poise. Perhaps this is more to the credit of Mrs. Cleveland, since she is so young.

We had tickets for the reviewing stand erected on the site of the new Auditorium Theater at Michigan Avenue and Congress Street, and like most Chicago women, for some time I had been looking forward to seeing Mrs. Cleveland at close range. Unfortunately she was not feeling well, and had to leave the party and go at once to her rooms at the Palmer House where they were staying.

The President made a pleasant impression on us. He is not handsome, but he speaks well. In his speech, which was short, he referred to the magical growth of Chicago, saying he was of the

same mind as the Queen of Sheba when she assured King Solomon that "the half had not been told her." He added that he had been told that when Chicago was incorporated as a town in 1833, there were only thirteen voters, and one of these voted against incorporation. "We do not know," said President Cleveland, "what actuated that vote, but if the man who cast it were here today I believe he would be heartily ashamed of it." Everyone applauded the sentiment, thinking of the growth of the city, and especially of the great opera house which is to rise on the very spot where we were sitting, on Michigan Avenue, where Indians padded along on moccasined feet less than sixty years ago. Mr. Ferdinand Peck was seated near us, and we whispered our congratulations on his splendid success in getting subscriptions to erect this building.

I was pleased that we were invited by Mrs. Potter Palmer to meet Mrs. Cleveland at the Palmer House before she went down with the President to receive the crowd that pressed in at the public reception after luncheon. We were permitted to see the presidential suite at the hotel. It was especially thoughtful of Mrs. Palmer to include me, since Will is a Republican and can't claim any favors on the ground of having helped to elect the chief magistrate. The Egyptian Room is used by the President to receive his guests who come upstairs. Mrs. Cleveland has a boudoir, and there is a dining-room for the party. The bedroom is done in terra cotta, trimmed with gilt, while the curtains of the bed are olive green plush, lined with amber colored silk, a beautiful combination. At this afternoon reception Mrs. Cleveland wore a demi-train robe of blue figured silk, made over a blue grosgrain silk skirt, plaited all around. Her bodice had bishop sleeves of dotted mull, and from under the lace edging on her skirt peeped her little brown slippers.

In the evening, when she and the President received eight thousand people at the Columbia Theater, the First Lady was gowned in an apple-green plush dress, with a V-shaped corsage, long sleeves and a train. In her hair she wore a tiara and a diamond pin. Around her white throat hung the diamond necklace the President gave her on their wedding day. Mrs. John A. Roche, wife of the mayor, wore a rich gray brocade, with satin petticoat, the bodice being finished

with an Elizabethan ruff at the back of the neck. Always beautifully dressed, Mrs. Palmer outdid herself on this occasion, I thought. Her superb black plush gown, trimmed with apple-green, was exquisite. Mrs. Edward Foreman, who assisted in receiving, wore a handsome costume of gray velvet and silk, with long ecru gloves. Mrs. A. F. Seeberger, whose husband was in charge of arrangements, and her daughter Dora, a handsome girl, looked especially lovely.

We met and greeted many old friends . . . the Frederick W. Crosbys, Noble B. Judahs, W. J. Chalmerses (Joan Pinkerton), J. B. Clows, Lyman Bairds, Dr. E. P. Goodwin, and Dr. P. S. Henson, both brilliant preachers, Judge Grant Goodrich, the Philip Dyrenforths, George B. Carpenters, S. H. Kerfoots, and Bishop and Mrs. Cheney.

We've been attending the theater all week sedulously. Perhaps it isn't right to give so much time to amusement, but a wealth of entertainment has been spread before us, and we've had to partake while it was offered. The joint appearance of Booth and Barrett has been of great interest to us, giving, as it has done, a chance to compare these two great actors on the same stage. Booth, of course, is the greater of the two. He plays "Brutus" in *Julius Caesar* quietly, as one almost unconscious of the presence of the audience. His art seems so effortless. When he said: "Remember March! The Ides of March remember!" it caused a shiver. His voice is so resonant, so haunting. Booth's eyebrows are wonderfully expressive . . . perhaps a trivial thing to notice, but he does use them so effectively.

Lawrence Barrett is an excellent business man, a great asset to him, for few actors have much business ability, unfortunately. He has set Edwin Booth on his feet, financially, by managing him, I believe.

At McVicker's Theater we have seen Joe Jefferson in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. We always try to see him when he is here, for one never tires of his unique impersonations. His Caleb Plummer is a thing to be remembered forever.

Another night we went to Hooley's Theater to see Rosina Vokes and Felix Morris. She is fresh, delightful, charming every moment. Everywhere you go people are quoting her cockney phrase: "'is 'eart was true to Poll." Ridiculous, isn't it, how a silly little phrase



like that will catch the public's fancy, and then die out as suddenly as it came into being? Will has gone to see Haverley's Minstrels, an entertainment he never will miss. I was only too glad to remain quietly at home.

We are looking forward to your visit and hope nothing will happen to prevent your coming.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, October 23, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

We do feel so unhappy that your Chicago visit was cut short by your aunt's illness. Of course, you could have done nothing but go to her at once, but we are inconsolable about having had you for such a brief time. I'm glad Martha Junior's reception took place right after you came, so that a good number of our friends had a chance to see you. A number of people called on me today, asking when you could come for dinner or luncheon, and I had to tell them the sad news that you had gone back to New York. Well, there is always another time.

Yesterday afternoon Will and I attended the exercises at which the statue of Lincoln, provided by Eli Bates' will, was unveiled. The sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, has been engaged on it for more than three years, and it is a grand piece of work. The location, too, is excellent. Perhaps you recall that I pointed it out to you one day when we were driving in Lincoln Park. The figure of Lincoln faces south, at the head of Dearborn Avenue, and, as it's on the main roadway through the park, it can't fail to be seen by those who enter.

It is eleven feet, eleven inches in height, and, the pedestal being comparatively low, the details of the features may be seen readily. Lincoln is shown in an easy, natural position, his left hand grasping the lapel of his coat, the right hand held carelessly behind him. His head is bent slightly forward, as if he were considering the words he is speaking. He looks indeed like the Abraham Lincoln Will and I met at the reception given by the William H. Browns, on Michigan

Avenue, in 1860. The chair of state, from which he apparently has just risen, has lion claws for feet, and the back is inscribed with the motto: *E Pluribus Unum*.

Mr. St. Gaudens is very young to have done this great work, just thirty-five, I was told today.

We were invited to sit at the foot of the monument, with a group which included Ex-Governor Beveridge, E. Nelson Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Grosscup, Murry Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Judge and Mrs. R. S. Tuthill, Judge Gary, Judge Magruder, Judge T. A. Moran, Judge Lyman Trumbull, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas and Robert T. Lincoln.

As soon as the last-named had arrived, with his round-faced young son, Abraham Lincoln, the exercises began. Mayor Roche introduced Thomas F. Withrow, who told of the life of Eli Bates, philanthropist, the man who left \$40,000 for the monument. I never had known Mr. Bates personally, and was glad that Mr. Withrow gave the story of his early struggles.

He was born in Massachusetts in deep poverty, and was afflicted with a disease which made necessary the amputation of one leg, at the age of sixteen. Such an operation was a much greater test of the fortitude of a patient than it would be today, when we have anaesthetics to deaden pain. The suffering boy showed such courage that he attracted the attention of Dr. Peabody, Unitarian minister of Springfield, Massachusetts, who took young Bates into his own home until he was able to get an education, and began to teach in a country school, where he received twenty dollars a month. Later he was a lighthouse keeper in Milwaukee, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. From his savings he bought a farm in Illinois, and, soon afterward, came to Chicago to be superintendent and bookkeeper for C. Mears, lumberman. At the age of forty-seven he was admitted to the firm. From these humble beginnings came the great fortune of \$400,000 of which he disposed in his will twenty-seven years later. A good and generous man he was.

As Mr. Withrow's remarks ended, young Abraham Lincoln stepped to the platform and pulled the flag that draped the statue. W. C. Goudy accepted it on behalf of the people, and then Leonard

Swett, who rode circuit with Lincoln for eleven years, made the grand address of the day, a speech that no one who heard it will forget. It has been a cold day and I'm sneezing. I fear I caught a cold sitting at the feet of Lincoln, but it was worth it. Now I'll take some quinine, and be off to bed.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 8, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

Some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker, will be in New York next week, and if you are able to take the time, now that your aunt is better, it would please me if you would call on them. They are at the Murray Hill Hotel, and if you would leave your card, I know it would be a much appreciated courtesy.

Mr. McVicker is a client of Will's and was calling here yesterday evening on business, which reminded me to mention this to you. Mrs. McVicker hasn't been well and that is the reason they are going East. I think they feel the change will do her good. Her illness isn't serious, and I think your call would be a delightful event in the life of an invalid. The McVickers are parents of the late Mrs. Edwin Booth (Mary McVicker), herself an actress, as you probably know.

You'll find Mr. McVicker a double of Henry Ward Beecher. At least some people think there is quite a resemblance . . . the same mass of white hair worn rather long, the same smoothly shaven face that reflects both humor and shrewdness. So I can see how people liken their appearance, though theirs have been such different walks in life.

J. H. McVicker has been manager and owner of the theater which bears his name for thirty years, though he is a New Yorker by birth. His long experience in the theatrical world makes him an authority on matters pertaining to the stage, and we enjoyed talking with him on the past and present of the theater.

He thinks the outlook for actors this season is especially good, the country being in a prosperous condition, and he's looking for-



ward to the appearance of Mrs. James Brown Potter here. She will be in Chicago for a week, and is expected to be a drawing card, for the papers are so full of her doings. I asked him the name of the play with which McVicker's Theater opened. I remembered the year, 1857, for it was the first time that Will and I attended a play, after we were engaged, but the play itself had dropped entirely from my memory, partly, I suppose, because I was living in the clouds at the time. Mr. McVicker told us that it was a double bill . . . *The Honeymoon* and *The Rough Diamond*. Do you remember either of them? I don't.

Reminiscing, he reminded us that there always was a farce, in those days, to conclude the entertainment, and he thinks it has been a mistake to drop the custom. "They were first rate schools for promising young actors," he said. "Many a great star won his laurels in farce."

Of course we got to talking about the new Auditorium Theater, being built at Congress, Michigan and Wabash Avenues. I suspect Mr. McVicker's opinion is biased, but he seems to think the building is too large for opera . . . that no singer's voice can fill so large a hall. It is to seat six thousand people, you know. However, we are told that the acoustics are to be looked after with great care, so perhaps these forebodings will prove false. It will be an ideal place for political conventions, and Mr. McVicker says it will be finished in time for both parties to use it next summer.

On the question of politics he and Will see eye to eye. Both think the Republican party, after a period of eclipse, will emerge and sweep the country. The wish may be father to the thought.

I enclose a clipping telling of the extraordinary plea that mercy be shown to the doomed anarchists of the Haymarket riot, a plea which the Rev. J. Vila Blake, minister of the Third Unitarian Church, at Laflin and Monroe Streets, is to take to Governor Oglesby.

Will and I discussed this petition tonight as we sat by the library fire. Is Mr. Blake right in pleading for the commutation of the sentences of these men who will be hanged unless the governor interferes? Mr. Blake admits freely that they inflamed the passions of the poor and suffering "and purposely spoke words to make wild hearts



Arthur J. Caton on the box of his four-in-hand coach, which he often drove to the Washington Park races.  
In the background is the Caton residence (now razed) at 1910 Calumet Avenue



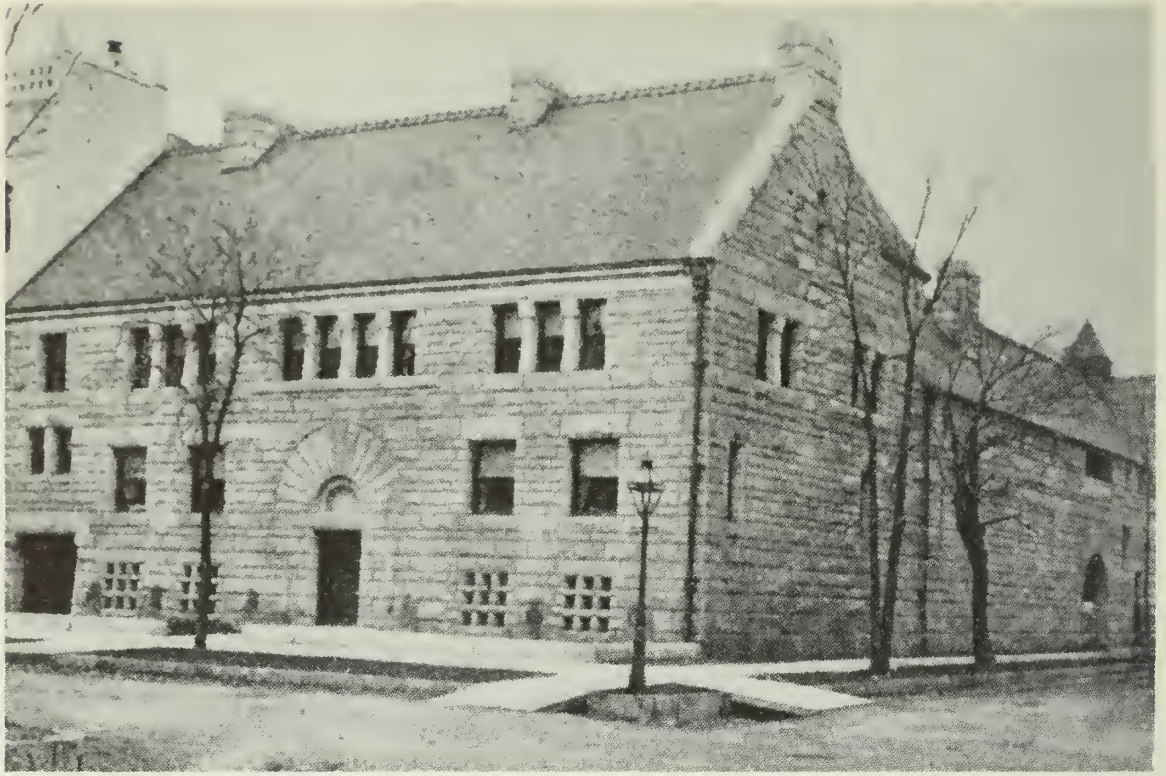


Mrs. William J. Chalmers (Joan Pinkerton) in her bridal gown,  
beside a picture of her mother, Mrs. Allan Pinkerton





Mrs. George M. Pullman, about 1880



The J. J. Glessner house, only example in Chicago of the work of H. H. Richardson, still stands at the southwest corner of Prairic Avenue and Eighteenth Street



The brownstone mansion of George M. Pullman (now demolished) at the northeast corner of Prairic Avenue and Eighteenth Street. Its spacious rooms were the scene of much hospitality in the Eighties



more wild," but he thinks they aren't criminals in the ordinary sense of the word, and he feels they should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law, because they were in part the product of hard social conditions.

Granted that this is true, Will thinks that clemency would only encourage others to throw bombs, and that if their punishment were commuted to life imprisonment, they would soon be out again and agitating as before. Mr. Blake's view, you see, is that time should be allowed for public opinion to "ripen," and he closes by stating: "I make a plea, not only for these men, but for ourselves, that we may be saved from remorse and shame in the future." It is, at least, a beautifully worded address, the work of a humane man. One hundred members of his congregation signed it.

Well, it's a difficult question, but I do think capital punishment should be abolished. I'm sure no one ever was deterred from evil by the thought of being hanged, while the knowledge that the verdict of guilty means capital punishment sometimes influences a jury to be lenient and to let the culprit go free because they dread making a mistake in voting for the death penalty.

Jenny Lind is dead. The announcement brings back memories of the great moment in my young life when I heard her sing in New York in 1850. I was just a child, but from that moment she was my ideal of womanly grace and charm as well as my "queen of song." She was adored for her unspoiled nature as much as she was admired for her beautiful voice!

Her success shows that sometimes a great artist is not recognized at first. You know her debut in Paris, though she was a protégé of Meyerbeer's, was a failure. This was, I believe, the result of a green-room plot of jealous rivals. She said then she'd never sing in France again, and she kept her word. But Germany received her warmly when she sang there on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Berlin. From Germany to England she went and then, under Barnum, she came to the United States. Do you remember with what mingled feelings we greeted the announcement that she was to retire from the stage, when she married her orchestra director, the eminent pianist, Otto Goldschmidt? It did seem too bad that she



couldn't continue her concert work. Some artists manage a husband and a career at one and the same time, but she was always old-fashioned. Perhaps she was wise. Wifehood and motherhood come first. But oh, it seems too bad to think of that voice used just for lullabys! Now, she will sing in Heaven's Hallelujah Chorus. It will be the grander for her presence.

We heard Stoddard in his new lecture, "The Pyrenees," last week. I enjoy his travel talks so much Will grumbles that he should forbid my attending his lectures, for it makes me want to take my "wander-staff" in hand. Well, some day perhaps we shall be able to go to Europe.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 24, 1887*

DEAR JULIA:

Thanksgiving day is almost over and Will and I are sitting in a somewhat somnolent state in the library. Will has fallen into a light sleep as he lounges in his Sleepy Hollow chair by the fire, but when he breathes heavily it wakens him, and he rouses, looks apologetic, and coughs to cover his confusion.

Our family—Martha, Sandy and the children—were here for dinner, and we brought home with us from church to share our turkey two strangers, young men who looked lonely. So there were eight at table to do justice to Selma's dinner. I had put three grains of corn at each place, remindful of the Pilgrims' hard fare before the ship came from England with supplies, and as Will said grace I thought his voice had a special fervor. Little Esmond is getting old enough now to want stories, and he listened eagerly as his grandfather talked of the Pilgrims and their adventures in New England. Of course, not all of this will be remembered, but I think it is well to begin early to impress on the children the character of their forebears who "sought a faith's pure shrine" in a new world.

We attended church today at Trinity Methodist, where union services were held, the churches uniting being the First and Second Presbyterian, Immanuel Baptist, Christ Episcopal (Reformed) and Plymouth Congregational. We were especially anxious to hear the brilliant young minister who has recently come to the latter church from Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church of Baltimore. This is the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus. Tall, (he must be over six feet in height) and sturdily built, for he weighs almost two hundred pounds, the young preacher was a striking figure in the pulpit, and so eloquent was he that he frequently was interrupted by applause, led by the ministers who sat on the platform.

His theme was "Anarchism, Capital and Labor, and the Saloon," and his text was "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." He interpreted these words of Deborah the prophetess to mean that the universe is organized for righteousness, and woe be to him who tries to intercept its progress. Rather should we be on the side of the fighting stars.

Perhaps his most striking period was this (I'm not quoting verbatim, but think I can give his meaning) "The dice of the gods with which men and governments play are loaded with defeat for him who knows not the secret potencies lodged in every atom of the universe against Sisera."

He thanked God that the stars in their courses fought against anarchism. This subject is in all minds, as you know, in Chicago. He told of reading banners carried in a procession by agitators: "The employing class are our worst enemies," and "Capitalists are fiends and robbers." He wondered if the American laboring man would allow those who care nothing for our religion and our flag and the homes of the laborers to lead him through blood and fire.

But he paid his respects, too, to the selfishness which is at the bottom of many a colossal fortune. He felt that a church deserved no respect which cried: "Peace! Peace!" when there could be no peace until justice was first established.

His many political allusions caused men to nudge each other during the sermon. Will says it was the best Thanksgiving sermon he ever heard.

Mr. Gunsaulus was educated at Ohio Wesleyan University, and ordained in the Methodist church, although he now is a Congregational preacher. We are fortunate to have him in Chicago.

Will has wakened and has decided to take a walk before going to bed.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND



## FOOTNOTES 1887

The old red-brick house built by Senator Charles B. Farwell still stands as these words are written, opposite the water-tower. Miss Grace Farwell, debutante in 1887, became Mrs. Robert McGann.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887) American Congregational minister, was the most popular and beloved clergyman of his time. In 1863 he delivered a series of speeches in England. Hated by the pro-slavery party, he was frequently heckled by mobs, but his tremendous vitality and eloquence made him the winner in such duels. In 1874, Theodore Tilton, a former associate, accused him of undue familiarity with Mrs. Tilton, and the scandal seriously affected his standing in the country, though his own church (Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn) exonerated him. He remained the minister of that church until his death.

The Newberry Library did not build, after all, on the site of the old Newberry home, but rather chose the ground on which the Mahlon Ogden house had stood . . . the block bounded by Clark, Oak, and Dearborn Streets and Walton Place. It has specialized in the fields of literature, music and history, and its collection of about five hundred thousand books and manuscripts has given it an international reputation.

William F. Poole (1821-1894) had a distinguished career as a librarian. The Boston Athenaeum, the Boston Mercantile Library, the Annapolis Naval Academy and the Cincinnati Public Library, as well as the Chicago Public Library, all bear the impress of his work. Dr. Poole lived in Evanston for many years.

The beautiful St. Gaudens monument to Lincoln is one of Chicago's art treasures. Young Abraham Lincoln, who unveiled it, died at an early age.

The Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus (1856-1921) was one of the outstanding religious and civic leaders of Chicago for thirty years. In 1899, he succeeded Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis as minister of Central Church, where for twenty years, his eloquent preaching drew great crowds. As president of Armour Institute, his influence was felt by thousands of young people. The Gunsaulus Room in the Art Institute is a memorial to him.

## ASIDE

“TEACHER, will you write in my album?”

All over America, in city or country, in the Eighties, worried instructors of children in public schools were interrupted in their regular duties by this request.

Little Myrtle Belle, frizzed hair hanging over her shoulders, held up a red plush album, with the word “Autographs” in metal script on the cover, and Teacher knew what was before her. She might not merely set down her name and the date. No, indeed. She was expected to inscribe in that book something original or else a selection from one of the bards. And her Spencerian script would better be as good as the best, too! Myrtle Belle’s Papa was on the Board of Directors. He would have a look at it, Teacher knew! She racked her brain for the proper sentiment.

Something bearing on the development of character was usually chosen, under the circumstances. Myrtle Belle would often read this over, hoping that some day she might be as good and beautiful and educated as the bustling and banged Miss Perkins, who had written the sentiment in her album.

Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life” was a life-saver to the harried teacher racking her brain for the right sentiment for an album.

“Let us then be up and doing” was a pretty good stanza for slow but well-meaning Myrtle Belle, and the Director could find no fault with it.

Less exalted individuals than Teacher might write “cute” verses or make sly allusions to matrimony. A popular contribution of the last-named sort was this:

*When far away by love you’re carried  
And to some little fellow married,  
Remember me for Friendship’s sake,  
And send me a piece of wedding-cake.*

If you wished to be personal, you might say, using the name of the owner of the album for the first word:

*. . . is your name,  
And single is your station,  
Happy is the man  
Who makes the alteration.*

Another reference to romance was:

*In the storms of life,  
When you need an umbrella,  
May you have to uphold it  
A handsome young fellow.*

Boys in Myrtle Belle's class, being invited to contribute an autograph, more often than not, refused point-blank, wanting, all the time, to consent. If the book was left handy, they would write, when no one was looking,

*Compliments of . . . . .*

If a boy could do a bit of pen-drawing . . . an eagle or swan or some other fowl . . . he did not need to be asked twice.

If he wanted to be "cute," he could use this:

*Remember me, when far, far off,  
Where the wood-chucks die of whooping-cough.*

If modesty was his cue, here was a good sentiment:

*Some write for pleasure,  
Some write for Fame,  
But I write simply  
To sign my name.*

To call attention to the fact that, beneath his tough exterior, lay a heart of gold, he could say:



*Within the oyster-shell, unsought,  
The purest crystals hide;  
Trust me, you'll find a heart sincere  
Within the rough outside.*

Belle Mosher Mercer of Wyanet, Illinois, sends a somewhat ambiguous sentiment, from an autograph album of her childhood:

*A wish for a friend is often given  
But my wish for you is a home in Heaven.*

Even the thoughtless and careless, those who never knew their Golden Text at Sunday school, felt it proper to use a verse in which Heaven was mentioned, or to make a Biblical allusion.

From a down-state album comes this odd combination of a school song and a Bible verse:

*Jolly old Saint Nicholas,  
Lean your ear this way,  
Don't you tell a single soul  
What I'm going to say:  
"God Is Love!"*

A joker, having seen the sentiment written by a girl friend,

*In Memory's casket, drop one pearl for me*

often wrote on the next page:

*In Memory's wood-box, drop one stick for me.*

And finally, on the coveted last page, a school-friend, male or female, loved to write the gloomy sentiment:

*Last in your album,  
Last in your thought;  
Last to be remembered  
And first to be forgot.*



*Chicago, January 25, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

I have at last had my long-talked-of entertainments. I have been so indebted to everyone, I felt I must give a reception and wipe out the score. Will heard me speak of my social indebtedness so often that he asked when there was to be a "meeting of the creditors," but really I was ashamed to accept any invitations in my insolvent state.

Martha Junior entertained with me, which made it much easier, for, naturally she goes about a great deal and sees what others are doing and was able to offer suggestions. We decided on two entertainments the same day. For the afternoon reception we asked the ladies of my own age or thereabouts, while for the evening party we had the younger married set . . . Sandy's and Martha's friends. There were a few unmarried people, but mainly couples.

In the afternoon Miss Annie Romeiss sang some lovely songs, Martha Junior accompanying her. Miss Romeiss is beautiful and has a lovely voice, and everyone seemed to enjoy the program.

The days being short now, we drew down the window shades and lighted the gas. I had a new gown for the occasion, a Gobelin blue Henrietta cloth with a front of brocaded silk in a deeper shade. The sleeves are finished with a puff of lace.

Martha wore a gown of pale, fawn colored brocaded silk, lined with cream satin. It opens over a petticoat of pink and gold. The

Marie Stuart collar was wired, to stand up about her neck. Her short sleeves showed her white arms, and she looked very sweet.

We worried a good deal over the house, thinking it needed new furniture, but when the flowers were in place, and a white screen, brought over from Martha's, was adjusted so as to shut off a worn place in the wall hanging, it really looked well, I thought. White furniture is all the rage here now. They say Oscar Wilde's London house is a symphony in white. I can't endorse it as entirely practical in cities as dirty as London and Chicago. Our afternoon refreshments were sandwiches, tea, and coffee, ice cream and cake. The evening menu was more elaborate, with chicken mayonnaise, rolls, ice cream, cake and coffee. The punch bowl looked quite artistic, I thought. On a cube of ice in the center, Martha arranged a bunch of grapes, which made the liquid look most inviting.

For entertainment we had readings by Mr. W. W. Carnes, who has a dramatic school here in Chicago, and gives lessons in voice development to many professional men. He recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram" effectively, making the chills run up and down my back. I have heard that Henry Irving often recites this to groups of friends after the theater. "How The Old Hoss Won The Bet," "Cuddle Doon" and a selection from *Nicholas Nickleby* were other readings he gave, ending with some of James Whitcomb Riley's homely farm rhymes, which I enjoy.

When this program was over, we put up a sheet between the front and back parlors, and Mr. Carnes read "The Modern and Mediaeval Ballad of Mary Jane and the Cow," while some of the company, hastily pressed into service, acted out the parts, passing and re-passing to throw their shadows on the sheet. Have you ever seen and heard this "ballad"? It is most amusing, beginning:

*It was a maiden beauteous, her name was Mary Jane;  
To teach the district school she walked each morning  
down the lane.*

One of the lady guests walked across the stage, behind the sheet, wearing a sailor hat of little Esmond's, ribbons dangling behind.



The cow, which plays quite a part in the ballad, was made of pasteboard and shoved on the scene by a pair of willing masculine hands. It was quite ludicrous, and the company howled with laughter when Benjamin, the farmer lover, tore his hair, letting fall large bunches of coarse string to make the correct shadow on the screen.

I need not have been afraid of dull moments. After the "ballad" was done, someone suggested charades, and that amused them until they gathered about the piano and sang "Good Night, Ladies."

Many ladies have been giving "pink parties" (pink parties for pale people, Will calls them). Mrs. Vernon Booth gave an elegant "pink" reception Wednesday, at her home, 455 Elm Street . . . a fashionable affair. Nearly three hundred ladies were present between the hours of three and six o'clock. The decorations were beautiful, mainly pink roses. Dear me! I remember when we used to drive way out south to a little village called Cleaverville, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-ninth Streets, to the only florist in Chicago or suburbs. Wednesday roses were everywhere, huge masses of them. I saw some of the cards on the bouquets with the names of the senders . . . Mrs. John T. Lester, Mrs. P. D. Armour, Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln and Mrs. Julian Rumsey.

The centerpiece on the dining-room table was a mass of pink roses and feathery ferns, while pink rose petals were scattered over the cloth. The menu consisted of pink courses. There was a salad tinged with pink . . . the gelatin was tinted, I think . . . the punch was delicately colored, and the ice cream (with strawberries) and pink cake, still further carried out the idea.

Mrs. Booth looked lovely in a crepe gown which opened over a brown and white petticoat. I wondered that she didn't wear pink, but concluded that she thought that might be a little too much of one color.

Will has just brought his Chicago Club annual report to show me. I always enjoy looking it over and comparing it with our own Woman's Club report. Will points with pride to the statement: "There is no debt," and that is something of which to be proud, as the club had a bad fire last November. It was a good thing, in a way, for it led to much remodeling, and the installation of electric

lights . . . a great improvement. Mr. N. K. Fairbank, handsome, genial, generous, is president, as he has been for some years.

Well, my sheet is filled, and I don't think I have time to begin another.

*Much love from your devoted friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, February 8, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

We have just returned from Mrs. Langtry's play, *As In A Looking-Glass* and have been sitting here before the fire, sipping hot chocolate, which Selma had ready for us, when we got home.

I wonder what you would think of this play. It deals with a theme which wouldn't be discussed in polite circles. Why then should we listen to it from the stage? I really was almost ashamed to be there.

Mrs. Langtry has improved since her last appearance here, and I suppose the play is well done, if one likes that sort of thing. Her fine gowns are worth seeing, and Maurice Barrymore, in the character of the degraded scoundrel, is remarkable.

I have to laugh at Will's description of Mrs. Langtry's death, in the play. Her husband finds out about her character and feels bad about it. He retires to the wings in order that she may have a chance to die decently. "She may have asked the druggist for chloral, but he must have given her 'Rough on Rats' by mistake, for after taking chloral you fall into a dreamy sleep, while the Langtry's yells and struggles clearly indicate rat poison."

*February Ninth*—I stopped there and now will finish my letter. During the night a terrible tragedy occurred in Chicago . . . the murder of a rich West Side citizen, Mr. Amos J. Snell, of Washington Boulevard. Mr. Snell apparently was killed, while defending his property, for his safe was found to be rifled of papers.

The Snell house, at the north-west corner of Ada and Washington Streets, is one of the handsomest in Chicago, set in a large yard

filled with flowers during the summer. The neighborhood is an exclusive one, Dr. J. P. Ross's home being opposite.

The only others in the house last night were two of Mr. Snell's small grandchildren and the two maids, a German cook and a Norwegian housemaid. One of these girls heard a noise, evidently the struggle, but was too timid to go down and investigate, so the body of the slain millionaire lay in the hallway till morning, when the coachman found it. Mrs. Snell, his wife, was in Milwaukee on a visit at the time.

I do hope the authorities will find and punish the murderer, for no one will feel safe unless criminals are apprehended. Mr. Snell was a real estate man, worth, it is said, about two millions. He had begun life humbly enough, a poor New York State boy, with little education. Coming West, he made his way to Chicago, then spent a year in Milwaukee, finally settling in a suburb here called Schaumburg. He and his wife kept a small hotel and by dint of doing all the work, they became well-to-do.

The foundation for his fortune was his contract to supply the new Northwestern Railroad with wood for fuel, coal not yet being used by the engines. When he moved to Chicago's West Side, he began to buy real estate, and owned between two and three hundred lots, mainly on that side of the city. He has three daughters and one son, Albert J. Snell, who lives at 18 Bishop Court.

I am dressed and waiting for Michael to come around with the carriage to take me to the home of Mrs. A. J. McBean, a South Side resident who is giving a reception for some young Brazilian ladies who are visiting her. They are daughters of the Brazilian minister to the United States. The McBeans are a cultured and delightful family.

*Much love from your friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 3, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

Lunching down town with Will is always a treat to me. Like a child, I enjoy the ebb and flow of life in a hotel dining-



room, and even though the food is no better than that at my own table, it thrills my palate.

Will usually has luncheon at the Grand Pacific Hotel (he still uses the rural term "dinner," though I've tried to break him of it). This hotel has an atmosphere of its own, due perhaps to the memories of famous people who have made it their headquarters, but more probably because of John B. Drake's genius for hotel-keeping. His fortune has been well earned.

Today, as we walked into the dining-room at one o'clock, a large table near the entrance caught my eye. I saw by the tipped chairs that it was being reserved for a party and we had hardly seated ourselves when in came a thick-set, energetic looking man of about fifty-seven years, accompanied by a number of men, most of them his juniors. Waiters scurried to serve them and in a twinkling they were attacking their thick steaks as if the meal were a business problem to be solved immediately.

I didn't have to be told that the stocky man leading the procession was Mr. P. D. Armour, meat packer, Board of Trade operator, and financier. Will told me that the men with him were department heads in the great Armour business.

Catching Will's eye, Mr. Armour rose and made his way to our table, greeting us in his cordial, friendly way, and we had a few minutes' chat, while he waited for dessert. He said he found the dinner hour (he also uses the word "dinner") a good time to discuss business with his executives, some of whom have been in his employ for many years.

I found it interesting to study this remarkable business man as he talked with Will. There's little gray in his mutton-chop whiskers, few crow's feet about his shrewd but kindly eyes. The responsibility of his enormous business doesn't seem to weigh him down. Perhaps this is because he knows how to delegate authority. The personification of the successful American business man, I'd call him. Though he's affable in manner, he doesn't waste words.

"Doesn't waste anything else, either," laughed Will, as he told me later how they make use of every part of the slaughtered animal at the Stock Yards.

As Mr. Armour saw a large section of apple pie set down by his place at the table, he rose with a quick good-bye and went to finish his meal.

"There's a man," said Will, "who could feed all the armies of Europe. He can't afford to waste time."

We have heard that every hour of Mr. Armour's day is regulated according to schedule . . . so much set apart for sleep; so much for work; so much for his family. He is said to arrive at his office at six forty-five every morning, not leaving until six at night. Surrounded by a great staff of executives and employes, he sits there, his hand on the world's pulse, to use Will's phrase. He has about six thousand employees, I believe Will says, and the buildings occupied by his enterprises extend over seventy-five acres. Like being a king, almost.

Mrs. Armour is a lovely woman, much interested in Armour Mission, founded two years ago. The Armours have two sons, Philip D. Jr. and Ogden, a little older. The latter is said to show the same capacity for business that his father has.

When you next come to Chicago, perhaps I shall summon up enough courage to take you out to the Stock Yards. I've never been there myself and have hardly felt you'd be willing to go, but many people say everyone should see this great industry which has made our country famous all over the world. Will says he'll go with us, if you'll go.

*Lovingly yours,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, April 1, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

The end of Easter Day. It came so late this year that one felt like putting off winter clothes and bursting forth in bright colors like the flowers. But I had no new gown to wear, for I have spent the past week in Washington with Will, who was called there by a legal matter. My poor dressmaker couldn't finish her

work without my presence for the fitting, so she must come next week and do what has been left undone.

While Will was busy with his Washington client, I attended a woman suffrage meeting. You know the suffragists have been celebrating in the Capitol the fortieth anniversary of their existence, and it was quite an opportunity to see and hear some of those who have been prominent in the cause. All one morning I sat in the theater where they met and listened to the words of the famous women who have battled for an unpopular cause and who now are beginning to see the fruits of their efforts. Men who have always contended that a sense of humor was left out of woman's make-up should have been present today. I never heard better stories, never saw brighter smiles.

Susan B. Anthony was there, quite unruffled by the jokes about her age and her state of single blessedness. She convulsed her audience by her references to both these subjects, avoided like the plague by most women, and she quoted a remark Lucy Stone made forty years ago: "When a woman dies, there is nothing left of her but an inscription on a tombstone, stating that she was the relict of John Smith." Said the valiant Susan: "I resolved then that I'd never be anyone's relict."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, dignified and handsome, gave an admirable address, reviewing the work of the last forty years in the elevation of women. I hadn't realized before that so much had been accomplished toward woman's emancipation. Think of it! Women now have the absolute right to vote in two territories, and a qualified right in several states and municipalities.

Mrs. Stanton aroused the women to great enthusiasm by proclaiming that they must end war. Oh, what a great thing it would be if this could be brought about by women's efforts!

Our own beloved Frances E. Willard of Evanston was called to the platform and spoke in her usual sweet and loving manner. Clara Barton of the Red Cross movement had a few sensible words to say and Frederick Douglass, Negro orator, now well along in years, spoke movingly.

Then we heard the famous Pundita Ramabai of India, young,



well educated and a Christian. As a child, she was instructed in Sanscrit by her mother. She became a bride at 16, but was soon widowed, and now she is devoting her abilities to freeing her sisters from ignorance and degradation. All over America, Ramabai circles are being formed, their members pledging yearly sums to help on her work. Lovely Mrs. Grover Cleveland is a member of the Washington circle, I am told.

Illinois women present at the Washington meeting were proud of Miss Rena Michaels, Dean of Women's College of Northwestern University. She is a full-fledged professor, her subject being French. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis was another bright light of the convention. Her talk on "Woman and the Higher Education" was masterly.

Because Will dislikes having me take part in any movement that might bring me publicity, I cannot be an avowed member of the suffrage party, but, with the passing years, I am more and more convinced that their cause is just.

This morning we attended church at Central Music Hall and found Professor Swing at his best. As usual there were many people of prominence present. Mrs. H. O. Stone was in her usual place, a lorgnette in her hand. Across the hall from the Stone box sat Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer. Mrs. Palmer's gown was exquisite, as usual . . . a black silk, with a small cape about her shapely shoulders. Both dress and cape were trimmed with silver, almost the color of her beautiful hair. Stately Miss Medill, daughter of the editor of the TRIBUNE, wore a brown serge suit, evidently tailored in England, it was so severe. It was trimmed with silver braid and was one of the most striking costumes I saw. Silver trimming seems in high fashion this year. I saw young Mrs. Chauncey Keep, whose trousseau must have come from Paris, walking down Michigan Avenue after church with her tall handsome husband. Her black costume opened over a silver-cloth petticoat. I saw the same feature in a dress worn by Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson, who emerged from the Second Presbyterian Church, only her gown was of apple-green cloth over a silver-embroidered petticoat.

Pretty Lucy McCormick was tripping along Michigan Avenue

in an old-rose cloth trimmed with braid. Her wide hat was trimmed with white lilies and English violets and was tied under her chin with broad soft ribbons matching her dress. Samuel Jewett, son of the John N. Jewetts, was walking with her and seemed very attentive. I shouldn't wonder if that would be a match.

Susie King, a Rush Street neighbor of ours who left Central Church as we did, accepted our invitation to drive down Michigan Avenue and see the Easter parade. She was wearing her winter suit, but had livened it up with violet-color gloves and a bouquet of violets. She is a most attractive girl with no end of beaux. Why she doesn't marry, I don't know.

On our way north, we picked up Sandy and Martha, who had attended Grace Episcopal Church. Martha brought me a message from my dear Mrs. William Gold Hibbard, who was clad, she said, in sombre black, but whose dear face beamed so brightly that she looked more resplendent than anyone else. Mrs. Hibbard is one of God's saints.

You will think my mind was on fashions rather than on the sermon, but I love to see bright colors on Easter Sunday, and I believe God must be pleased to see us in bright tints, as He created the flowers with their gay hues just for our pleasure. Colors affect me profoundly. I have a lilac tea gown in which I feel ecstatically happy and uplifted, while a dark brown dress which I chose for its wearing qualities plunges me into a deep depression!

And now I will say good night.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, April 9, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

I do wish I could talk with you face to face and get your opinion about a new carriage Will is planning to get this spring. You know clothes aren't the only things affected by fashion. There are styles in vehicles and each year brings something new. Yet, while one wants an improved style, one doesn't want to get anything that

will be in poor taste. I have always admired your equipages and I'd be happy to have your advice in this matter.

Chicago men begin, I've noticed, about this time of year, to ask: "What shall I drive to the spring meeting at Washington Park?" and so there is now at Kimball's a grand exhibit of conveyances. Will and I spent the afternoon there and have seen so many that I feel dizzy and less sure what I want than before we looked.

The salesman who waited on us says they have never had a more brilliant display. He thinks Chicago is ahead of the entire country in this show, and he doesn't except New York. Of course, that is not true. New York would certainly have finer carriages than ours. But as the Kimball man says, Chicagoans do spend freely and they like change. In Boston, they say, a rich man buys a carriage and expects it to last a lifetime. Not so, the Chicagoan!

We saw at this fine carriage-maker's display a new "drag" or coach which Potter Palmer had ordered. Some people call this vehicle a "tally-ho," but I learn from Hobart Chatfield-Taylor that this is a misnomer. Then we saw the phaeton of the rich grocer, Thomas Murdoch; the stanhope of Yerkes, cable-car magnate; the mail phaeton of John Cudahy, the packer; a handsome cart belonging to William Chalmers; and new carriages just made for A. E. Bour-nique, the successful dancing-master of Chicago and W. H. Colvin, among others . . . all most handsome.

Henry Field, brother of Marshall, is getting two new vehicles, both of which we saw. One is a mail phaeton; the other is called a "curate's cart," something I never heard of before, but capable, said our salesman, of holding seven persons. I suppose curates have large families, or else a curate is thought to need a cart which will take all the old ladies out for a ride. Franklin MacVeagh is having a new cart built especially for him, but we felt it wasn't the kind we wanted. Mr. Nat Jones, who has made a great deal of money on the Board of Trade, is planning to create a sensation, it is said, by his new "Whitechapel turnout," as Will calls it.

Marshall Field is having several carriages built. Just imagine having enough money to buy more than one carriage at a time. One of his orders is a pretty little road wagon for his daughter, Ethel.



This has a footman's seat behind. Its trimmings match exactly the decorations of the body and wheels. Still another carriage for Mr. Field is to be lighted by incandescent light bulbs, the battery being concealed beneath the driver's seat. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor is to come out this spring in a new coach. He would advise us, I know, but he is young and I fear he might want us to select something a little too advanced in fashion.

What color upholstery would you advise? Of course, our old Michael would need a new livery, in case we depart from our familiar maroon. Don't give too much time to my problem, but I should appreciate your advice.

I must stop now and run out and get some flowers for a young friend, Winnie Bird, who, as I saw in the society column of the morning paper, is to give a luncheon tomorrow for Louise Chamberlin, at home from school at Rockford. Young girls are so thrilled at getting flowers, I like to remember them on a social occasion. Winnie Bird's father is organist at Plymouth Church.

*Yours as ever,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 6, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

Spring always makes me happy and this has been a pleasant day. House cleaning is over and our Rush Street abode looks quite spick-and-span. In our back-yard, about the size of a pocket-handkerchief, iris plants have appeared. And . . . most notable sign of spring . . . I took out our new carriage for the first time.

Yes, we bought the *vis-a-vis*, as you advised, and I like it. They told us at Kimball's that it is an exact copy of a Vanderbilt carriage . . . just which Vanderbilt, I'm a little hazy about . . . and the simulated basket-work about the body of the vehicle is quite smart.

I observed Michael's attempt to look unself-conscious, as other coachmen glanced out of the corners of their eyes at us. But he is so transparent that he might just as well have blown a trumpet

before our equipage and cried: "Here comes the new Esmond carriage, purchased from C. P. Kimball only this week!"

One of my calls was at the Tuttle home, 2022 Michigan Avenue. Mr. Tuttle was an early hardware merchant, his successors being Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company. He retired from business some years ago, so the family has been free to travel much in Europe. Refined and delightful, Mrs. Tuttle is a woman I admire very much, and I was glad to find her in.

When old residents get together, they are apt to recall their experiences in the Chicago Fire. This we did today and Mrs. Tuttle told me they were living on Michigan Avenue near Adams Street in 1871, and were obliged to flee to the lake front, taking with them what they could. Not many of their possessions were saved, but fortunately two Healy portraits, a few other paintings, a chair or two and a table came safely through. They were somewhat the worse for wear, Mrs. Tuttle said, but they have been restored and look very well, I thought.

Their son, Fred Tuttle, is one of our most eligible bachelors, a friend of Sandy's and Martha's, and is often at their home.

This spring I have taken tickets for the lectures of Mrs. John B. Sherwood, who is speaking in five of the most beautiful houses in Chicago . . . those of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. H. H. Porter, Mrs. John J. Glessner, Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, and Mrs. C. M. Henderson. Of course, you have heard this *arbiter elegantiarum* many times in New York. In fact, I remember you said she chaperoned your cousin, Marie Van Valkenberg, when she went abroad. Never having seen Mrs. Sherwood, I was one of the hundred ladies who took tickets for her five lectures given here, the price being ten dollars for the five talks. Most of us were hoping she would talk on some phase of society, but only one of her lectures related to that subject. The committee sponsoring her guaranteed her the presence of one hundred ladies at ten dollars a ticket. Thus her five weeks here will bring her a thousand dollars, there being no expense for the place of meeting.

She must be quite well off, as royalties continue to pile up on her etiquette books, which we all must read.

As I said, many of us were disappointed that she didn't choose subjects pertaining to etiquette, for I daresay we do some of the things she deplures . . . such as returning "At Homes" and putting "R.S.V.P." on the wrong card. I hope we use our finger-bowls properly and refrain from breaking our bread into the soup.

You'll notice a great improvement in our manners when next you visit Chicago.

*Much love, dear Julia.*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, June 1, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

I have just come in from a tea at the home of Mrs. B. F. Felix on North State Street. Hospitable to a fault, Mrs. Felix entertains beautifully and today she had gathered a particularly interesting group of ladies together, most of them literary lights. Mrs. Felix herself is an ardent student of Shakespeare and can promptly furnish a quotation from her favorite author for any occasion.

As I looked about the room I saw a dozen guests who would have been able to talk with the most erudite Bostonian and convince him that Chicago isn't illiterate, as many Easterners believe.

Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth, a member of the Chicago Woman's Club, was one of these. She is a friend of the Alcott family of Concord and Bronson Alcott always stayed at her home when he visited Chicago. She could have been a member of the Brook Farm community, so interested is she in philosophy. Fortnightly Club members flock to hear her thoughtful papers. Yet, with all her intellectuality, she is so gentle no one ever thinks of her as "strong-minded."

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, another guest this afternoon at the Felix home, is deeply interested in philanthropic work. She sometimes writes on social problems and writes forcefully. Another of her accomplishments is a knowledge of French. How I wish I could speak it as she does!

A real authoress present, whose books have been published by



Jansen, McClurg and Company was Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. Have you ever read *Rebecca*? She wrote that. And two other books of hers which I know about are *His Marriage Vow* and *Belle and the Boys*.

Mrs. Celia Parker Wooley is a favorite in intellectual circles. I confess she rather overawes me, but she is much in request for dinner parties, as she can discuss any subject. I don't know her well, but meet her at the Woman's Club. She is the author of a book published recently called *Love and Theology*. Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, who sat near me at Mrs. Felix's, speaks Italian with ease and when Adelaide Ristori was dined here, she was one of the few who were able to converse with the actress in her native tongue. Her husband is a brother of Maria Mitchell, the famous woman astronomer.

Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, another person I saw there, is a sister of Major Joseph Kirkland, author of *Zury*, and is herself a writer. A history of France of which she is the author is used in many schools. The girls' school in Chicago of which she is the head is attended by the daughters of our first families.

Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley, a prominent Chicagoan who was present at the literary tea, is a gracious woman whose large wealth and high social position are used to help others. She writes excellent poetry and entertains visiting celebrities. One of her guests of recent weeks has been Mrs. Ormiston Chant, English suffragist.

Last of all I must mention Mrs. Bishop Cheney, who, though in delicate health and busy in her husband's parish, has written many lovely things.

Don't you agree with me that this is an unusual group of literary women to have met in one afternoon?

Oh, I want to tell you that General McClurg told us lately that William Dean Howells' novels aren't selling as well as they used to. People seem to demand more action in their stories nowadays. In poetry, said General McClurg, James Whitcomb Riley is most popular. I was pleased at that, for Riley is so distinctly American, blazing a new trail in literature and not just copying English classical poets.

Have you read Amelie Rives Chanler's *The Quick or the Dead*?

It has been so successful that I read a publisher had offered her \$25,000 for her next novel, whatever it might be. But when I retailed that to General McClurg, he ridiculed the statement, saying no publisher would take such a chance, even though she is gifted and probably will do even better work in future than in the past.

And now Will has come in and the dinner hour is almost here, though I shall have no appetite for it. That's the trouble with going out to tea.

*Your loving friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, June 30, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

While Will is attending a committee meeting of the Union League Club, I am seated in the ladies' parlor of that august organization's building. Martha Junior has been with us here for lunch, but has now gone on her way to do some necessary shopping.

A distinctive feature of the Union League Club is the presence of ladies within its portals. Will tells me that a good many members . . . grumpy old bachelors, I daresay . . . opposed allowing our sex to have meals here, but these objectors were overruled. They should be willing to let us come, since we help the commissary department to make money by lunching here. Many ladies use the club frequently. It's the only place downtown where we can sit about in privacy after luncheon, and we find it pleasant to relax and read the magazines and papers scattered invitingly about.

The side entrance is reserved for us. As we enter, we are taken in charge by a maid. There is a nice restroom where we may use soap, towels, cologne, court plaster, hairpins and hatpins. Meals are served in the Ladies' Ordinary, or if you wish, you may engage a private room for a party. You may pay for your meal or you may have it charged to your husband's account. I have taken some pride in paying for my own meals out of my allowance.

The club is managed well by a man named Glennie, who was

with the Chicago Club for some years. Mr. Glennie came in a few minutes ago and, seeing me sitting here, asked if I would like to see the suite where the beautiful Mrs. Cleveland was entertained for a few minutes when she visited Chicago with the President. On her way from the railway station she became faint, and Mayor Roche brought her in his carriage to the Union League Club, which is near by. A cup of tea soon restored her.

As I've been sitting here, I have seen many prominent men arrive and leave. Mr. Uri Balcom has just departed. Mr. Balcom lives in a beautiful house at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twenty-first Street, with a sort of park in the rear and rose gardens. There are mushroom beds, too, where this delicacy is raised for his table.

And now, as I look out of the window, I see Charles T. Yerkes, streetcar magnate, arriving in his fine carriage and stepping to the curb with the lithe grace of a cat. His garb is a cutaway suit. Will says he is always immaculately dressed and that his ties are "splendiferous." I hardly think the Union League Club has assimilated him. Will says he bows formally to the other members when he meets them, but never stops for a friendly word. Perhaps he fears a snub. He is usually preoccupied with his own affairs, though he sometimes stops to confer with Mayor Roche. A strange man . . . Yerkes!

One of the best loved members of the club, says Will, is Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, credit man in Marshall Field and Company's store. Genial and charitable, he opens his purse to anyone who seeks help. He has lately built a pretty little club house and lawn tennis court at Indiana Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, where the young people of that choice neighborhood play the new game. Tennis seems to me rather a rough sport for young ladies, but I suppose I have old-fashioned ideas.

Dear Mr. Elbridge Keith has just entered the club door. He is another much-liked member. The president of the club this year is Mr. Franklin Head, admired for his wit and literary taste. One more member I have seen entering is General McClurg, which reminds me to tell you of a conversation I had with him during the inter-



mission at a Thomas concert. He said that last winter a fashionable lady of Chicago came into the McClurg store and asked for a book on the opera. The obliging clerk inquired if there were any special one she wanted and she said she believed it was called *The Libretto*. Another customer asked for Dickens' *Enoch Arden*. General McClurg said the clerk was tactful enough to tell her it was out of print. Still another inquiry was for Longfellow's *Lucilly*.

But here comes Will and I must get my impedimenta . . . fan, parasol, gloves and a light wrap . . . which the maid has been keeping for me. Michael is due now with the Victoria and we are to take a drive in Lincoln Park.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

DEAR JULIA:

*Chicago, August 6, 1888*

The death of General Sheridan affects us deeply here. We knew him very well, enjoyed his hospitality when he lived in Chicago and Will, of course, had for him that strong attachment which always exists between men who have fought for a common cause on the battlefield.

General Sheridan . . . Martha Junior always called him "*my General*" . . . was a true gentleman if there ever was one, proving that this quality is found in those of humble origin quite as often as in those of high degree. I love to think of that simple home in Somerset, Ohio, where Philip Sheridan was born of poor parents, the father a laborer, the mother a vigorous, kindly, hard-working woman. I was glad to learn that his mother is still living, though advanced in years.

Martha Junior came in just now, with a sad face, a newspaper in her hand. Her comment was: "I wonder if old Winchester and Rienzi won't be waiting to welcome 'my General' into Heaven. There were the four horses of the Apocalypse, you know, so there must be some horses there, and those two deserve Heaven, if any living creature ever did."

And then she recited the last lines of Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride":

*This is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight  
From Winchester, twenty miles away.*

The expression used in the poem which describes the general riding down "with a terrible oath," has been, it is said, an annoyance to him. It created among those who didn't know him the impression that he was a profane man and during the war many parents wrote to him, earnestly begging him not to set a bad example to their sons, who admired him so much that they would emulate even his faults.

"Well," said Will, as we sat at the breakfast table, talking of the dead hero, "there were times during the war when a man's ordinary vocabulary was inadequate to express his feelings and Sheridan probably did use 'language' on occasions, but he was not what I call a profane man."

As for the "steed that carried Sheridan into the fight," I have heard the general himself say that there were two. He rode the black horse, Winchester, until just before the final attack, when he changed to the gray, Rienzi. The latter was burned in the Chicago Fire, of 1871. Winchester died in 1878 and by the taxidermist's art is now in the military institute on Governor's Island.

It has been a lovely summer day, and we have spent the afternoon in the suburbs, at the home of John Turner, who has a farm of thirty acres in Lake View, where he raises vegetables and takes care of horses for Chicagoans who think he has a magic touch with animals.

"Nat," one of the horses in our carriage team, recently developed a lame foot, which didn't respond to Michael's treatment. So Will sent him to the Turner farm and this afternoon we drove out, having rented a substitute steed to use with the well member of the team.

We found our invalid animal much improved. I remarked on his glossy coat and William Turner, youngest of John Turner's eight children, asked me for my handkerchief, which he passed over the horse's coat, returning it to me quite speckless, to show how well

he was groomed. We shall be able to bring "Nat" into town next week.

"Long John" Wentworth appeared at the farm while we were there. He is a great crony of Mr. Turner's, for they arrived in Chicago the same day . . . October 25, 1836 . . . and both are interested in the raising of stock. They had great fun talking of the inconveniences they put up with in early days.

John Turner is a Yorkshire Englishman with quite a broad accent. His hearty genial ways are those of a country squire and it is pleasant to see him surrounded by his sons and daughters. Successful in business before the Fire, Mr. Turner lost all he then possessed, except this farm. He retired there, wisely turning his attention to market gardening, at which he has made a small fortune.

The flower garden was glowing with late summer blossoms . . . zinnias, marigolds, phlox and golden glow. Apples hung heavy on the boughs of the trees, and Concord grapes looked promising on their vines.

Today many neighbors had been invited to pick apples and Mr. Turner had made the festival more joyous for the children by tying bananas on the boughs. With twinkling eyes, he would climb up and cut them off, telling the delighted youngsters, many of whom had not eaten this fruit before, that they could tell their children that they had seen bananas hanging on the trees in the Turner orchard.

As we were leaving, Mr. Arthur Dixon dropped in to talk over church matters, for Mr. Turner was one of the founders and for several years treasurer of the First Methodist Church, in which Mr. Dixon is a pillar.

Looking back, as we drove off toward town, Will said he'd like to spend Christmas in that small farmhouse, for it must be a place of English good cheer. And we both wished there were more men like John Turner in Chicago, honorable, intelligent, faithful to their religious duties. And now Will is calling and I must go.

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND



*Chicago, November 2, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

It seems to me I can't wait for this campaign to be finished so that our newspapers can print something besides diatribes directed at the two principal candidates. Aren't you tired of all the recrimination?

Yesterday both the great parties held their final rallies here. The Republicans marched in the afternoon, the Democrats in the evening. Will was anxious to compare the enthusiasm of the crowds, so we watched both parades. We took a room at the Grand Pacific Hotel for the afternoon, where we could see the adherents of Harrison and Morton as they passed in review. The streets were alive with spectators and Will estimated that there were upwards of 200,000 people along the line of march.

The Board of Trade contingent excited cheers as its members marched along dressed in fine suits, silk hats and gloves and carrying canes. Before this fine-looking group a picture of Harrison was borne with the legend "No Vote For England's Candidate," referring to the unfortunate letter of Lord Sackville-West.

The South Water Street delegation had an unusual display. Two wagons were driven along . . . the first beautifully decorated, and laden with turkeys, prairie chickens, eggs, cheese and many other kinds of food. This was labeled "Protection Bill of Fare." The second wagon represented the Free Trade menu and was drawn by a ewe-necked, rat-tailed nag, the load being sole leather and some dry bread.

The surviving members of the first Illinois Tippecanoe Club, organized in 1840, were received with marks of favor by the spectators. There were 350 men in this club, which is composed of those who had voted for William Henry Harrison, and their gray beards wagged in time with the marching songs as they shouted their determination to "put Ben Harrison in the White House, as they had put his grandad in."

In the evening we sat on the steps of the William Blair house on Michigan Avenue near Harrison Street and saw the Democrats march. We got a bit discouraged at the sight of so many human

beings . . . more than we had seen in the afternoon, we thought. Miles and miles of marchers passed us, torches blazing, transparencies shrieking defiance at Republicans. We heard the yell:

*No, no, no! Don't be afraid.  
Tariff reform is not Free Trade.*

Another chant which was repeated by many marchers was:

*Grover, Grover! He'll hold over.*

Added to the glare of the calcium lights was the brilliance of the uniforms and the bandana handkerchiefs worn by the Democratic hosts. The Chicago Hussars, commanded by Thomas Lynch, Jr., made a striking picture astride their proudly stepping horses. Democratic maidens must have had their hearts pierced by the fine figures in white uniforms bound with black, the monstrous black shakos they wore adding to their height.

The Board of Trade Democrats chanted:

*A thousand and over  
Are marching for Grover.*

A picturesque group was the Railroad Men's Club carrying red lanterns. A Republican watcher shouted: "Red light means danger!" And a Democratic marcher retorted quickly: "Yes. Danger for Ben Harrison!" Another called: "No danger. It means the track is cleared for Grover!" Well, only four more days!

*November 8*—Were you surprised at the result of the election? Will had been somewhat doubtful before returns were in. Now he says it takes a Harrison to defeat a candidate for a second term. The only two candidates for second terms, he points out, who have been beaten at the polls in the history of our country are Martin Van Buren, whose successful rival was William Henry Harrison, and Grover Cleveland, beaten by Benjamin Harrison.

The Clevelands have been admirable in their conduct at this time, it seems to me. The President has shown great dignity in his defeat. The news of Governor Hill's having been elected in New York, while the state repudiated Cleveland, must have been hard to

bear, yet the President showed no bitterness. He might have charged Hill with treachery, but he dismissed the subject with a kind word for the New York governor, expressing entire faith in his loyalty.

There are, of course, compensations for defeat. The Clevelands will now be able to live quietly and escape the criticism which is the lot of any White House family. I think Mrs. Harrison will be a most acceptable First Lady. She has had experience in the life of Washington which will be very helpful to her.

I wonder what President Cleveland will do after March 4. Will wishes he would follow the example of John Quincy Adams, who, after his retirement from the presidency, entered the House of Representatives and gave the country the benefit of his ability and experience. But it must be hard for one who has been a Chief Executive to take a lower place.

Chicago has been much shocked this week by a case of insanity in which the victim was a young married woman of 28 who was found to be an incessant smoker of cigarettes. Neither the county physician nor his assistant seems to attach any importance to the cigarette habit, saying that her smoking is a result, rather than the cause, of her insanity. I haven't had a chance to ask Sandy his opinion, but the layman's notion about it runs counter to that of the medical men. The case has roused much discussion as to what extent the vice has a hold on Chicago women.

A lady told me today that her husband had been talking with a drug clerk who said we have no idea how many society women are addicted to the habit. They send to their favorite drug store for rice paper and tobacco as casually as they might order perfume. Sometimes a servant is entrusted with the errand, usually receiving a tip to insure secrecy. Then, with the cigarettes tucked away in pockets or hand bags, they meet in the parlor of a mutual friend and spend the afternoon in a jolly smoking party, the man said.

Madame Modjeska, the Polish actress, and one or two other distinguished stars of the stage started the fad, said my acquaintance. And now that this poor insane woman's smoking has brought the matter to the attention of the public, there is much discussion of the habit.



I once knew an old lady in the country who smoked a pipe and who was dreadfully mortified if any one saw her enjoying this relaxation, but she is the only woman I ever knew personally who had the habit. I have an idea there is much less secret smoking going on than the drug clerk would have us believe. With ever so much love, I am

*Your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 23, 1888*

DEAR JULIA:

I have just finished tying my spouse's necktie, as we are going to the theater this evening, and he is in his "clawhammer" suit, as he contemptuously calls it. Fussed by his own splendor, his fingers are all thumbs and the tie wouldn't stay "put." He does me great credit, as he stands forth in his new evening habiliments . . . the coat of finest English cloth, cut long in the waist, as is the new mode; the collar, silk-faced to the button-holes; the white satin waistcoat in best "U-shape"; the trousers fashionably narrow.

If we weren't invited to dinner beforehand, I should be inclined to give up going out, for I am so tired. Shall I never learn that I can't do so much as I did twenty years ago? Will had to look over some buildings in the down-town district for an out-of-town client, and I went with him, as I wanted to see some of the much-talked-about structures.

Chicago changes so rapidly, it is hard to keep up with its progress. The conservative East, for instance, would be surprised to learn that the Chamber of Commerce, after only a decade, has outlived its usefulness and is being re-modeled into an office block.

Among the fine buildings we saw today, all put up after the Fire of 1871, are: the Sherman House, which cost \$650,000; the Grand Pacific, a million-dollar building; and the Palmer House, which cost a million-and-a-half. We passed the new Board of Trade Building, \$1,750,000; the Rookery, \$1,250,000. Then we saw the

Chicago Opera House Block, the Home Insurance Building, the Rialto and the Phoenix Buildings . . . each costing a million.

The famous Tacoma Building, the new skyscraper everyone is talking of, cost a million. There is some question as to whether the Tacoma is the first skyscraper or whether that title belongs to the Home Insurance Building, designed by Colonel W. L. B. Jenney, and put up in 1884. The architects of the Tacoma are Holabird and Roche. The discussed points are too fine for me, but both are fine buildings, "architectural milestones," Will calls them.

There seems to have been a rather abrupt change in architectural style, in office buildings. Right after the Fire there was a craze for profuse ornamentation, so that Eastern architects spoke contemptuously of the "Chicago style." We writhed under that, but it was probably deserved.

This has now given way to a severe plainness of design. The Marshall Field wholesale building on Adams Street, built by the lamented Henry H. Richardson, is an example of what the initiated call, I believe, "Romanesque." The new Auditorium, in process of erection, whose architects are Adler and Sullivan, is somewhat after this type.

What a pity Richardson died so early! I am glad we have three examples of his work in Chicago. Besides the Field building, there are two residences . . . that of Franklin MacVeagh on the Lake Shore Drive; and that of John J. Glessner, at Eighteenth Street and Prairie Avenue. To have a house by Richardson is a sign and symbol of wealth and taste . . . like the hall-mark on silver.

I saw this afternoon a copy of the *British Architect*, widely read in England, which contains an illustration of the Studebaker Building on Michigan Avenue, designed by S. S. Beman. The editor compares it favorably with the fussy architecture of London. Quite a feather in the cap of our Chicago architect!

But speaking of feathers, here comes Will in his fine plumage and Selma has just entered the library door to announce that Michael is in front with the carriage.

*Much love, from your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

## FOOTNOTES 1888

Those who remember the Eighties will recall the elocutionary selections mentioned in Martha's letter of January 25.

Maurice Barrymore was father of the present-day Barrymores.

The Amos J. Snell murder mystery was never solved. Many amateur detectives (for the word "fan" was not used in the Eighties) believed the real motive was not robbery.

C. P. Kimball made carriages for Chicago and the Mid-West, in horse-and-buggy days, and a carriage display at his ware-rooms, on Michigan Avenue near Twelfth Street, was as exciting as an automobile show today.

Only one example of the architect Richardson's work remains in Chicago, the J. J. Glessner house, at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Prairie Avenue.

Thomas Buchanan Read, painter and poet (1822-1872) painted a picture of the historic ride of General Sheridan, but the poem is better known than the picture. Read never achieved greatness with his brush, but some of his poems are still remembered. "Drifting," a poem about the Bay of Naples, is one of his best known.

John Turner, whose farm of thirty acres is now a part of Lake View district of Chicago, died in 1892. His son, William E. Turner, still lives in the quaint little farm-house, now numbered 1854 Addison Street, built before the Fire of 1871, and since that time, always occupied by some member of the family. The chimes which ring from the First Methodist Church tower at Clark and Washington Streets were presented in 1934 by William E. Turner as a memorial to his father.



## ASIDE

FUSSINESS was a characteristic of the Eighties. Indeed, "Elaborate" is a more exact alliterative for the decade than "Elegant," for never was there a period when the lily was painted or refined gold gilded more frequently.

The parlor (for the word "living-room" did not come into use until after the turn of the century) was a-flutter with draperies. The windows were hung with heavy lambrequins (if one could afford them); and draperies, hanging from a gilt cornice, were heavily braided. Hand-made lace edged the heavy net under-curtains, if one had plenty of money. But, even if one had little of this world's goods everything must be draped. Chairs had ribbons or silk sashes tied on them. Mantels were draped with lambrequins of felt or plush, embroidered in chenille. Goldenrod and daisies formed a good design. On each picture-frame hung a silk "drape," which added to the artistic atmosphere of the apartment.

In calling attention to a wood-cut of a boudoir in a New York suburban residence, the editor of *Hill's Album of Biography and Art* says:

"This is a beautiful room, made so because taste and wealth have evidently been combined in its adornment. Examination will show, however, that artistic knowledge in arrangement is the cause of its chief beauty. Thus, in any house, while more or less of money may be necessary to decoration, the interior may be made beautiful out of scraps and articles that would otherwise go to waste."

In this connection suggestions are made for using odds and ends. A waste-basket may easily be made from wires obtained at a hardware store. Or, as an alternative, a few pieces of wood may be used, sixteen or eighteen inches high and fastened together by barrel-hoops. This foundation may be trimmed with cords and tassels. A round cheese-box is recommended for the foundation for a comfortable footstool, of which there should be one or two in each room, says the editor.

Another suggestion is the purchase of a number of boxes at a shoestore. "Five, six or eight of these will make, when nailed together, a convenient cupboard. This can be papered with scraps of wall-paper and border," says the editor, "and with a curtain of common calico will be an ornament to the room."

Many women with skillful fingers did make little tables of spools which they accumulated by saving or begging them from friends. These small tables were stained or painted white, and with a red ribbon tied on one leg, such a piece of furniture was thought a handsome addition to the room. Not too steady on its legs, was this spool-table, but at least you *had* made something out of nothing.

On the parlor center-table, which had to be substantial, was a wool cover, usually of dark-red or green, with a plush border. Sometimes this border was ornamented with a Greek design in gold thread.

A lamp stood on the center-table, for, even if the room was lighted by gas, it needed a lower light, for reading. Beside the lamp was the plush photograph album, with cabinet photographs of all the family. In some of these there were places for the old *carte-de-visite* size, and a few of these might be found. Sometimes a picture of Tom Thumb, or Queen Victoria or President Garfield might linger among the family likenesses.

In addition to the photograph album there were always gift-books.

Gift-books came in with the Eighties, and were, as the name implies, made to be given away. No one on earth would ever have thought of buying one to keep. It might be said of them, in Scriptural language, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Yet they were well-made, bound in mustard-color or olive-green cloth, the titles stamped in gold, with much gold ornamentation.

Tennyson's "Maud"; Longfellow's "Evangeline" or "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; Owen Meredith's "Lucille" . . . these were the ones most often found on center-tables. From "Lucille," one quoted the only lines that seemed at all interesting . . . the ones beginning:

*We may live without poetry, music or art*

and ending with

*But civilized man cannot live without cooks.*

That was the one virtue of gift-books . . . they started conversation, for the caller usually remembered some line in one of the poems and the hostess said: "Yes, it is beautiful. Isn't it?"

Furniture was Eastlake in design, if one had the money for the newest thing. You had probably read Mr. Eastlake's book, *Hints On Household Taste*, the Bible of young couples going to house-keeping about this time.

Charles Locke Eastlake, R.I.B.A., founder of the Eastlake style . . . now so dead that few persons born after 1900 have so much as heard the name . . . had some good ideas. He wished to bring back the honest workmanship of the earlier British craftsman. He liked the Gothic and his designs were high and pointed. But when his book came to America and American manufacturers began to copy his designs, they did it in machine work. Modifications of his ideas made American furniture of the Eighties quite terrible, and if Charles Locke Eastlake had seen the crimes committed in his name, he must have wished he had never put pencil to paper.

Yes, it was an ugly period, so far as decoration was concerned. Yet, remembering the dining-table cleared, with a hanging-lamp burning brightly above; a plate of red apples and a dish of popcorn handy; one of the family reading Mark Twain or Edward Eggleston or the children's magazines, *Saint Nicholas* or *Youth's Companion*; while the others sewed, it seems a time to look back on with tenderness.





DEAR JULIA:

*Chicago, January 4, 1889*

The great charity ball of 1889 is over. \$12,000 has been raised for charity; half a million spent on clothing worn at the ball, it is said. That is only an estimate, of course, but I know that most of the beautiful gowns must have cost at least two hundred dollars apiece, not to mention the jewels bought for the occasion.

What do you think of charity benefits, anyway? My conscience hurts me when I pay out two hundred dollars in order to earn ten dollars for the poor. I suggested today, after it was all over, as Will points out, that we might better have refrained from getting out our fine feathers, stayed at home, and given the money to the poor. But Will suggests that there's another side to the question. Merchants, milliners, jewelers, liverymen, florists, all those who have profited by the ball, are sure it is an excellent thing.

As Michael drove up to the door of the Second Regiment armory, where the ball was held, I watched the carriage ahead of us in the procession, recognizing it as that of Mrs. George M. Pullman. Beneath her party wrap as she stepped daintily to the carpet spread on the sidewalk beneath the awning, I saw her lovely gown of green Ottoman silk trimmed with dark green velvet. With her were Mrs. Robert Patterson, (a Medill before her marriage) and Mrs. H. O. Stone, one of our best-known society women. Mrs. Stone wore a white striped silk gown.

As we alighted from our carriage, young Mrs. William J. Chalmers waved a greeting from the brougham just behind us. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers are fine looking, and the latter's gown, white moire silk, trimmed with silver brocade, was particularly lovely on her tall elegant figure. A pretty conceit of her dressmaker's was a cluster of ostrich feathers at the waistline. I never saw them worn in that way before. Mrs. Eugene S. Pike's dress was very handsome, a moss green velvet; and Mrs. Andrew McNally's gray costume was set off by a pink fan.

It was a representative Chicago audience, what with the decorative Carter H. Harrison family, always the center of an admiring group, the McCormicks, Keiths, Farwells, Ryersons, Blairs, Fields, Armours, Drakes, Cranes, Hutchinsons, Wallers and the Byron Smiths. All the polite world was there, you see.

Except Sandy and Martha! A doctor can't take much time for frivolity and they had been at the Bachelors and Benedicts' ball on New Year's eve at Kinsley's. They felt the "B. & B." party was much more fun and profess not to mind missing the larger affair. Reginald de Koven and Hobart Chatfield-Taylor had much to do with the gaiety of the smaller ball, and planned the details. After supper, Martha was telling me, seventeen eligibles were suddenly missing, but just on the stroke of twelve they all returned, each bearing a transparency which, when the bearers fell into line, became part of a greeting: "A Happy New Year, 1889."

After this pretty interlude, the cotillion was finished with the couples holding garlands of holly and mistletoe bound together with scarlet ribbons. As a finish to the pageantry two colored waiters appeared dressed as old time butlers, bearing enormous silver trays on which blazed prodigious plum puddings. Each dancer cut a piece of the pudding with a wooden knife, and after it had been eaten danced a figure with a guest whose knife handle matched his or hers.

Little Esmond and Julie had their share of holiday festivities, too, coming home from Mrs. Michael Cudahy's children's party loaded with gifts.

We are so glad to hear that you are coming next week to make

us a visit. Everyone in the household has begun to make preparations for the happy event. You'll laugh when I tell you that Michael came to the library door this morning after breakfast, cap in hand, and turning this article of apparel round and round, as is his wont when embarrassed, he blurted out that he thought we ought to have a new harness, what with the lady from New York coming to visit us. He almost shed tears as he told Will that the silver plate of the harness was so worn off that his efforts at polishing it were in vain.

"Can't it be replated?" asked Will, who thinks it poor policy to yield at once to Michael's requests.

Michael rolled his eyes heavenward. "Sure, Mr. Esmond," he began in pleading tones, "the likes of this family cudn't be bothered with replatin' harness, whin the McCormicks, an' Medills an' Blairs all have had new harness this fall. Besides," he went on in a plaintive tone, "the leather in the lines is that worn, I'm afther thinkin' it'll break in two in me hands when the harses jump around this cold weather."

Will yielded at this point, as I'm sure he intended to all along, and today we have visited the harness shop of Carl Heinemann on Wells Street, near North Avenue. Michael had already indicated to Mr. Heinemann what he would like, if Mr. Esmond would agree.

I was quite fascinated by the workshop of Mr. Heinemann, where eight men were bent over their various benches and tables. We were shown the harness being made for various and sundry of our best families and were duly impressed by that destined for the backs of Archbishop Feehan's steeds and those of William H. Bush, Hempstead Washburne, Joseph Theurer, wealthy brewer, Dr. Nicholas Senn, one of our great surgeons and F. W. Stanley, a cranberry-marsh king.

Mr. Heinemann told us with pride of all the business men who patronized him—Wienhoeber, the florist, Piper, the baker, and Busse Coal Company among others. He didn't need to tell us all this, for Will has dealt with him for years and knows his careful German workmanship. He is one of the best harness-makers in the city, Michael thinks.

I watched the workmen taking their small stitches, using two



threads, which they pulled through from opposite sides, and wondered if I could do such neat work on fine linen as they do with their stout needles on leather.

Above the shop lives the Heinemann family, and one of the boys, George, who works in the shop, told us that when they were burned out in the fire of 1871 it was quite a blow, but two days later the lumber was on the ground for rebuilding on the same site. Such was the spirit of our citizens . . . never discouraged, always full of energy! No wonder Chicago has grown so magically. But there; I'm doing what Will says all Chicagoans do, boasting of our city, when I just meant to tell you that we shall meet you at the train with Michael holding the newest of Pittsburgh, oak-tanned leather reins over our bays, and such shiny silver plating that your New York eyes will be dazzled. The letter "E" is engraved on the silver ornaments of the collars and on two other ornaments. And all for the sum of \$275. It really is cheap for such beautiful work.

I inquired the price for single harness, for we think a little of getting a small coupe for my use in making calls. Single harness can be had for \$135. I really don't know if we ought to think of another carriage, but we shall see.

And now, dear Julia, looking forward eagerly to your coming,

*I am, devotedly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, February 6, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

Reception follows reception here in Chicago. Yesterday I attended a very elegant gathering at the home of Mrs. William A. Pinkerton, at 196 South Ashland Avenue. The table arrangements and the flowers were especially beautiful, the entire mantel in the south parlor being banked with red and white tulips, surrounded by ferns and smilax. In the other parlor rare flowers were placed here and there. The prevailing color in the dining-room was red, fairy lamps above the table casting a subdued light on handsome linen and silver.

Among the friends I saw at Mrs. Pinkerton's was Mrs. E. Nelson Blake. Her husband has twice been president of the Board of Trade and they are among our first citizens, members of the Second Baptist Church. He has been urged to run for mayor on the Republican ticket, but it would be difficult to win over Carter Harrison.

Young Bessie Ross, called "a pocket edition of Venus," was another person I saw at the Pinkerton's.

From Ashland Avenue I went to a reception on the South Side. The day was cold and I didn't like to keep Michael out, but my dear Mrs. Cheney remembered to call me up and tell me to have Michael drive into their stable nearby, the reception being at the home of Mrs. G. C. Campbell, 2826 Michigan Avenue.

Our hostess received in a handsome black silk, draped with tulle. The South Side was out in force. There was Mrs. Allison V. Armour, daughter of the David Kelleys, one of Chicago's belles; Mrs. Henry A. Blair, who tells dialect stories so admirably as to keep me in giggles whenever I'm with her; Mrs. Chauncey J. Blair, her beautiful sister-in-law; Mrs. John B. Drake, and her daughter, Helen, who is her shadow; Mrs. LeGrand Smith, dainty and exquisite in her manners; Mrs. Charles ReQua, blonde beauty, recently married to a son of one of our first families; Mrs. M. D. Wells and Mrs. N. K. Fairbank. It was really a beautiful party.

Meanwhile Will had been at the Marquette Club, which has recently taken the E. B. Washburne house for its home. Judge Leonard Swett entertained the members last evening with reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Swett and Lincoln had ridden circuit together and the talk was very personal and thus most interesting.

We are to see Mary Anderson tomorrow night in *A Winter's Tale*, at McVicker's Theater. She has played to packed houses here. One wonders what is the secret of her great popularity. There are other actresses as talented, I suppose. Will says it is because of her wonderful character, which seems to permeate all she does. Chicago people love the theater. Just now *The Silver Slipper* is playing to crowds; *Erminie* is equally popular, and Hoyt's *A Brass Monkey* is having great success.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Locke called the evening you left, having understood you were staying another day. They were sorry to miss you. Dr. Locke repeated with much gusto the story you told of your own rector who is such a diner-out that a witty parishioner said of him that he sometimes read from the prayer book: "To thee, cherubim and terrapin continually do cry."

I am sorry that you weren't here for a pretty debutante reception yesterday, that of Miss Delphine Gillette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gillette, at their residence on Michigan Avenue, a little south of Mrs. Blackstone's home. This young member of society looked very girlish and charming in her white silk gown and carrying a bouquet of white roses and maidenhair fern. She has red hair and the pretty complexion that goes with it. Her mother's gown was handsome . . . light green Ottoman silk draped with duchesse lace.

Another lovely affair of the week was a breakfast given by Mrs. George H. Laflin of 1614 Michigan Avenue in honor of Miss Knowland of New York, sister of Mrs. Louis E. Laflin. Being now in the sere and yellow leaf, I was not asked, but Martha Junior was there, and says it was delightful, with the nicest of young marrieds present . . . Mrs. Samuel R. Jewett, Mrs. E. P. Whitehead (Grace Laflin), Mrs. Louis E. Laflin, Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mrs. Edward Shumway, and other dear young women. Some of them you know, others you have met.

Will has just come in with news of the death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria-Hungary. The official announcement is that he died of apoplexy, but there are many rumors that it was not a natural death. He had gone to his shooting lodge in Mayerling with some of the members of the court, and it seems singular that he was not more closely guarded. One story is that he was given the alternative of suicide or a duel, a brother officer having discovered an affair between his (the officer's) wife, and the crown prince.

It is well known that he was not happy with Stephanie, whom he married eight years ago, so there may be some truth in the rumor of suicide. He is said to have been serious and studious, and he was, you know, the author of two or three books. Only thirty-one years



old! What will happen in Austria now? He has only one child, a daughter of six years.

*With much love, yours ever,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 7, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

At home from our Washington trip, I am sitting by our comfortable fireside, recalling the interesting time Will and I had at the inauguration of a new President.

You doubtless have read of the crowd which stood in the rain, patiently waiting for the parade which followed the ceremony of taking the oath of office. Soaked to the skin as most of the watchers must have been, they were good natured as they were pushed about by other bystanders. They would not go away without a sight of the man they had engaged to run the country for the next four years.

The gaudy cotton decorations flapped forlornly in the breeze. The colors had run into one another and were indefinite and bedraggled, so the avenue was not an inspiring sight. Nevertheless, they would wait. I always like parades, so I was just as thrilled as anyone to see it from a window of our hotel, but the ball was the most brilliant part of the day.

The word "ball" of course does not mean that people dance. Will and I didn't make the attempt; the crowds were so great there would have been little use. We promenaded to the strains of the Beck orchestra from Philadelphia, an organization, I believe, well known in the East. I am told that many bands and orchestras contended for the honor of playing at the ball, including our own much admired Thomas orchestra, but I suppose the one nearest Washington could make the best terms since there wasn't the expense of a long railroad trip to be included. I understand the orchestra was paid one thousand seven hundred dollars for the evening's work.

As I already have said, few tried to dance. What everyone really goes to the ball for is to see and be seen. President Harrison, serious-minded Presbyterian elder as he is, does not dance, and ex-President

Cleveland, a Presbyterian, too, now I come to think of it, who does dance, wasn't at the ball.

All eyes were on the gowns worn by the ladies of the President's family. The new First Lady wore a gray silk, woven in America, probably the most elaborate attempt at silk manufacture in this country. The court train was of brocade and on each side of the front breadths there were panels of apricot-colored silk, veiled with cream lace. The bodice was cut V-shaped.

Mrs. McKee, daughter of the President, wore a pearl satin, brocaded in a goldenrod design. Mrs. Morton, wife of the Vice-President, chose for her ball gown a superb cream satin, brocaded in a Scotch thistle design. The front, which was of plain cream satin, was beaded in gold, crystal and silver. I noticed particularly Mrs. Morton's coiffure. The hair was combed high, and she wore a yellow rose at the top of the knot.

Have you read the inaugural address? Will likes the tone of it. He thinks it forthright and indicative of a vigorous administration. The cabinet, too, Will approves highly.

Some will object to James G. Blaine as Secretary of State, for he has political enemies, but he is one of the great men of the Republican party and can't be ignored. Will believes Blaine will justify his friends' confidence in him. We Westerners are pleased that Jeremiah Rusk of Wisconsin is to be Secretary of Agriculture, an office which grows increasingly important.

I saw our beloved Mrs. Charles B. Farwell in Washington, where she is a recognized social leader. Her husband, Senator Farwell, is very popular in the Capitol, having been, I'm told, a favorite of President Cleveland, who often consulted him on political matters.

"*Le roi est mort*," speaking of President Cleveland. People's faces are turned to the rising sun and even Democrats said little about their defeated chief, knowing there is an undercurrent of hostility in his own party.

There has been great interest in Chicago concerning the will of Charles J. Hull, recently probated, by which Miss Helen Culver, a cousin of Mr. Hull, is declared sole heir and executor. The estate is said to be worth more than a million dollars. The dead man, a

childless widower, had only nephews and nieces to inherit his great fortune.

Miss Culver, who lived in his home, and to whom he left all his estate, has an interesting face. I do not know her, for she has gone very little into society because of her devotion to the work of managing her cousin's property, but I saw her once, more than twenty-five years ago. She was at the railroad station, I remember, starting to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, during the war, to nurse the wounded. I was struck at the time by her gentle and dignified bearing, and her air of complete self-command.

When she first came to Chicago from New York State, she was a teacher in the Scammon School on the West Side, but on the death of Mrs. Hull in 1860, she went to live in her cousin's Halsted Street house to be mother to his children, a boy and a girl. Both these children died in their youth, the son stricken by cholera, which is not so frequently heard of nowadays.

A somewhat eccentric man, Mr. Hull had peculiar notions about some of his real estate. He fancied that his most valuable property was on Polk and Jefferson Streets, for he was certain that Polk Street would one day be the chief highway to the West Side. Will says it's now clear that he was mistaken about that. Jackson Street seems to have supremacy there. A great city is like a fickle woman—it takes its own way, no matter how others may be affected by its caprices.

The property will be a grave responsibility to Miss Culver, but she has had charge of it for many years and is accustomed to the burden. In the early seventies Mr. Hull bought large tracts of land in the outskirts of Savannah, Georgia. There Negroes were encouraged to buy lots and build homes. In connection with this real estate business, they opened in their office a night school for colored people. More than three hundred persons attended this private school, learning to read and write. Will recalls that he saw a statement in a Savannah paper that more Negroes than whites owned homes in that city, this being the result of the efforts of Mr. Hull and Miss Culver.

It is rather a touching picture, that of a cultivated and gentle woman working hard all day in a business office, and by night



teaching humble Negroes to read and write. How she must love mankind!

She is said to have been the first woman to be commissioned a notary public in the state of Illinois and legal documents which reduce me—wife of a lawyer—to a state of frenzy, are as simple as A B C to her.

Mr. Hull was a strong advocate of temperance. He never allowed any of his buildings to be used for the sale of liquor and when he leased unimproved property there was always a provision that no saloon should be built on it.

He didn't believe in giving to organized charity, declaring that it only encouraged pauperism, yet he made many generous gifts to educational enterprises. His greatest interest was in prison reform and he spent part of every Sunday at the Bridewell where he talked with the inmates. Believing penal institutions should become training schools, he studied the situation wherever business took him, becoming, they say, quite an authority on the subject.

I hear the front door bell, so will close—

*Lovingly,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, March 22, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

I have just received notice of my election to membership in the Fortnightly Club and shall attend my first meeting on Thursday. Miss May Allport and Mrs. William Blair were my sponsors and with such women endorsing me the path was made smooth.

The ordeal of election to the Fortnightly has always been severe. The woman who is ambitious to enter that charmed circle must be able to pass through much investigation. Her name is presented by two members, who fill out blanks vouching for the intellectual attainments, social position and probable usefulness of the applicant. The deliberations of the officers and directors are shrouded

in mystery, but it is known that each candidate's character and her endowments of every kind are carefully scrutinized.

Wasn't it in Athens that shells were used in voting and one vote against a citizen banished him for a time? Thus, in the Fortnightly, a dissenting vote blights the aspirations of a would-be member. I really shivered when I knew my name had gone in and I might be refused membership.

If it is difficult to become a mere member, you may believe that to be president of the Fortnightly is to have reached a summit of social and literary eminence that is almost unbelievable. Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett, who founded the club in 1873, was its president for seven years, but since her time the term of the presiding officer has been limited to two years. Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh is at present occupying the office.

The Fortnightly rooms are on the top floor of the Art Institute Building, at Van Buren Street and Michigan Avenue. The main room is spacious, lighted by wide windows which are shaded by silken draperies, a softened light falling on the rich furniture and decorations. A handsome Persian rug covers the hardwood floor and quaint highbacked chairs are scattered about. Fine pictures adorn the walls and a cheerful fire burns on the hearth.

Many remarkable women are found in the ranks of the Fortnightly. Mrs. MacVeagh, whom you met at our house, is a person of fine presence and presides at the meetings with grace and dignity. She's an earnest student and I have heard it said that she never allows anything to interfere with her four hours of study each day.

Miss Ellen Mitchell is a Shakespearean scholar and represented the club at Sorosis in New York last week. The Fortnightly is one of the few clubs recognized by Sorosis. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson is an honored member of the club, by reason of her professional standing, as well as her literary talent. This year the Fortnightly devoted much time to the study of Shakespeare and Dr. Stevenson wrote a brilliant paper on the subject, "The Abnormal in Shakespeare." It is said that members of the medical profession have asked to have this paper in their files, such is the deep study it showed.



General Alexander Caldwell McClurg





Mrs. Arthur J. Caton, costumed as Cleopatra, in 1887. On the death of her first husband Mrs. Caton married Marshall Field



Archbishop John Ireland, one of the noblest servants of the  
Roman Catholic Church



Lovely Florence Pullman, later Mrs. Frank O. Lowden



Mrs. Charles Hamill is renowned for her executive ability. Mrs. Reginald de Koven is prominent in social life, but finds time to write for the magazines. Miss Harriet Monroe is a poet and a student of the poet Shelley. Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Wirt Dexter, and Mrs. Marshall Field are conspicuous in society. Mrs. Dexter made the acquaintance of the poet Browning when she was abroad a few years ago and she quotes his poetry most aptly. Miss May Allport and Mrs. Regina Watson manage the beautiful musicales which the club occasionally gives.

The annual May Day luncheon is an event I'm looking forward to, for I am told this is an especially lovely occasion. The rooms are always decorated by Mrs. Annie S. Baldwin and her sister, Mrs. Mott. When you come to Chicago next time, you must attend a meeting of the club with me.

The all-important question of dress is vexing my righteous soul just now. There's such a radical change in style this spring that one simply can't wear a made-over gown. At least, my dressmaker refuses to try to alter my last year's walking-dress so that I can use it, the decline and modification of the bustle making a new costume imperative. She is using in the gown she is making a very, VERY small pad. It is barely noticeable and is worn only to support the pointed ends of the basque, a redingote model. With this dress I shall wear matching shoes, which I am having made to order by Sauer, our best shoemaker. The bottom part of the shoes is of patent leather, while the top is of light cloth like the dress. I think they were quite reasonable in price, only nine dollars.

I have much shopping for the dressmaker this morning, so I will say farewell, for the moment.

*Lovingly yours,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 15, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

Sandy and Martha and the children have been here for Sunday dinner. Little Esmond can read simple stories quite well

now and often brings a book with him. Today it was *Blueberrying*, by Jacob Abbott. I was glad to see that the child liked it, for though it is the fashion to laugh at the "Rollo" books, with their quaint woodcuts, Jacob Abbott is still, to my mind, one of the best writers for children. If only his small hero had a different name! "Rollo" is quite "sissified," I have to admit.

When little Esmond read his grandfather the story of the bird "Mosette," drawn out of the water by Rollo and Jonas . . . that hired man without fear and without reproach . . . I felt a real interest in the answer Rollo's father gave, as to whether it is right to kill a grasshopper in order to feed a bird.

"The grasshopper has as good a right to his life as the bird. Hasn't he, Father?" Thus quoth Rollo. I shouldn't have known how to answer that poser. It is a question which might engage the mind of a philosopher. I looked over at Will, who was watching Esmond's small finger moving along the page, stopping occasionally as he encountered an unfamiliar word. Will was interested, too, and answered my look, raising his eyebrows comically, as if to say: "How will Rollo's pa get around *that* one?"

Esmond went right on reading. He felt no anxiety on the subject. He knew Rollo's father had all the answers and would settle the question, once and for all.

"Not exactly," said his father. "A bird is an animal of much higher grade than a grasshopper and is probably much more sensible of pain and pleasure, and his life is of more value, just as a man is a much higher animal than a bird. It would be right to kill a bird to save a man's life. So it would be right to destroy a grasshopper or worm to save a robin."

Rollo's father never evaded an issue. He gave some kind of answer, and his reasoning seems good to me. The story ends, however, in the children's giving the bird the pulp of the blueberries they had picked.

Some people think Abbott's books are priggish, but they don't seem so to me. I reserve that epithet for "Elsie Dinsmore," a perfectly insufferable heroine.

It is quite remarkable that Jacob Abbott, who had been pro-

fessor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Amherst, should have won his greatest fame with stories for children. Yet such a thing is not unheard of, for Lewis Carroll, a mathematical lecturer at Christ College, Oxford, is remembered solely for *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*.

Mr. Abbott didn't think of himself as a great author, probably, but as an educator; he wrote these stories to inculcate character. His school in Boston must have been a wonderful institution, though I have never known anyone who attended it. He threw away the old methods of discipline and appealed to the honor of the pupils, making the school largely self-governing. The Abbott family has had a wide influence in American education.

The chief topic of conversation in Chicago this week has been the divorce suit of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Carter. The beautiful, red-haired Mrs. Carter . . . who was a Miss Dudley of Kentucky . . . hopes, it is said, to go on the stage, when the suit is over. She has been taking lessons from Kyrle Bellew, the actor. Her husband, Leslie Carter, is highly esteemed here and most of the people I have talked with sympathize with him. The Carters have always been highly esteemed here. They are staunch church people, possessing the highest principles. It is very sad for all concerned.

*Evening*—At that point Will asked me to make some calls with him and we set forth, but we stayed so long at the hospitable home of the Roswell B. Masons that we didn't get any more visits made. Delightful people are Mr. and Mrs. Mason! Now in the sunset of life, they are as interesting to us as the younger people on whom we had intended to call.

Mr. Mason's has been a life of achievement. Born in New York State, he told us whimsically he had his best schooling on the Erie Canal, where he drove a team, delivering stone to some of the locks for his father, who had taken a contract for this work. Here he met the assistant engineer of the Erie Canal, who offered him a position as rod man for a surveying party. During the winters, he studied in Utica, concentrating on courses helpful in civil engineering.

At 32, he was chief engineer of the Hoosatonic Railroad; at 40, chief engineer of the New York and New Haven. I imagine your



father, who had so many railroad connections, must have known him.

His greatest engineering feat was the building of the Illinois Central railway, which brought him to the West, uniting his future to that of Chicago, which he was to watch as it developed from a straggling town of 40,000 inhabitants to the world's largest railroad center.

"Illinois in 1850," said Mr. Mason, stroking his long white beard, "was a vast fertile prairie awaiting the plow, but its roads . . . merely trails . . . were almost impassable and commerce necessarily was carried on by means of its waterways. I think it's safe to say that the coming of the Illinois Central railway was the most important industrial event that had taken place up to that time."

Both Will and Mrs. Mason recalled that it was due to Stephen A. Douglas that the bill was put through Congress granting land to the railroad and enabling it to build at that time.

"Where was your first Chicago home?" I asked lovely-looking Mrs. Mason, who, like many women of her age, wears a white lace cap.

"The Tremont House," she said, "which then stood at the corner of Lake and Dearborn Streets. It was new and very elegant, having been built only a year or two before we arrived. But we soon moved out into the country, Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, for our family was growing rapidly." We both laughed, recalling that no one now would call that part of the city a country retreat.

The Masons are a large clan. Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Mason celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with thirty-seven descendants . . . children and grandchildren . . . present.

In many important activities, Mr. Mason has had a part. He founded the Western Society of Engineers, has been a trustee of the University of Illinois, President of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary and an elder of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

But I always think of him as Mayor of Chicago at the time of the great Fire of 1871. The responsibilities of that office then were such as to show the stuff he was made of and those of us who lived

through that terrible period know how he met every emergency like a hero.

There were unscrupulous politicians who wanted to get control of the money which began to pour into our afflicted city from all over the world. Mayor Mason frustrated these greedy political thieves by putting the work of relief into the hands of the Relief and Aid Society, an established organization which had the confidence of the public. General Sheridan supported him in this, and the disgrace of misappropriation of funds for the needy was averted.

Well, I always get around to the Fire when I reminisce, don't I? I'll spare you more.

*Lovingly yours,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, May 22, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

I am sitting at home alone tonight as Will is off at a minstrel show with a number of men from the Union League Club who, like Will, wouldn't miss Billy Emerson, the singer, for anything in the world.

Billy Emerson hasn't been here for some time, and his return is being made the occasion for much celebration. Since 1870 he has lived in San Francisco. Many a fortune he's made and lost, for he can't resist the lure of the race track. He is getting five hundred dollars a week at Hooley's now, so he will have plenty to gamble with.

The men in Will's party are looking forward tonight to hearing again the famous old song, "The Big Sunflower." I wonder if you ever heard the words of this ballad. I have always known the refrain, but hadn't the slightest idea what the verses were. Will sang it all for me tonight before he left for the theater, and I set them down to put in my scrap book for I think when a song lives more than twenty years it may be said to be a part of our American life. I will copy one verse for you. If you want the others I'll be glad to send them.

*There is a charm I can't explain  
About a girl I've seen;  
My heart beats fast as she goes past  
In a dark dress trimmed with green.  
Her eyes are bright as stars at night,  
So lovely and so shy,  
And the folks all stop and look around  
Whenever she goes by.*

#### REFRAIN

*And I feel just as happy as a big sunflower  
That nods and bends in the breezes,  
And my heart is as light as the wind that blows  
The leaves from off the treeses.*

Billy Emerson began his career in Washington, D. C., with a man named Sweeney, who had a minstrel troupe. His first stage work, he told Will yesterday, was that of a ballad singer and jig dancer. He is the embodiment of grace and has a voice that an opera singer might envy.

In his early days the typical minstrel was dressed up to represent a plantation hand, in overalls, which were drawn up under his arms, a wide "laydown" collar, and big heavy boots. In this attire Billy Emerson sang such songs as "Rip-tearing Johnny," "Nicodemus Johnson" and "Josephus Orange Blossom."

It was Dan Emmett, the man who wrote "Dixie," who evolved the idea of Negro minstrels, by the way. Billy Emerson improved on the old style, and brought out the natty singer of blackface songs we know today.

I was interested to hear that Emmett is living in Chicago in a humble cottage on Butterfield Avenue near Twenty-fifth Street. He is so old that he can't do much work, but he has been supporting himself by peddling milk. He has written hundreds of songs . . . words and music . . . but has always been quite indifferent about preserving them. He sold "Dixie" for three hundred dollars. If he



had kept the copyright he might have been a rich man, for it has been printed many times.

He wrote "Dan Tucker" and "Jordan Is a Hard Road." He is a natural musician. Too bad that his talent hasn't brought him a livelihood at least.

I am looking forward to seeing Tommy Russell as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" tomorrow night. Mrs. Burnett is making, they say, from eight hundred to two thousand dollars a week from this play, which has been so successful. Martha wants to dress Esmond in a Fauntleroy suit, but Sandy won't have it. They are picturesque but not boyish looking.

This has been a beautiful spring day. I have taken a long drive out to Wabash Avenue, near Twenty-ninth Street, where I called on the young daughter of a client of Will's at school at St. Xavier's Academy. I had often driven past this beautiful building, and wished I might see the interior, so I welcomed the opportunity.

Will's client, a wealthy lumberman from Wisconsin, has placed his motherless child here, and asked me to show her any kindness possible.

As I stepped across the threshold of the school I felt a peace and satisfaction that was pleasant. Is there anything cleaner than a Catholic institution? Of course, in a community life there are many willing hands to do even menial work, so everything is shining . . . floors, furniture, ornaments. In the reception room I found a beautiful portrait of Bishop Duggan, which was painted by our great artist, Healy.

Mother Mary Genevieve, the superior of the Sisters of Mercy here, came forward to meet me . . . a remarkable woman. Born in Canada, of French-Acadian parents, she reminded me of Longfellow's description of Evangeline:

*When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.*

But though she has the face of a saint, she is very practical, and they say her business ability is of the highest order. She has managed

to bring the school through financial difficulties in quite a remarkable way. She told me today, how, in early days, she was put to it to pay the bills for her large family. One day a creditor called, saying he must have his money, as he had a family to support. "How many children have you, sir?" she asked him. "Two," he replied gruffly. "But I have seventy-five," she answered, whereupon he took his hat and left.

The work of the Sisters of Mercy falls in many lines. When they came to Chicago in 1846 . . . a little band of five . . . one could hardly have expected that their numbers would have grown as they have grown. A convent known as St. Xavier's Academy was built in 1847 on Wabash Avenue, near Madison Street, next to old St. Mary's Church. The sisters living here took charge of three Sunday schools . . . St. Mary's, St. Patrick's (on the West Side) and the Holy Name (North Side). They walked three miles on Sundays to the West and North Sides, as there were no street cars then and they were too poor to hire a conveyance.

Caring for cholera patients in the days when that dreadful disease took heavy toll, they won the respect of those not of their own faith, and Dr. Edmund Andrews, one of our good physicians, helped them establish Mercy Hospital, now a very large institution.

But to go back to St. Xavier's Academy. I found the young girl on whom I called very well and happy, with pleasant companions about her. Two of them, Louise and Elizabeth Blish, I had met before, nice, refined girls. Others she brought up to introduce to me were: Gertrude Brooke, a charming person, with dark expressive eyes; and girls with the names of Cudahy, Kinzie, Hudson, Synon, Barry and Grace . . . all well-known Catholic families.

Just before I left, stately Sister Isabel came in to greet me, and I remembered that she is a sister of our art dealer, Mr. O'Brien. A woman of great magnetism, she teaches the graduating class and is admired and revered.

I am glad to feel so satisfied about the happiness and well-being of the little girl we are interested in there. Many people feel a convent school banishes happiness from a child's world by its strictness, but from now on I shall never agree to that. Indeed I think I should

like a child of mine to have such excellent training in morals and manners as the beautiful Sisters of Mercy are giving at St. Xavier's.

*With love, Your old friend,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, September 10, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

Artistic endeavor is at high tide in the Macleod house. Martha Junior is painting stone jars and jugs at a great rate, this being the latest fad here. When I called this afternoon, finding it was the nurse's day out, I decided a grandmother was needed to help entertain the children.

It was a pleasant task. Little Esmond, now five years old, and Baby Julie, three, are very interesting.

Martha loves fussing with fancy work, and this afternoon was "gentling the condition" of a vinegar jug by painting on its side a winter scene, consisting of four pine trees and a tumble-down cottage with snow on the roof. In the foreground stands a female figure clad in a scarlet cape. The jug really is quite pretty, if of no particular use.

As I left Martha's, I encountered Mrs. Richard I. Field, who lives at 250 Dearborn Avenue, and in her cordial way, she took my hand and drew me into her pleasant home, which she was just about to enter. We found Mr. Field sitting in the back parlor, the evening paper in his hand and their two handsome young sons with him.

Mr. Field is a member of the woolen importing firm of Field, Benedict and Company, one of the oldest in the city, established in 1849. Mrs. Field was, before her marriage, a Miss Carpenter, a sister of George B. Carpenter, whose firm manufactures marine supplies here.

The Field family had lived on this same site for a good many years, but were driven out by the fire of 1871. Like many other Chicago families, they moved to the suburbs, settling at Crystal Lake until they could rebuild. The three-story-and-basement house



in which they now live is an exact reproduction of the one which was destroyed, save for a mansard roof. On the walls of this fine house are many steel engravings. I don't know enough about engravings to say how valuable they are, but I have a fondness for them and think they give dignity to a room. Not many are seen now, the preference being for paintings, or in less opulent homes, for chromos.

Mrs. Field looked very sweet this afternoon in a new fall gown of fawn-color wool trimmed in rose silk bands. The underskirt was plaited (or do you spell that *pleated*?) all around and the overskirt was draped in graceful fashion, the back ending in a point near the hem. I had thought bustles were on the wane, but *Godey's Lady Book* shows them as rampant as ever. Mrs. Field says her dressmaker insisted on making hers very large.

I came away from the Field home with a recipe for a pudding. Couched in verse, it is rather quaint, if not easily followed, and I think you'll enjoy seeing it, even if you never use it. Mrs. Field said it had just been given her and she hadn't tried it. It is called:

#### EVE'S PUDDING

*If you want a good pudding, mind what you're taught;  
Take eggs, six in number, when bought for a groat;  
The fruit with which Eve her husband did cozen,  
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;  
Six ounces of bread, (let Moll eat the crust  
And crumble the rest as fine as the dust);  
Six ounces of currants from the stem you must sort  
Lest you break all your teeth and spoil all the sport;  
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet;  
Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete;  
Three hours let it boil, without any flutter,  
But Adam won't like it without wine and butter.*

*Two days later*—This letter has been in my desk, as I didn't find time to finish it. Sunday is a more quiet day and I shall add a few lines. Will and I stole away from our own church this morning and drove down to the Immanuel Baptist Church, on Michigan Avenue near Twenty-third Street, expecting to hear the eloquent Dr. George

C. Lorimer, who, we felt sure, would entertain us by his dramatic actions in the pulpit, for he is a man who does the most surprising things. An actor at the time he was converted in Louisville, Kentucky, he decided to leave the stage and enter the ministry. In this profession he has been a great success, but he still "treads the boards" even on Sunday and he recently astonished his congregation by taking an American flag out of his pocket and waving it, at the conclusion of a patriotic sermon.

What was our disappointment not to find the actor-minister in his pulpit today! Instead, it was occupied by a much less theatrical preacher, Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed, whom we know and like very much. We forgot the flag-waving Lorimer, when Dr. Goodspeed rose up and, announcing as his text: "David encouraged himself in the Lord his God," began a simple exposition of his theme, comparing the difficulties of the present day with those of the Psalmist. By the time the sermon was half over, Will whispered that he was just as well pleased that Dr. Lorimer wasn't there. This was a good deal to say, when, as it turned out, the discourse was full of the problem the Baptists are facing . . . that of raising money for a new educational institution to be built somewhere in Chicago, perhaps Morgan Park.

Raising money is a thankless task and Dr. Goodspeed has been at it for several years, almost unaided, trying to meet conditions on which other large gifts have been made. From Mr. E. Nelson Blake of the Second Baptist Church, he has received twenty thousand dollars, which is a grand start. But the panic has prevented additions to this. Dr. Goodspeed is the kind of man who refuses to be discouraged, so he continues his campaign. He feels deeply the closing of the old Chicago University on Cottage Grove Avenue. His young sons were in its preparatory department when it closed and Dr. Goodspeed himself was a member of its first graduating class, so his interest is understandable. Without much encouragement from man, he has encouraged himself in the Lord.

His face was serene, his voice cheerful, as he told of the formation of the new American Baptist Education Society and the calling of a young minister, Fred T. Gates, to be its secretary.

"Mr. Gates says," Dr. Goodspeed leaned down over the pulpit, to make his words more impressive, "that the founding of a university here in Chicago is an immediate and imperative denominational necessity."

Not being Baptists, we don't know how many persons in his congregation are able to take up the cause in a large way. We saw Mr. George C. Walker, millionaire real estate dealer, whose Blue Island Land and Building Company laid out Morgan Park, listening intently. Perhaps he will heed this plea.

As we stopped to speak with Dr. Goodspeed after the sermon, he shook hands with us most heartily and we understood why he is so beloved. He has a magnetic personality and his wife, a Dearborn Seminary graduate, is a true helpmate to him. She has always been the organist in her husband's church, and now that he has no settled pastorate, she occupies the same post in the Morgan Park Baptist Church. I had never met her before, but was much attracted to her.

Will promised a small amount to the fund for the new institution and Dr. Goodspeed acted as if he had given a million dollars. "I'm sure the sum needed will be reached," he said. "I am in communication with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose name you know, of course. He is a Baptist and is generously disposed toward our project. I told him when he had given a liberal subscription to our seminary that we should not come back, for we felt he had done his part. But he replied: 'I wish you to come back. I consider it a favor when men show me how to do good with my money.'" Not many rich men feel so.

And now the fall evening is closing down. Selma is out and I must light the gas and pull down the shades.

*Much love,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, November 15, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

John Crerar's will has just been made public, and what a grand soul is revealed by it! Made in much detail, the will is



long, for he had great riches to dispose of, more than three and a half million dollars. Evidently it was the result of long deliberation and it was made when he was in good health two years ago.

To relatives and friends of his mother, to whom he seems to have been deeply attached, he left bequests, and Chicago friends have been remembered handsomely. His friend and partner, J. McGregor Adams, receives \$50,000; his minister, Dr. S. J. McPherson, \$20,000; and his old friend, T. B. Blackstone, \$5,000. Of course Mr. Blackstone is a rich man, and doesn't need it, but Mr. Crerar asks him to use the sum to get some memorial of their life-long friendship. In addition to these personal gifts, religious, charitable and educational institutions are given liberal amounts.

I was glad to see that the Second Presbyterian Church is to have a hundred thousand dollars, "so long as it preserves and maintains the principles of the Presbyterian faith." In addition it is given a hundred thousand dollars for its mission schools.

For a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln a hundred thousand dollars is left. And finally the remainder of the estate is to go for the erection, maintenance and endowment of a free public library.

"I desire," reads the section concerning this bequest, "that the books and periodicals be selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment in the community, and that all nastiness and immorality be excluded. I do not mean by this that there shall be nothing but hymn books and sermons, but I mean that dirty French novels and all skeptical trash and works of questionable moral tone shall never be found in this library. I want its atmosphere that of Christian refinement and its aim and object the building up of character, and I rest content that the friends I have named will carry out my wishes in those particulars."

I had to smile, reading his stricture on French novels. He spoke to me once in the same strain, deploring the reading by young people of books which were far from uplifting.

The men who are to execute his wishes in regard to the library are Norman Williams, Huntington W. Jackson, Marshall Field, E. W. Blatchford, T. B. Blackstone, Robert T. Lincoln, Henry W. Bishop, Albert Keep, Edson Keith, S. J. McPherson, John M. Clark

and George A. Armour. They were all personal friends of Mr. Crerar and will feel honored, I know, that he chose them for members of the first board of directors of the library.

Touching, I think, was his mention of his mother in his will: "I ask that I may be buried by the side of my honored mother in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York, in the family lot. I desire a plain headstone similar to that which marks my mother's grave to be raised over my head."

McGregor Adams said to Will today of Mr. Crerar: "He was a generous high-souled man . . . one whose friendship was to be prized and to be proud of. For twenty-five years we were business partners and during that long period we never had a dispute. Though he was outspoken in his views, he expressed them courteously, so that he never offended."

Martha Junior has just been in with Baby Julie to show me the darling's new coat for winter. She is four years old now, and in the new garment which comes almost to her feet, she looks quite tall. She talks a great deal and when shown your photograph . . . that one taken in Newport . . . she murmurs: "Dooly's Aunt Dooly." She slapped little Esmond when he claimed you. Original sin creeps out even in those of tender years.

*Later* . . . Will surprised and pleased me this evening by asking if I'd go to hear D. L. Moody, who is conducting meetings in Chicago. We were much impressed by his simple sermon, but I really think Will enjoyed the music most. It was conducted by D. B. Towner, instead of Ira D. Sankey, whose name is so associated with that of Mr. Moody that we had expected to hear him. However, Towner is very good, we thought.

As I joined in singing the many "catchy" gospel songs I thought of the many singers I have heard in Chicago. Preachers are soon forgotten, but those who sing can never pass from memory. Towering head and shoulders above them all was Philip P. Bliss, whose voice George F. Root called the finest in the world. Mr. Root said his range was from lower B flat to high A flat. I recall how he affected the crowds by his singing of his own song, *Almost Persuaded*, and how little children caroled his *Jesus Loves Me*.

Full of music from boyhood, he began writing songs before he knew anything about harmony or the theory of music. Quantities of music came from his pen—mainly Sunday school songs, and he became prominent through his little book, *Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs*, which attracted the attention of Mr. Moody, who found a publisher for the collection. Mr. Bliss received \$12,000 for it, enough, he felt, to take care of his family all their lives, so he resolved to devote his time to religious work. He died a hero in the Ashtabula railroad wreck in 1876. He could have saved himself, but went back to rescue his wife and children, and perished with them in the flames. He was associated with Major D. W. Whittle, brother-in-law of Mr. Moody, who has written many songs too.

Walking home from the meeting, Will and I talked of the men who have written and sung the lively songs that are on every tongue these days. There are many singers who are almost worshipped by the crowds. E. O. Excell probably ranks next to Sankey in popularity. He came to Chicago eight years ago and had a hard struggle to introduce his collection of songs. No one seemed interested. But Sam Jones, the southern revivalist, heard him, engaged him for a week, and was so pleased with his singing that the engagement was made permanent. Now Excell receives a salary of two hundred dollars a month, it is said, besides about \$25,000 from the sale of his book.

D. B. Towner, traveling with Mr. Moody, is not equal to Sankey, but his baritone voice is good and he has written many songs which have reached a sale of hundreds of thousands of copies.

George C. Stebbins, one of the younger men, is another popular singer, as is James McGranahan, and of course, William B. Bradbury, writer of music for gospel songs mustn't be forgotten. *Sweet Hour of Prayer* is his, the music I mean. The words were written by a man named Walford, and I don't care for them much, especially the last verse, which ends:

*This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.*



Does a disembodied spirit shout while passing through the air?  
And why bid farewell to prayer, anyway?

The only woman who has attained much fame as a singer at revival meetings is Mrs. M. E. Wilson, a sister of Philip P. Bliss. She travels about with her husband and her pure, sweet voice is said to be very effective. She has written a number of hymns.

A new singer destined, many think, to become prominent in the field of gospel singing is Peter P. Bilhorn, a former blacksmith, converted at a Moody meeting. One of his songs is *I Will Sing of My Redeemer*.

Now as I write, I can see Will starting to put the latch on the front door, which means he thinks it's bed time, so I must bring this to a close.

*Good night, and God bless you, dear friend.*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

*Chicago, December 10, 1889*

DEAR JULIA:

A round of receptions has kept us busy here in Chicago this week. It seems to be quite an accepted custom for young ladies to "come out" in society. It gives a chance for the older friends of the parents to meet the young people, and is a good idea, I think.

The Pullman sisters, Florence and Harriet, had a beautiful party at the brownstone residence at the corner of Eighteenth Street and Prairie Avenue. I suppose there were nearly a thousand people there during the afternoon and evening. The elder, Florence, tall and stately, resembles her father. The younger, Harriet, is more vivacious, plays the piano well—indeed both are quite musical—and has a good voice. Both carry themselves with great dignity. The Prairie Avenue set was present, and among those who helped receive were neighbors, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Walter Q. Gresham, Mrs. W. W. Kimball, and Mrs. John M. Clark. I saw also the Misses Florence and Grace Henderson, who are popular girls in society.

Another beautiful reception for two debutantes was that given by Mrs. Dr. Temple S. Hoyne, in honor of Miss Maude Hoyne, her



Phillip D. Armour, packer, whose name is  
commemorated in Armour Institute



Lucy McCormick (later Mrs. Samuel R. Jewett)





Edwin Booth of "the noble brow, the honest eyes, the sweetly patient face." The American tragedian was founder and first president of the Players' Club, New York



Joseph Jefferson, American comedian. His best-known roles were Bob Acres in *The Rivals* and *Rip van Winkle*

daughter, and Frances McDermid. The entertainment lasted from four to nine o'clock in the evening, the afternoon being chiefly for the ladies, the evening for the young men. The Hoyne home, 1833 Indiana Avenue, is a handsome one and it looked especially lovely decorated with flowers. The supper room was almost literally filled with La France roses.

To proceed with the reception list, I must speak of the beautiful party given by the Misses Cudahy, daughters of Michael Cudahy, who lives at 3138 Michigan Avenue. Will and I declined, as we don't dance the new cotillion, but Sandy and Martha went and said they had a lovely time. The Cudahy sisters must have made a pretty picture in their pastel-shade dresses, two pink and one lilac.

The Auditorium opening is over and I'm still unreconciled to your not being here, for it was the greatest social event ever known in these parts. I wore a heliotrope silk, trimmed in velvet, embroidered in an apple blossom design. Made by Weeks, a new maddressmaker on Michigan Avenue, it is quite the finest gown I have ever had. I feel extravagant but Will had just concluded an important legal case for an Eastern client and received a good fee, so he told me to spend as much as I wanted to on a gown for this great occasion.

As those of us going to the opening left our carriages at the Congress Street entrance, we had to pass through a great crowd of sight-seers, who, unable to get into the hall themselves, had gathered to watch for President Harrison, Vice President Morton, Patti and other notables as they entered. From this crowd we heard frank comments on our toilettes, not all of these being entirely favorable, I'm obliged to state. I heard one shrill feminine voice say, "Ain't 'er dress silly?" I can't think she was referring to my Weeks creation, but I'm haunted by a doubt. I hope it was a comment on a gown in front of me, overtrimmed with ostrich feathers, but I shall never know.

Looking about us when we had taken our seats in row K center—the best location in the house, I think—we exclaimed at the splendor of the surroundings. Adler and Sullivan, great Chicago architects, have built for us a noble structure, its exterior of dark gray stone, its interior of marble, ivory-painted woodwork, and gold adornment.



One can scarcely realize the capacity of the great hall, so symmetrical is it in line. We were told that there are more than four thousand seats numbered, and space for three thousand additional persons. "Original" is the word I should use for the Auditorium, I think. The exterior is quite Romanesque, suggesting the architect Richardson; but the interior with its ornamentation is ethereal, like a piece of music or a spring day. Indeed the words Sullivan had lettered on the wall are: "O soft, melodious Springtime, first-born of life and love." Dankmer Adler is the balance wheel for Sullivan, his partner. Together they form a fine combination. Healy and Millet were the decorators, and they have entered into the spirit of the architects, so that the result is exquisitely harmonious.

One of the novelties is the shape of the ceiling, which widens from the stage, so that it acts as a sort of sounding board. The acoustics are perfect. The murals are lovely. Beneath an allegorical painting on the proscenium are the words: "The utterance of life is a song, the symphony of nature."

The program was inspiring. Patti, her hair dyed Titian red, so that she looks quite different from the brunette we have always known, sang and was applauded to the echo. Time has left its mark on her once lovely voice, but she is still Patti, and we loved hearing her. The gifted Clarence Eddy presided at the new pipe organ, and W. L. Tomlins had his splendid chorus on the stage, the augmented Apollo club singing Frederick Grant Gleason's setting of Harriet Monroe's words. John S. Runnells, eloquent lawyer, spoke, as did President Harrison and Governor Fifer. Ferdinand Peck, originator of the scheme to build the Auditorium, was loudly cheered as he gave a pleasing little talk.

Gowns were gorgeous. Mrs. Potter Palmer wore Eiffel red crepe and carried a fan of point lace. Mrs. Reginald de Koven was handsome in scarlet satin, and with her was her still more beautiful sister, Rose Farwell, whose engagement to Hobart Chatfield-Taylor has just been announced. They are a fine-looking couple. Mrs. Emanuel Mandel, always well dressed, wore plum-color silk trimmed with oriental embroidery. Mrs. McKee, President Harrison's daughter, was in mauve. Mme. Nordica, in Mrs. Henry Abbey's box, was

conspicuous in cherry silk. Mrs. H. O. Stone's sables were the height of elegance.

Will says that, beautiful as our new Auditorium is, it may, within fifty years, be supplanted by an even finer building, for modern improvements are being brought forth constantly, and the world demands the best.

I suppose this is true. I have seen many changes myself since 1854. They have been for the better, in the main, so I shall not vex my soul with fear of what may come.

If only, with all our outward changes we may keep an ideal before us, a city wherein dwelleth righteousness, its physical form will not matter so much. I often repeat to myself, as I see Chicago's changes, Oliver Wendell Holmes' beautiful verse:

*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!*

It is the end of the Eighties—a glorious decade in Chicago.

*Your Friend of the Eighties, as of the Fifties,*

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND

## FOOTNOTES 1889

George W. Heinemann, son of the harness-maker mentioned in Martha's letter, still has a harness shop at 1615 North Wells Street, though the frame building is moved back and a brick building stands in front. The most important change in the neighborhood is that high-spirited steeds no longer stand before the door waiting for new harness. In his shop today. Mr. Heinemann makes dog-harness, belts and small leather novelties.

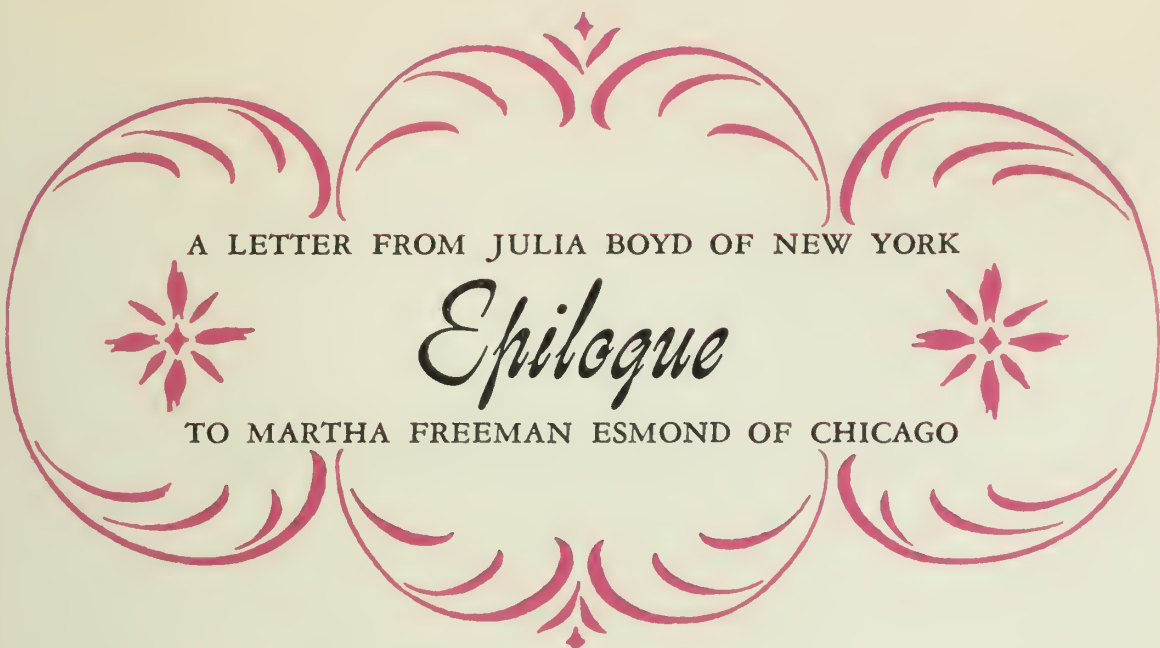
Miss Delphine Gillette became Mrs. William Shippen Jenks.

Helen Culver spent the money left her by her cousin with wisdom and generosity. Soon after Mr. Hull's death, Miss Jane Addams saw the old family home, long abandoned by Mr. Hull for a residence on Ashland Boulevard, and took it for a settlement house. Miss Culver became interested in the work and it is largely through her bounty that Hull House and the block surrounding it became the property of the settlement. The name Hull is now known around the world, because of Chicago's famous settlement.

In 1895, Miss Culver gave more than a million dollars to the University of Chicago for buildings to house the biological laboratories. She died in 1925.

St. Xavier College, the oldest private school in Chicago, stands today in Xavier Park, at Forty-ninth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue. Among the girls mentioned in Martha's letter about this school, Louise Blish is now Mrs. George M. McBean; Elizabeth Blish is a retired school principal, and Gertrude Brooke has become Sister Mary Angele of the St. Xavier Community.



A decorative frame made of pinkish-red floral and scrollwork patterns, enclosing the title and sender information.

A LETTER FROM JULIA BOYD OF NEW YORK

*Epilogue*

TO MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND OF CHICAGO

*New York, N. Y.*

*One A.M. January First, 1890*

DEAR MARTHA:

I am thinking of you, as I sit by the fire in my library, with Eighteen Ninety just knocking at the door.

Simmons, my old English butler, a perfect nuisance, who tyrannizes over me, feeling that he inherited me from my father, has just come to the door, eyed me reproachfully, and gone away. I purposely didn't speak to him, knowing he wanted a chance to protest against my sitting up so late. He had already been told that I should not need him and that he might retire, so I'm not responsible for his being up. I have told Cecile, too, that I can get to bed without her assistance, and I hope she has gone to her room. But they both regard me as their ward and linger about, each trying to outdo the other in devotion, if their annoying attitude can be dignified by such a noble word.

Often I long to be rid of this great mausoleum of a house and go to live in a cottage, where I could do the work myself, with perhaps one maid; could walk abroad without taking a superfluous person with me. Superfluous service is what I seem to have the most of!

Why do I need two men on the box of my carriage? The answer my fashionable friends would give is that the footman is on hand to open the carriage door and to carry my card to the door of the friend

on whom I'm calling. But why can't I open my own carriage door? Why should I be spared the trifling labor involved in mounting steps fruitlessly, in case my friend is out?

Why do I need a French maid? I could do for myself the things she does for me. My Dutch ancestresses would feel contempt for me, I am sure, if they could know the futility of my days, with someone at hand to save me any unnecessary motions. The truth seems to be that I employ Cecile because all the women who live in this block have French maids. She is a cachet of wealth and social standing, that is all. I am not conscious of any special comfort, as a result of her presence, but she stands for a certain way of life. Yes. Cecile is . . . Simmons is, too, for that matter . . . a symbol.

Your life in Chicago, with your husband to lean upon; your daughter so happily married and living near you; your grandchildren running in daily to see you; seems so infinitely more desirable. Chicago seems to me, from what you write and what I have observed in my visits there, so much freer than New York, so much less conventional.

I look back upon our simple life in Pittsfield, when we were at school in Maplewood Seminary, as the happiest period of my existence. We had little money to spend, discipline was strict, but those were golden days.

Ah, well!

The Eighties . . . which have died in the night . . . have brought much of material progress to America, and I suppose we should be thankful for this. Electricity for lighting our houses has been the greatest boon, I think. Did I tell you I have had it installed in my home recently? It is enormously convenient.

In art, there has been much of importance. Winslow Homer, some of whose work I have in my gallery, would be an honor to any age, and Crane and Frost are illustrators of whom we may be proud. It has been a golden age of literature, too, with Mark Twain weaving his magic spell over the Mississippi River; Bret Harte bringing the laughter and pathos of the California mining-camps to us; Helen Hunt Jackson arousing our sympathy for the American Indian in her *Ramona*; Sarah Orne Jewett painting delicate pictures

of the New England she loves; George W. Cable recording *Old Creole Days*; Joel Chandler Harris bringing us the folk-stories of the lovable Southern Negro in his *Uncle Remus* tales.

But our social life seems to me unworthy of America's great past and as I read the columns of our New York papers, I am aghast. Idleness has become fashionable among our young men. The sole aim of our wealthy families seems to be to spend vast sums of money for the purpose of being talked about.

I have read of a dinner on horseback, where a favorite steed was fed on flowers and champagne; of a lavish banquet to a small dog wearing a diamond collar valued at \$15,000; of a dinner where the cigarettes were wrapped in hundred-dollar bills; still another, where a fine black pearl was placed in an oyster at each diner's plate; while, as a climax to all this folly and wickedness, a dinner has been given, at which monkeys sat in chairs beside the guests.

Doesn't it sound like what we read of Rome, as it hastened to decay?

But just as I am almost ready to despair of our country, in its shoddiness and bad taste, I am reminded of fresh currents of thought which bring hope to those who feel disgust for all this. The Neighborhood Guild in New York, founded four years ago and drawing its inspiration from Toynbee Hall, of London; your own Hull House, where Miss Jane Addams has begun to work out her dreams; Professor Graham Taylor, of Hartford, Connecticut, whose writings have lately come to my attention—all these are evidence that some, at least, have come to see that we are our brother's keeper and must accept responsibility for his welfare.

Learning of the terrible housing conditions in New York, I have resolved to do one thing this year. This is, to build an apartment house in which poor families may live decently, at a reasonable rent. My banker tries to dissuade me from it, saying I am laying up trouble for myself and that it will be a "bad investment." But I shall not consider it bad, even if I lose money on the venture. It will pay dividends in satisfaction that I have helped a few people to comfort and a more sanitary mode of life.

I find comfort, too, in the Chautauqua movement, which has



had such a growth the past ten years. I like it because it combines religious teaching with secular education. It started, perhaps you know, as a Sunday school teachers' conference for a few weeks at Chautauqua, New York. Now, Chautauqua Reading Circles are found in almost every town in the country. I am told there are 30,000 of these circles in America. All honor to Bishop Vincent, who conceived the idea, and to those who have joined in this great movement!

As I muse on these hopeful signs of the times, I feel that I could answer the call of Professor Vida Scudder of Wellesley College, for a "New Franciscanism," to help bridge the chasm between the classes. It seems to me I can say, when Simmons looks in again: "I don't need you any more. I have never needed you. I am leaving this house for a simple life, free of butlers and French maids and superfluous service of all kinds. You will all be provided for by annuities, but I mean to be a free woman from this time forth."

And now, dear friend of years ago, I really must go upstairs. The fire is dying and the hour is late.

*Your cater-cousin,*

JULIA BOYD

*Upstairs—Later.*

P.S. Just as I was about to slip this letter in the envelope, Simmons entered the library, ostensibly to poke the fire, but really to inquire if he should turn the lights out. Did I recite my lofty declaration of independence? No, Martha, I didn't. Rising with what dignity I could muster, I said: "I am ready to retire now, Simmons. You may put out the lights. Thank you for waiting up."



# *Advance Subscribers*

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Laurance H. Armour         | Joseph M. Cudahy            |
| Mrs. Ogden Armour          | Mrs. D. Mark Cummings       |
| Asa Bacon                  | William A. Dasho            |
| Shreve C. Badger           | Charles G. Dawes            |
| Mrs. Warner Baird          | Henry M. Dawes              |
| Mrs. George H. Barbour     | Thomas F. Delaney           |
| Frederic Clay Bartlett Jr. | M. R. Dial                  |
| Edwin Belden               | Allan C. Dixon              |
| Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge   | Mrs. James H. Douglas       |
| Mrs. Henry A. Blair        | Mrs. Wm. A. Douglass        |
| Mrs. Paul Blatchford       | Mrs. Scott Durand           |
| Miss Annie Sara Bock       | Mrs. Warren C. Durkes       |
| D. F. Bremner              | Mrs. W. F. Dummer           |
| Mrs. Walter S. Brewster    | Mrs. Merle Francis Eshbaugh |
| Mrs. John Buckingham       | Fred C. Evers               |
| Ralph Budd                 | Mrs. Dexter Fairbank        |
| Mrs. Charles Clinton Buell | Mrs. Marvin A. Farr         |
| O. N. Caldwell             | Phyllis Fergus              |
| Mrs. H. H. Clark           | William Foulks              |
| Leona L. Clark             | Frank A. Fucik              |
| Roger A. Clark             | James R. Getz               |
| Duncan L. Clinch           | Miss Anne H. Giles          |
| Mr. and Mrs. Dana Corbin   | William J. Goodman          |
| Mrs. Ambrose Cramer Sr.    | Miss Grace Graham           |
| Mrs. Leone Fisher Creek    | Dr. Olga F. Gustafson       |
| Mrs. Paul Crissey          | Mrs. Bertha S. Hale         |



Arthur B. Hall  
Corwith Hamill  
Mrs. Ernest A. Hamill  
H. L. Hamilton  
Mrs. Paul Hamlin  
Mrs. R. F. Hatfield  
Miss Lucy Hayes  
Doctor Lola L. Hays  
Grace S. Heron  
Angus Hibbard  
Harriette E. Hills  
Walter M. Hill  
Mrs. Freeman Hinekley  
Olive Raynor Hoit  
Mrs. Grant Houston  
C. A. Howe  
Jane P. Hubbell  
O. N. Hutchinson  
Mrs. Wm. Shippen Jenks  
Miss Helen S. Jones  
Frank M. Keith  
Herbert V. Kohler  
Captain F. X. Koltes  
Ethel G. Kratz  
Mrs. Louis E. Laflin  
Charles A. Laurance  
Mrs. Joseph Leiter  
Mrs. Harold E. Leopold  
Mrs. Anna Levy  
Mrs. Emile Levy  
Oscar N. Lindahl

Georgia Lingafelt  
Mrs. Howard Linn  
Mrs. Frank Granger Logan  
Mrs. Andrew MacLeish  
Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie  
Dr. George Martin McBean  
John T. McCutcheon  
Mrs. Emanuel Mandel  
Mrs. Robert Mandel  
Albert C. Mann  
Mrs. John P. Marsh  
Mrs. Michael L. Mason  
Mrs. Levy Mayer  
Mrs. Leeds Mitchell  
Mrs. William S. Monroe  
Mrs. G. G. Moseley  
Richard A. Napier  
Maurice H. Needham  
George W. Overton  
Mrs. Allen R. Owen  
Colonel William Nelson Pelouze  
Mrs. Herbert F. Perkins  
Pearl Power  
Mrs. Marjorie Caton Pyle  
Mrs. Charles H. Randle  
Mrs. F. H. Rawson  
D. M. Ray  
Miss Lydia G. Robinson  
Hugo H. Rosenfels  
Mrs. Wm. Miller Ross  
Joseph T. Ryerson

|                            |                          |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Mrs. V. C. Sanborn         | Mrs. John Stuart         |
| Dr. & Mrs. Harry H. Sandoz | Mrs. Gustavus F. Swift   |
| Miss M. M. Sarver          | Mrs. D. M. Swobe         |
| Muriel Schelm              | William Targ             |
| Mrs. Otto G. Schmidt       | Mrs. S. G. Taylor        |
| Mrs. O. L. Schmidt         | Mrs. John W. Thomas      |
| A. T. Seaholm              | Marie Bryant Trieglaff   |
| Mrs. Austin Selz           | Mr. William E. Turner    |
| Oscar Serlin               | Frederick B. Tuttle      |
| Nellie M. Shea             | Mrs. Melvin Veeder       |
| Fred A. Sims               | Mrs. George Voevodsky    |
| Edna C. Smith              | Mrs. Edward C. Waller    |
| Edward Byron Smith         | Charles C. Walker        |
| Harold Byron Smith         | Mrs. Lansing B. Warner   |
| Mrs. Jennie Pickett Smith  | Hempstead Washburne      |
| L. D. Smith                | Mrs. J. M. Watkins       |
| Mrs. R. J. Soukup          | Mrs. Charles H. Weeden   |
| Albert A. Sprague          | John Willy               |
| Mrs. Mason B. Starring     | Mrs. Claiborne A. Wilson |
| Patricia Stevens           | Mrs. B. Botsford Young   |
| Mrs. Philip B. Stewart     | Herbert P. Zimmerman     |

PRINTER'S NOTE

The Garamond and Electra type faces in this volume were Linotype-composed and printed on Victorian wove paper by the Norman Press. Decoration by Paul Hazelrigg. Illustrations reproduced by the Advance Lithographing Company. Bound by the John F. Cuneo Company. Designed by Norman W. Forgue and completed under his supervision at Chicago, during the month of February, 1941

















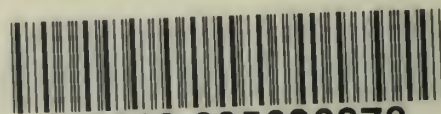


UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

813C5484E

C002

THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES, WHEN CHICAGO WAS Y



3 0112 025323970